

The Smart Screen Magazine



# SCREENLAND

March

15c

20¢ in  
Canada

Gaudette Colbert

Charles Sheldon

Why Will Rogers is the Greatest Screen Star

New Slants on Shirley Temple, Dick Powell, Greta Garbo





# SORE THROAT

**SEE HOW QUICKLY LISTERINE RELIEVES IT**

Don't put up with the pain of ordinary sore throat. It is so unnecessary. At the first symptom of trouble, gargle with Listerine just as it comes from the bottle. You'll be delighted by the result.

Often one gargle is enough to relieve that tight, raw, burning feeling. If relief is not immediate, repeat the gargle at 2 hour intervals. Usually two or three applications of Listerine are sufficient.

Listerine gets results because it is first of all a powerful, though safe, antiseptic which attacks millions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces. Tests have shown that when used

as a gargle, Listerine reaches far beyond the soft palate into the posterior pharynx where sore throat frequently starts.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office and use it full strength at the first symptom of a cold or sore throat. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.




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**"SHOCKING!"** —SAYS EDITOR OF VOGUE  
**"SPLENDID!"** —SAYS YOUR OWN DENTIST



IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S *One Way* TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"THE most shocking picture I ever saw," says Edna Woolman Chase, Editor of Vogue. "Any woman who behaved like that would *never* receive another dinner invitation."

But there's nothing shocking about it to America's dentists.

"Splendid," would be your own dentist's verdict. "This is a true educational picture, a graphic lesson in the proper use of the teeth. If we moderns ate as vigorously, if all of us ate more rough, coarse food, we dentists would hear a lot less about tender, sensitive, ailing gums."

Dental science explains that since soft, creamy foods have displaced coarse, raw fare, gums suffer. They get sluggish and often so tender that "pink tooth brush" has become a very common warning.

#### DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Pink tooth brush" is well known to your dentist. He knows that serious troubles, such as gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease may follow. And he knows that massage is needed to stimulate and firm your gums.

If you are wise you will begin at once to massage your gums every time you brush

your teeth. Each time, rub a little extra Ipana on the gums. For Ipana with massage helps restore gums to healthy firmness.

Start cleaning your teeth and massaging your gums with Ipana—today. Your teeth will be brighter, your gums firmer. And you can forget "pink tooth brush."

#### WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

Send the coupon below, if you like. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not buy the full-size tube today and begin to get Ipana's definite advantages *now*—a month of scientific dental care . . . 100 brushings . . . brighter teeth and healthier gums.

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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**IPANA**  
TOOTH PASTE



## The Smart Screen Magazine

# SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*James M. Fidler, *Western Representative*Tom Kennedy, *Assistant Editor*Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

## Announcing the Winners of the Myrna Loy Cover Girl CONTEST

WE THANK you all for helping to make our first Cover Girl Contest, sponsored by Myrna Loy, such a success! Glad you liked it! The winners are listed here; and to the rest of you we say thanks, again—and may you win in the next contest!

**First Prize:** original portrait, framed, in color, of Myrna Loy, won by Miss Loretta McGann, 182 Academy Avenue, Providence, Rhode Island.

**Second Prize:** \$100.00 in cash, won by Miss Bernice C. Bowne, 2341 Chestnut Street, San Francisco, Calif.

**Third Prize:** Remington Portable Typewriter, won by Mr. John S. Antkowiak, 122 Sears Street, Buffalo, New York.

**Fourth Prize:** Max Factor Beauty Kit, won by Adeline H. Sieg, 621 Beacon Building, Wichita, Kansas.

**Additional Ten Prizes** of personally autographed new photographs of Myrna Loy, won by Miss Cleon Yohe, Columbia, Penna.; T. Farah, Toronto, Canada; Miss Jean Bennett, New York City; Jane F. Rankin, Conneaut Lake, Penna.; Miss Mary L. Willes, Mason City, Iowa; Elsie G. Rogers, New Brunswick, Canada; Tacy E. Ruppe, Mifflinburg, Penna.; Connie Cowell, Salmo, British Columbia; Yvette Wilcox, Los Angeles, Calif.; Marie Brennan, St. Louis, Missouri.

March, 1935

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"IF I KISS YOU NOW....  
I COULD NEVER LET YOU GO!"

Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery gave to the screen an unforgettable love thrill when they appeared together in "Another Language". Now they are co-starred in one of the greatest love stories of our time, Hugh Walpole's famed "Vanessa". When Helen Hayes says: "He has the devil in him...but I love him" she echoes the thought of many a girl who adores a beloved rogue. M-G-M promises you the first truly gripping romantic hit of 1935!



HELEN HAYES  
ROBERT  
MONTGOMERY

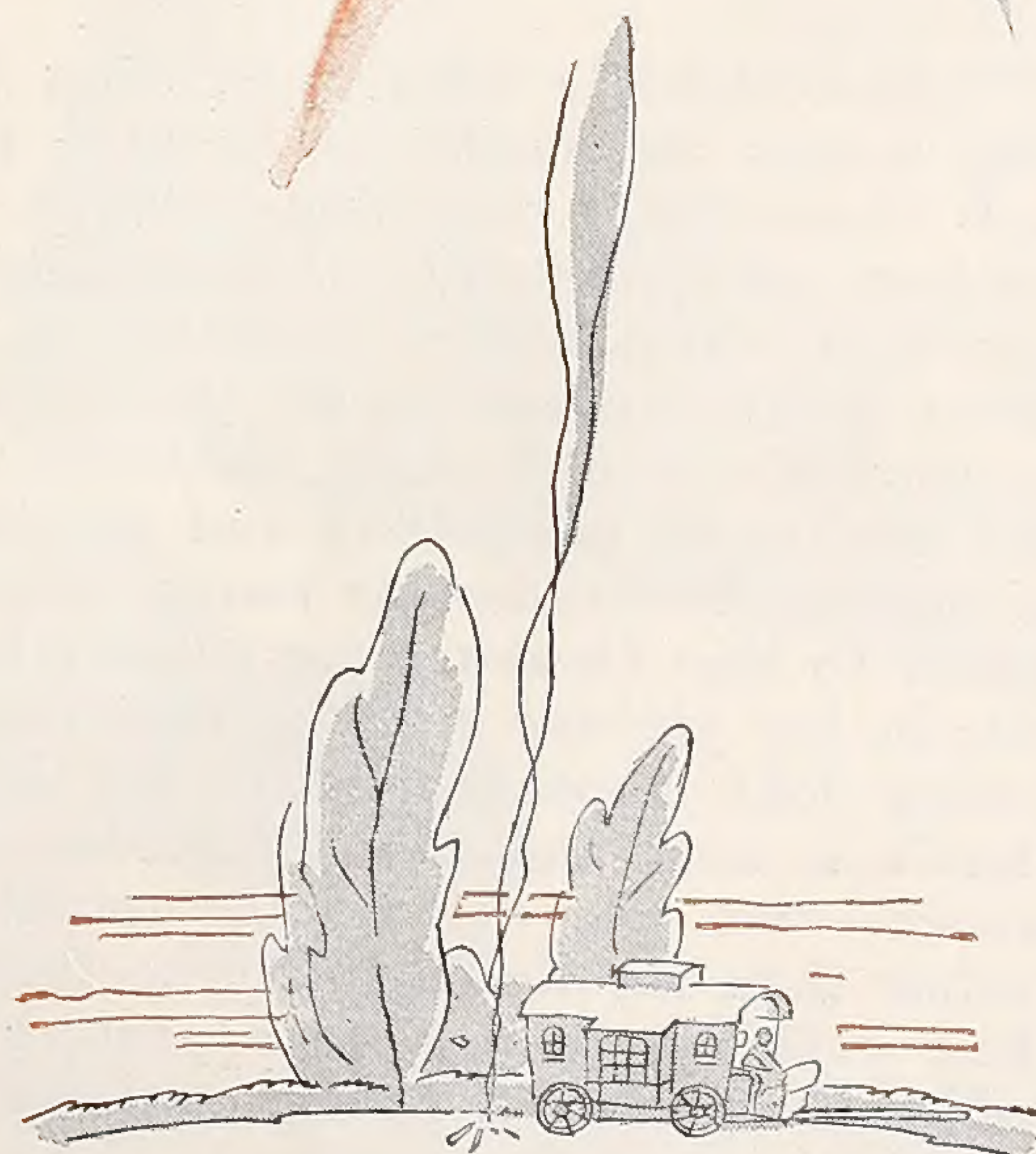
in HUGH WALPOLE'S NOVEL

Vanessa  
HER LOVE STORY

with

LEWIS STONE • MAY ROBSON  
OTTO KRUGER

A William Howard Production • Produced by David O. Selznick  
Directed by William K. Howard



A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



# SCREENLAND

## Honor Page

Won by John Beal for his fine portrayal of the title rôle in "The Little Minister"

*Any player who can share scenes with Hepburn and emerge with equal honors is important! John Beal, with only two previous picture performances to his credit, plays the name part of Barrie's "Little Minister" with so much sincerity that we hereby predict for him a splendid future.*



*You remember Mr. Beal with Helen Hayes in "Another Language," surely! He scored in that; but his work in the new Hepburn picture brings him really into prominence as an actor.*

**S**CREENLAND likes to acclaim new talent. It makes us happy to be able to dedicate this Honor Page to a rising player. Too seldom do we have an opportunity as auspicious as this month's in which we call your attention to John Beal, who seems to us destined to do impressive things on the screen. Mr. Beal is young, sensitive, intense. He has the quality of compelling and holding your interest as most of the handsomer young men have not. More power to Miss Hepburn for helping him work out his rôle in her picture and for insisting, they say, that young John appear opposite her in her next film! Here's a new and very different "team" for the screen—two players whose appeal is intellectual rather than emotional but who manage, because of their artistry, to project appealing personalities as well. Sir James M. Barrie couldn't have cast "The Little Minister" more cleverly if he had directed it himself, so adroitly is it played in this production.

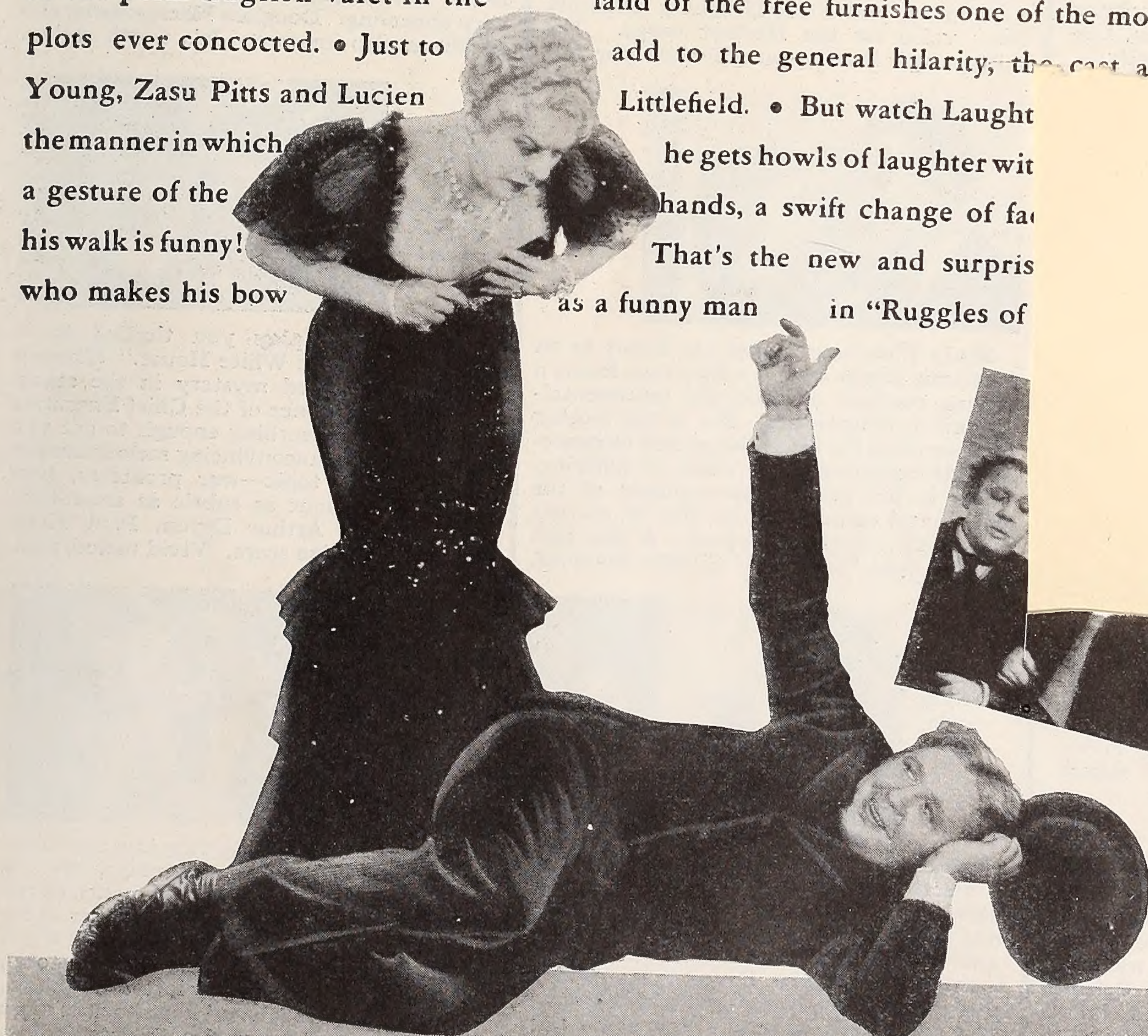




# The Object of Her Affections

By JAMES A. DANIELS

She had dreamed about him all her life. • She wanted him more than anything else in the world and she travelled all the way from Red Gap, U.S.A. to Europe to get him! • And furthermore, she got her man, even if she had to win him in a poker game! And what woman wouldn't to get the perfect servant? • All of which explains how Ruggles, the perfect British valet, found himself pitch-forked into the rough-and-ready American frontier town of Red Gap. • All of which also explains how Charles Laughton, winner of the 1933 Academy Award for his serious screen characterizations, gets his first big comedy chance in the title role of Paramount's "Ruggles of Red Gap". Laughton has always wanted to play comedy on the screen. He had scored effectively in this type of role on the stage. But screen producers continued to cast him in such parts as the mad doctor in "The Island of Lost Souls", Emperor Nero in "The Sign of the Cross" and as that doughty ruler of Britain, "Henry VIII". • Then came "Ruggles of Red Gap"—and Laughton's comedy chance. And how he plays it! • As Ruggles, the perfect servant in the Harry Leon Wilson story, Laughton comes to America in the employment of the socially-minded Mary Boland of Red Gap. His particular mission is to "civilize" Cousin Egbert, as played by the inimitable Charlie Ruggles. Every woman has a Cousin Egbert lurking in the background. But what happens to the prim English valet in the land of the free furnishes one of the most hilarious comedy plots ever concocted. • Just to add to the general hilarity, the cast also includes Roland Young, Zasu Pitts and Lucien Littlefield. • But watch Laughton he gets howls of laughter with a gesture of the hands, a swift change of face, a manner in which his walk is funny! That's the new and surprising who makes his bow as a funny man in "Ruggles of





# TAGGING *the* TALKIES

Broadway Bill  
Columbia



A grand picture! One of the best of this or any other season, is Frank Capra's latest very gay and human and poignant romance of the race-track. Warner Baxter has the rôle of his life, as a swell guy who can pick horses but hasn't the same luck when he falls in love. Helen Vinson is Gal No. 1—however, here comes Myrna Loy, hurrah!—and the fun is on. There's a horse-race more thrilling than any you've ever seen. Warner and Myrna are great together; Walter Connolly never better! Only superlatives for this show—you'll love it, and clamor for more pictures like it.



Imitation of Life  
Universal

Go see it, but be sure you take your hanky, for this is a powerful emotional stimulant revealing the story of maternal love as exemplified by a white woman and a negress, each of whom has a daughter to rear and educate. Claudette Colbert has had better parts but never played more effectively. Louise Beaver as the colored mother scores impressively. Ned Sparks supplies comedy and Warren William is the romantic lead. Rochelle Hudson and Fredi Washington are the daughters. Tremendously appealing.



The Private Life of Don Juan  
United Artists

The elder Fairbanks, far more mature and adult than in any rôle you've ever seen him. It is a grown-up play for grown-ups, the story of the declining years of the famed lover, who, thought dead, can't convince anybody he's alive; their illusions of his attractions are so distorted by time and imagination. Beautifully made, with many beautiful women evident—Merle Oberon, Binnie Barnes, and Benita Hume especially.

Babes in Toyland  
M-G-M



This is a most praiseworthy contribution to the films designed for youthful screen patrons—and on its own account a merry, jolly bit of amusement for the young of all ages. All the characters of the *Mother Goose* tales are here, with Laurel and Hardy adding great fun, Charlotte Henry, good looks, and Felix Knight a beautiful tenor voice for the Herbert songs. The children will love it—so will their parents.

Music In the Air  
Fox



Nice music, pleasant people, more or less pleasantly engaged in stylized musical comedy about some Tyrolean villagers who nearly get heart-broken by accidental, and very temporary, theatrical fame. Gloria Swanson sings nicely, acts her artificial part, artificially—which holds good also for John Boles. June Lang, the ingenue, is beautiful, very appealing. Douglass Montgomery and Al Shean also impress. It's worth seeing.



A Wicked Woman  
M-G-M

Mady Christians makes her debut as an American screen star in a film that forms a bulging package of theatrical sentimentality and melodramatics. She is the mother who sacrifices for her children and ultimately finds happiness after years of suffering. There is the usual over-emphasis of the sentimental values, but the film for all that has strong emotional appeal. A fine cast includes Jean Parker and Charles Bickford.

The President Vanishes  
Paramount



The type of play you thrilled to in "Gabriel Over the White House." There is a neatly contrived mystery in the sensational disappearance of the Chief Executive—an element absorbing enough to get you over some very unconvincing melodramatics about a vital topic—war profiteers, here depicted as about as subtle as small-time beer-runners. Arthur Byron, Paul Kelly and Andy Devine score. Vivid melodrama.



Limehouse Blues  
Paramount

An unhappy choice of vehicle for George Raft, who appears as a Chinese engaged in smuggling deals in London's Limehouse district. Jean Parker is a gamin of the district, and the Chinaman falls in love with her, but she meets an American. Her Oriental protector tries to have him killed, but is killed himself through the jealousy of a Chinese girl. Anna May Wong is decorative. Neither convincing nor entertaining drama.

Hellodoro  
Fox



The story of a boaster who wanders into a deserted mining city, finds gold, and marries the girl. The picture is spotty—very good at moments, and very bad at others. Richard Arlen is excellent in a hard-to-take rôle. Madge Evans looks good as always. Jimmy Gleason and Stepin Fetchit offer some swell comedy. You won't miss much if you fail to see it, but on the other hand you won't be bored if you decide to go.

Gambling  
Fox



George M. Cohan, starring in a two-talkie version of one of his own plays, gives a smooth and ingratiating performance as the gambler who runs down the murderer of his foster-daughter and falls in love with a girl indirectly connected in the crime. In total, it sums up as only a mildly interesting show, but you'll like Cohan and hope he does more films. Wynne Gibson, also, is outstanding.

(Continued on page 91)



# The GIBSON FAMILY

**SWEET DREAMS SALLY . . .** your skin, cleansed of all make-up, by Ivory's foam, lives up to Jack Hamilton's loving praise . . .

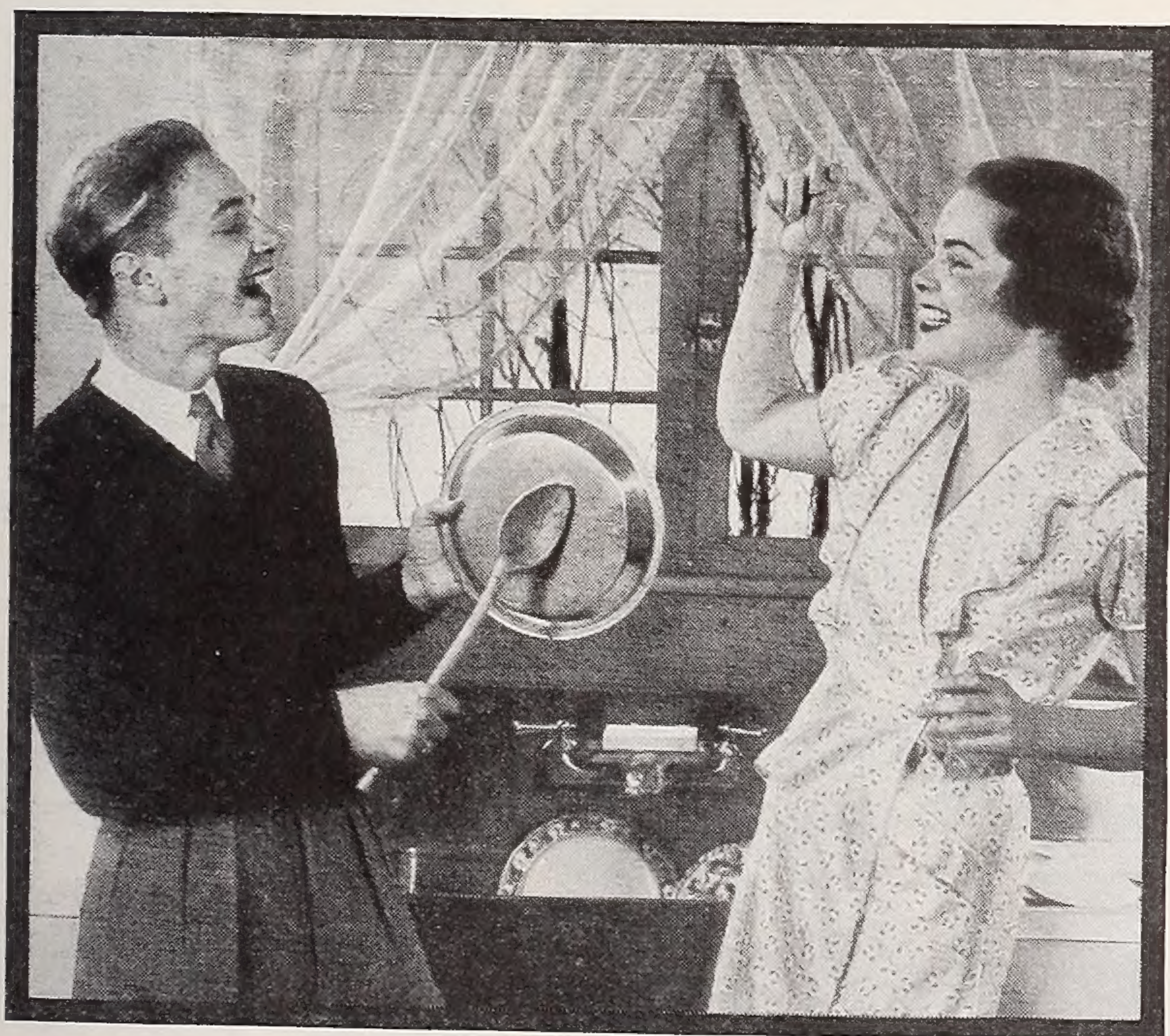
Sally's skin has that "Ivory-baby" look because she *never* goes to bed without an Ivory beauty treatment.

Ivory's clear fresh foam clears the pores of dust, powder and make-up—gives the skin its real chance to grow lovelier! No oily foam that's hard to rinse away! No dry shiny-faced feeling! Ivory's way of cleansing is so soothing that doctors advise it even for babies' sensitive skins—and it's the gentlest, surest way for *your* complexion to find spring-freshness and satin-smoothness!

**IVORY SOAP : • 99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> % PURE**



**"YOU'RE LIKE A FLOWER, SALLY,"** says Jack Hamilton's note. To tell the truth, Sally's skin *is* flowerlike. It's been kept fine-pored and smooth as a baby's—by the babies' pure soap.



**"GOOD AT DISH-WASHING,** Empty-top?" inquires Bobby Gibson. "No wedding bells will ring for you in 1939, unless I find you useful."

"Okay, Mugsy darling," agrees Dottie Marsh, "but you'll have to furnish plenty of Ivory Soap before my fair hands will work in your dishpan!" (Even young Dot knows that Ivory Soap keeps busy hands smooth as silk.)

**PURE IVORY SOAP PREVENTS "HOUSEWORK HANDS"**



**"HE CRIES A LOT,** Mrs. Gibson," says Miss Bowes of the parish day nursery, "his skin is so chafed. It's some fancy soap his mother uses."

"What a pity when pure Ivory Soap costs so little," sighs Mrs. Gibson. Her kind motherly heart remembers her own Ivory babies of twenty years ago. If she could manage it, every baby in America would have a smooth, Ivory-comforted skin.

**DOCTORS, TOO, SAY "IVORY FOR BABIES"**





*Nelson Eddy emerges from isolation in Hollywood to star again on the air and appear in his long-promised film.*

*Gladys Swarthout, having won celebrity in opera and radio, will bring her talents to films in the near future.*

*What with opera broadcasts and special radio contracts, Lily Pons, is a familiar air star. Now she's signed for films.*



# Radio Parade



Noting some new stars who join the ranks as regulars in the lively march of broadcasting

By  
Tom Kennedy

**T**HE turn of the mid-season milepost finds radio expanding the store of attractions upon which broadcasters, and the merchants who foot the advertising bills, depend to lure listeners around to commercially sponsored programs.

In nearly every department of air entertainment, we who turn the dials to suit our own tastes, have profited by the enterprise which has induced sponsors to offer such fireside diversions as Metropolitan Opera performances, so splendidly elucidated by Geraldine Farrar; the robust comedy of Beatrice Lillie; the ever-so-pleasing and intelligently rendered vocalizing of Grace Moore; the fine baritone voice of Nelson Eddy, to mention but a few of the new attractions ushered in during the holiday season.

Speaking of Nelson Eddy brings up the reminder it was Hollywood that took this smooth and resonant voice out of air circulation, and now after a long, a too long absence, brings him back in a screen production of "Naughty Marietta," within a short time, we hope, of his re-entry into broadcasting as a regular star.

Hollywood for nearly a year has been promising the screen public Mr. Eddy in a film suited to the acting and vocal talents which he possesses in marked degree. In fact, Mr. Eddy has been Hollywood's first citizen of the "in again, out again, Finnegan" type for some time, publicity stories from the coast always putting him in some picture about ready to shoot, only to correct things with follow-up announcement that Mr. Eddy would be doing something else, but soon.

But when everybody got to thinking this was just a

gag, Hollywood, always unpredictable, rounded on itself, and Nelson Eddy actually started work before the camera as co-star with Jeanette MacDonald, the production being launched, under the direction of W. S. Van Dyke, toward the end of November.

That Nelson Eddy is precisely what the film fellows know as "a natural," they discovered for themselves right in their own back yard, so to speak. Eddy reached Los Angeles in due course on a concert tour. There repeating the success he had scored in previous concerts, the "Angelinos" who crowded the auditorium called him back for some eighteen encores. Before he could get back to his hotel, the films had him signed to a term contract.

Retreating to the observation platform for a quick glance back at the terrain that has been left behind as the air express travels the second leg of its current season, there appears to have been achieved (outside, of course, stunts contrived to suit the special and peculiar features of news events) only one successful departure from the amusement forms inherited by radio from the stage, the concert platform, and the screen. Even here, the general form adheres to story development as it has been known even before the days of broadcasting.

However, the success which has been earned—and that is the proper term for it—by those who are responsible for "The Gibson Family," reflects, it seems to us, enough glory for radio and the producers, and the authors and composers involved.

Here was an ambitious undertaking, a sincere effort in the direction of something (Continued on page 94)



## THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH



Rudy's 1935 personality emerges in an uproarious bah-jove impersonation—



Yessir, Ann Dvorak is the girl picked from a million as Rudy's new heart-throb! Watch her dance—watch her make love—and you'll know why!



Just to sit and gaze at these beauties should be treat enough for anyone—but Warner Bros. add the marvel of dance spectacles created by Johnny Boyle and Bobby Connolly.



Heigh-Ho, Everybody! . . . Make Your Prettiest Bow to Warner Bros. for a Screen Accomplishment That Captures This Month's Ace Honors—Rudy's First Great All-Star Film Show!

# RUDY VALLEE in "SWEET MUSIC"

America's Top Troubador, Surrounded by a Studio-Full of Talent (Including His One and Only Connecticut Yankees), Steals the Show From the Idols of Hollywood, with the Aid of Alfred E. Green's Smart Direction.



—and his impression of a lyrical Latin adds further proof of his versatility.



Helen Morgan is just one of "Sweet Music's" many star thrills. Others are Alice White, Allen Jenkins, Ned Sparks, Joe Cawthorn, Al Shean.



Frank and Milt Britton's musical maniacs tear the house down putting over Rudy's new hits—"Ev'ry Day", "Fare Thee Well, Annabelle", 4 others by 6 famous Warner composers.



# Inside the Stars' Homes



Hollywood's own British bride, Heather Angel Forbes, "commands" you to visit her new home!

Latest in SCREENLAND'S exclusive series of visits to stars' homes has the new Mrs. Ralph Forbes as charming hostess. Above, Heather pours while Ralph adores!



*By Betty Boone*

THE house where Heather Angel (Mrs. Ralph Forbes) lives is a rambling story-book sort of place perched on the side of a hill in Coldwater Canyon. A green painted fence shuts it off from the winding road in front, but the two acres the young Forbesees own extend backward up a wild hillside that is full of flowers in spring.

The biggest live-oak tree you ever saw shelters the garden and caresses the gray house, which has twin gables with weathercocks, and a line of friendly windows. The house curves with the hillside so that most of the windows look out on the garden and on Cocotte, a South American bird with a bright tail and a gay voice.

"You must meet Cocotte," smiled Heather, a pink forefinger in the bars of the great cage that hangs under the tree, "Sometimes we think she must be the most important member of the family. Roland Young comes over just to visit her, he says, and he even sends messages to her when he's away! Say something, you rascal!"

"As you can't help observing, we're building an addition to the house," went on Mrs. Forbes, in her precise little English voice. Her lips seem to form themselves daintily around her words. "There's to be a large bedroom and dressing-room for me above, and a play-room below. We'll have a big house-warming when it's finished. The addition won't spoil the romantic look of the place, I hope. Don't you think it's a bit like something out of Dickens?"

The inside is even more "Dickensy," with plaster walls,

rafters, old English hunting prints, heavily carved chests and old andirons. A fireplace at one end of the living-room is in an alcove raised a step above the floor from which also rises a little winding stair leading to a balcony above. Another fireplace faces the first one with the length of living-room and dining-room between.

"Ralph designed this gun cupboard," Heather paused before a massive piece of furniture carved with figures of warriors and their arms that occupies a corner of the dining-room. (She pronounces his name as the English do—"Rafe"). "He designed the great bed in his room, too—fascinating thing with a high headboard. He simply adores beautiful things!"

"Very true," murmured Ralph's mother, who was sitting at a tea-table beneath a fire-screen adorned with more hunting prints. She and I exchanged glances, looked at the exquisite young Mrs. Forbes, and back again at one another. "But I'd take credit for this match, if I could. You see, I met Heather at a party at Lucille Gleason's and said to myself: 'There's the girl for Ralph!' and I flew home to Ralph and told him I'd found her. The disappointing boy said: 'Oh, I know her!' But shortly after, they met again at a tennis match and it was all over like *that!*" She snapped her fingers.

A bright flush swept up to her daughter-in-law's soft brown hair. She slipped into her place behind the silver tea pot. "She gave me this tea set," she told me, nodding at Mrs. Forbes. "It's been in the family for ages. It belongs in a house like this, don't you think? So many



of the lovely old things we have come from Mother Forbes—that chest over there—well, so much there's no use picking them out. So now we'll go a bit farther and give you her precious recipes for English high teas!"

Her deft little fingers were flying about over the tea things, the old silver tea caddy that once belonged to Mrs. Forbes' grandmother, the fine china, the graceful pot and pitcher.

"A high tea," put in Mrs. Forbes, in her rich voice, "is nothing like the afternoon tea we're having now, you know. It's really a meal, something like the one you call supper here. When we are going to the theatre and must eat early so as to be there on time, and don't want to bother over a dinner, we say: 'Let's have a high tea!' When we were children and were going to Christmas pantomimes, we had high tea. Often we give a high tea for charity. It's a flexible sort of meal."

"The chief difference between high tea and your supper is that we don't have salads as you do," explained Heather, handing me a cup. "As a rule we have one hot dish, cold meats, hot Scotch scones or Sally Luns or something of the sort, tarts or cakes, jams, jellies, and so on. The only salad I remember at a high tea is a tiny bit of orange salad served on the plate with wild duck."

"We adore salads over here, but in England we never seemed to eat them," commented Mrs. Forbes. "I think it must be the climate. Over here the sunshine provides food value, I believe, and over there you must have solid food. We couldn't begin to swallow the things we absorb as a matter of course over there."

"It's amazing the number of meals we manage to get through in England!" laughed Heather.

"First of all, a cup of hot tea is brought to our beds," said her mother-in-law, reminiscently, "then we get up—"

"Shivering—" interpolated Heather.

"—and go to breakfast. On the sideboard or buffet there will be spread out various covered dishes, kidneys in one, kippered herrings in another, eggs, bacon, sausage, and so on. You help yourself. Then you have toast and marmalade, of course. The heartiest kind of a meal."

"In a little while," broke in Heather, "comes luncheon—seldom a small meal, is it, darling?"

"Then there's afternoon tea, then dinner, and perhaps if we are out very late, a small supper," concluded Mrs. Forbes.

"But we take a great deal of exercise," said Heather. "We walk a lot. We all love walking, even over here where everyone gets into a car to go to the corner. Ralph and I play polo and tennis together. Ralph gave me a polo pony the other day and I'm still thrilled over it! But all this isn't talking about high teas."

"One of our favorite hot dishes for high teas is *Eggs Mornay*," Mrs. Forbes observed, after consideration. "It's an excellent hot dish for luncheons, too. People are always asking for it when they are coming to my house. It's very simple but very good, we think."

"You boil the eggs twenty minutes until the whites are quite digestible. Why this should make them so, I don't know, but it does. Then you make a white sauce and put two ounces of Parmesan cheese into it; you place your eggs, carefully sliced, in a baking dish to cover the bottom, cover with the sauce, then another layer of eggs, more sauce, and so on until the dish is full; then you sprinkle more Parmesan cheese, little bits of butter and cracker crumbs on top, and put the dish in the oven for ten minutes. If you serve this for luncheon, you'll find that green peas and some green salad

(Continued on page 91)



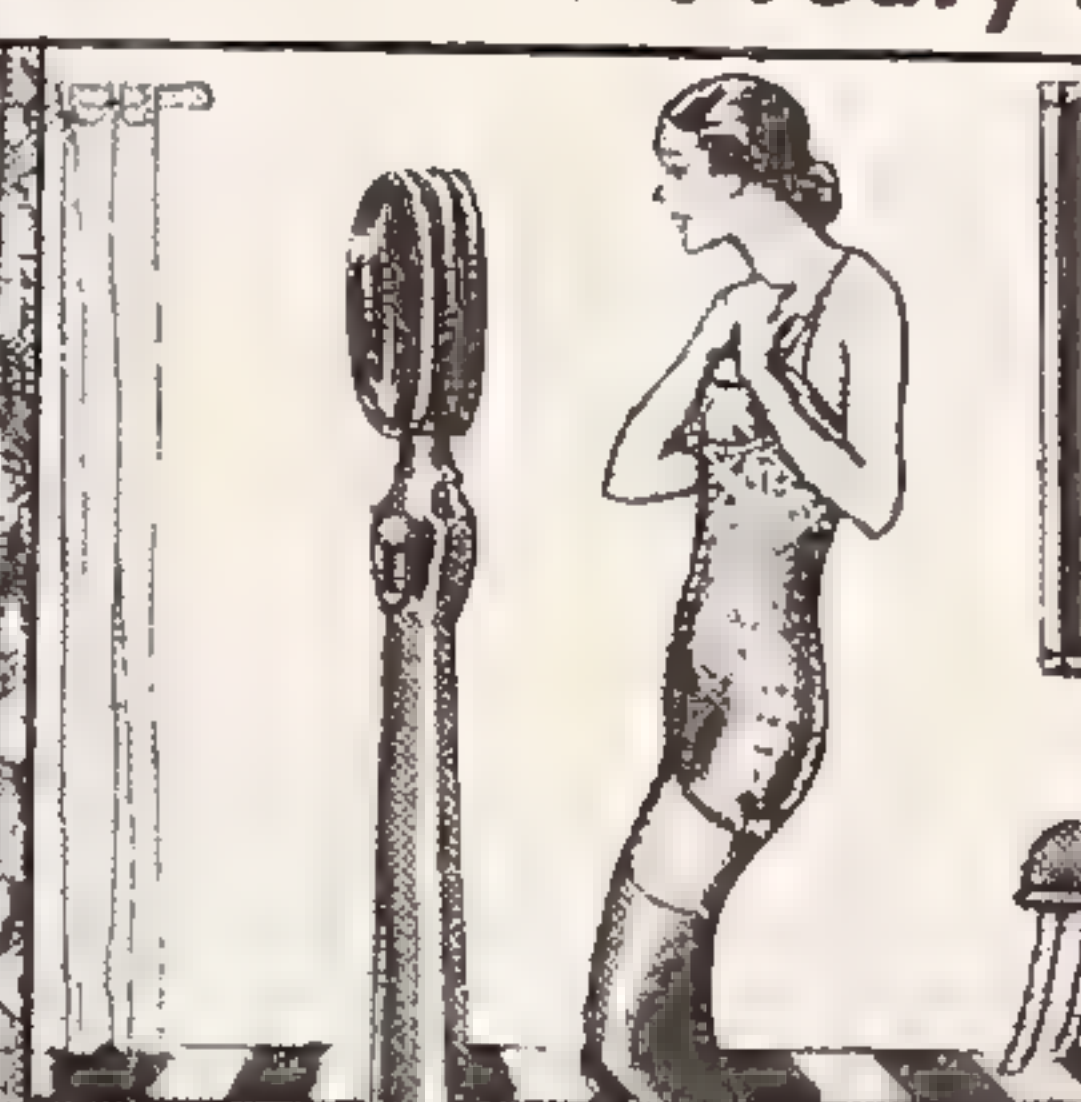
"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Company ...and sent for FREE folder".



"They allowed me to wear their Perforated Girdle for 10 days on trial".



"The massage-like action did-it...the fat seemed to have melted away".



"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and my weight 20 pounds".

## TEST the... PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

For 10 Days at Our Expense!  
"I have reduced my hips  
Nine Inches" writes Miss Healy!

## REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR ...it won't cost you one penny!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

● The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere takes the place of months of tiring exercises. You do nothing, take no drugs, eat all you wish, yet, with every move the marvelous Perfolastic gently massages away the surplus fat, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Ventilated... to Permit the  
Skin to Breathe!

● And it is so comfortable! The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinated fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

Don't Wait Any Longer...Act Today!

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try them for 10 days... then send them back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results.

"You can be  
YOUR SLIMMER SELF  
without Exercise, Diet or Drugs!"



SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Dept. 733, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N. Y.  
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card





# A Fortune FOR PLAYTHINGS



Yet she uses this **25¢ Tooth Paste**

*Do you realize why? Results, that's all!*

**I**T is no accident that women of wealth and position, fastidious and critical in selection of all things, are constant users of Listerine Tooth Paste.

Obviously, the price of 25¢ would have no weight in making their decision. The reason for their choice is the quality of the paste itself, the definite results it brings.

You will find, as more than 3,000,000 men and women have found, that Listerine Tooth Paste gives teeth a brilliance and lustre not obtainable with ordinary dentifrices. You will observe also that this paste is safe and gentle in action; accomplishes amazing cleanliness without harm to precious enamel. Try it yourself and see teeth improve.

As you continue to use it you'll realize that at last you have a superior tooth paste, worthy of your patronage, and worthy, too, of the old and trusted name it bears. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Missouri.



**METROPOLITAN  
GRAND OPERA**

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Every Saturday. All NBC Stations.  
See your newspaper for time

**LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . . . Regular Size 25¢ Double Size 40¢**



# The Editor's Page.

## An Open Letter to Brian Aherne



Wonder if Brian Aherne will be smiling like this when he reads this Open Letter addressed to him? How will he take it—or can he take it at all?

DEAR Mr. Aherne:

You've been holding out on us! I knew it all along, but what excuse can you give the girls and boys who have seen you only in pictures?

Come, come, Mr. Aherne—no sulking! SCREENLAND has a certain right to scold you—remember you were our "Discovery of the Month" long before the film producers woke up and signed you? We're your little Columbus, and so we feel sort of responsible for your screen past, present, and future. And now about that future!

When I first saw you on the stage as Katharine Cornell's leading man in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" I shouted: "Here's the potentially greatest romantic screen star since Ronald Colman!" And what happened? Nothing happened—except that Miss Cornell's play ran on and on, and you ran with

it; and motion pictures went on practically as usual. We turned our attention to Gable and Hepburn; and as far as I was concerned, "Brian Aherne" became just a beautiful echo. Until—suddenly, as things happen in this wonderful and crazy business and art, when nobody was looking, you appeared in pictures, just like that. And now comes the sad part. What did you, Mr. Aherne, the fiery and fascinating *Browning* of the boards, turn into the minute you stepped in front of the camera? Must I admit it? Just about the dullest and most dignified young man I ever saw! Yessir, you failed me, Mr. Aherne. I had to slink away to brood before my loving friends could jeer, "Yah, yah—some picker, aren't you?"

So I bore you a grudge, Mr. Aherne, and can you blame me? Dreary with Dietrich; pretty pompous with Ann Harding; good with Helen Hayes—but it wasn't enough.

Came 1935. Came, again, the dawn—in the guise of Miss Cornell in her gorgeous production of "Romeo and Juliet." Critics screamed themselves hoarse in praise of the new *Juliet*, and there were quite a few cheers left over for the new *Mercutio*. The most dashing *Mercutio* in years—who tore scenes right away from *Romeo*, who roared and ranted and capered and bounced; who projected a terrific personality over the footlights. And who played *Mercutio*? You may well ask! Our old friend Brian Aherne!

What gets into you, Mr. Aherne, that you can be such a brilliant *Browning* and such a masterful *Mercutio* on the stage, and then lose all that fire, that grace, that charm on the screen? Is the camera so cold? Do you miss the living audience? Or Katharine Cornell? Must you be so refined in pictures? Can't you be yourself? Try it, anyway. Come home to Hollywood, be gay, and all will be forgiven.

Delight Evans





George Temple, above, and his celebrated daughter, the self-made "million-dollar baby!" Read Mr. Temple's outspoken account of his management of Shirley—a story every mother and father will like.

Very special feature! Father of world's most famous baby tells his frank story of what it means to be Shirley's manager! Illustrated with absolutely new "baby" pictures of the great little Temple!



Wasn't she sweet? Above, baby Shirley. Left, just a little bit older. Below, still very young, but already a charmer!



# New Slant on SHIRLEY!

By Thornton Sargent

**I**T'S no cinch to be Shirley Temple's daddy! At least that's what George Temple, the father of this cinema prodigy, declares. Not that Shirley isn't as adorable in private life as she is on the screen. Nor that Shirley's leading a double life and in constant fear of a scandal cropping out—unless you'd call her penchant for chocolate ice cream scandalous.

It's simply that Mr. Temple, in addition to being Shirley's father, has earned the right to be her manager. That's brought a flock of vultures swarming down upon Business Manager Temple. And he's found it no snap to repulse them, as they hungrily snatch at the earnings Shirley's prodigious popularity is bringing her.

Not that George Temple is exactly an amateur at beating off gold-brick salesmen. He has had considerable experience at the job as manager of a branch bank in Los Angeles, that has taught him to say "No!" with a finality that would stop the most ambitious *Wallingford*.

No wonder the Los Angeles judge who questioned Mr. Temple as to his fitness to serve as Shirley's manager and guardian and learned of his banking position endorsed him enthusiastically with "That's fine!"

But let's sit at Mr. Temple's desk in the branch of the California Bank at Washington and Vermont in Los Angeles and face a couple of the problems that he



must meet every day. Here we are—right out in the open, no bars, no doors restraining anyone from walking right in and up to the desk that bears a plaque with the name, George Temple, manager.

We write a letter to a customer whose note is due the next day, okay a check for a new depositor and try to straighten out a man who overdrew his account and wonders why the bank didn't carry him. And just as we are preparing to wade through a mass of home loan applications, a dapper, smart-looking man leans aggressively over the desk and begins clicking out words with machine gun rapidity.

"Mr. Temple, I have a proposition to make to you. I'll guarantee you \$100,000 for the privilege of making two pictures with Shirley Temple. I'll put up \$35,000 of the sum in escrow in your bank. I'll pay all expenses of the litigation that will result with Fox Film."

And with arm-waving and high-pressure salesmanship, the gentleman proceeds to fire arguments as to why Mr. Temple should agree to such a proposition.

If it were us, instead of Mr. Temple in that chair, we'd probably have clinched the deal immediately—unless we decided to hold out for more money. And why not? It's an easy way to pick up a hundred thousand.

It would make Shirley's dowry just that much bigger when she grows up and thinks more of marriage than a screen career. But after all, it's up to Mr. Temple to make the decision. And his answer was an emphatic "No!"

Why? Simply because Shirley's welfare, both physical and spiritual, means more to her father than twice a hundred thousand dollars.

"Some people may think I was too conservative in not snapping up

that offer," explained Mr. Temple as we sat, later on, in the comfortable Santa Monica home that houses the youngest and most popular screen star of today.

"But those pictures would have been made during Shirley's vacation periods. It would have encroached on the time she should be devoting to recreation and play. It would have meant violating at least the spirit of our contract with Fox Film which discovered her and gave her a chance at stardom. But, more important than even these facts, is the injury it might have done her spiritually. I want Shirley to consider her father as an honest and fair man. I want my con-



*All dressed up! The photograph above was posed before motion pictures made Shirley a great star. You can see she has always been lovable.*

*Five Photographs of Shirley Temple as a baby by G. Edwin Williams.*

duct to be an inspiration for her. Had I accepted that proposition I couldn't have had a clear conscience. And when Shirley grew up, she'd either have lost respect for me, or come to have a false standard of values. Rather than risk either of these I passed up the offer."

That was one of the more serious decisions that Mr. Temple had to make. But it doesn't begin to cover the subject. He's been deluged by life insurance agents! Overrun with real estate salesmen! Pestered by oil stock peddlers! Tracked down by theatrical agents! Buttonholed on

corners by every kind of automobile salesman! Besieged by manufacturers wanting Shirley Temple endorsements! Appealed to for contributions in sums that Shirley couldn't earn in a decade! Looked up by relatives he hadn't even heard of till Shirley became famous! Gazed upon as a curiosity by tourists from Florida to Maine!

And in between saying "No!" he has sandwiched the job of being a bank manager, and actually attending to Shirley's business, not to (Continued on page 81)



*First "shot" of Shirley in her brand new motion picture, "The Little Colonel," from the beloved story by Annie Fellows Johnston.*

*Her very first fashion picture! Even at this very early age, four, Shirley captured all neighborhood hearts. And now she is the world's pet!*





# Lancelot in Modern Dress

Leslie Howard—his tragedy and triumph

By  
*Laura Benham*



*Howard, the man, is a totally different person than Howard, the actor. You meet them both in this scintillating story. Right, in pre-film days.*



**L**ANCELOT in modern dress! That's Leslie Howard. Had he lived in another age, he would have ridden gallantly to battle mounted on a snow-white charger, armor gleaming in the morning sunlight, banners waving in the breeze, an amulet from his *Guinevere*—or *Elaine*—tucked against his heart.

That he was born in our modern machine age is both his tragedy and his triumph! His tragedy, because it means that he is destined never to know complete happiness, but must forever grope toward an ephemeral, intangible goal which, like a mirage, fades when he attains it only to appear again in the distance to lure him further forward.

His triumph, because through this seeking a fulfilment he can never know, he will leave a record of achievement and accomplishment that transcends even his fondest, secret dreams and will make an ineradicable mark upon

the minds and lives of all who know him and his work.

From the moment that you meet Leslie Howard you are conscious of the turbulent but controlled conflict that surges beneath the calm, indifferent exterior of his dual personality. It flickers in his restless blue eyes and at the corners of his sensitive, mobile mouth; and for an instant flashes across his face in a disclosure more illuminating than a thousand speeches.

For he is not given to intimate, self-revelatory expression. Rather, he is reserved to the point of shyness—or discretion—and it is only through discussion of his work that one breaks through his cautious composure to catch glimpses of the man behind the actor.

In New York to appear in the Gilbert Miller Broadway production, "The Petrified Forest," Mr. Howard finds himself with a strange and growing distaste for the stage—and a vague nostalgia (*Continued on page 74*)





Bergner is the stage sensation of Europe. Above, with Hugh Sinclair in "Escape Me Never," which she has also filmed. Right, the girl herself.

# The Truth About Bergner!

For the first time the elusive Elisabeth is word-painted in her true colors

*By Hettie Grimstead*

THEY call her "Elusive Elisabeth" in London, for she is more difficult to meet than Garbo. Fans who wait at the stage-door merely catch a glimpse of a closely muffled little figure as she hurries past. To enquiring studio visitors she is always mysteriously "resting in her dressing-room," the location not being indicated because only the directors know where it is.

No one is allowed to watch her working on the sets and she usually leaves with a crowd of extras, unnoticed. She slips into her car and simply vanishes until the next morning. Most of her fellow players do not even know where she lives, much less what she does in her leisure. She is never seen in restaurants or places where they dance and lion-hunting society hostesses inveigle her in vain.

Requests for an interview are always declined so baf-

fled reporters have propounded all manner of theories about her. La Bergner is timid, sulky, hysterical, insufferably haughty or afflicted with a severe inferiority complex—according to the view of the moment. One woman film writer recently suggested she was a modern *Trilby*, acting under the hypnotic commands of a *Sven-gali* in the person of her distinguished-looking German husband, Dr. Paul Zinner, who directs all her pictures.

How amused Elisabeth was when I read her that article not long before she sailed for the United States. Her great brown eyes gleamed merrily in her tiny heart-shaped face, so piquant and expressive under her soft blonde hair which she wears in a long straight bob.

"But I was only married last year," she chuckled. "And I have been acting all my life! Why, I was not ten years old when I first walked onto the stage in Vienna."

Indeed, she acts as naturally (Continued on page 76)







*Greta, left, at the time she was making her first American film, "The Torrent," which swept her to fame.*



*Pictorial impressions of Garbo's life! Left, above, a dinner given by Swedish screen dignitaries in 1924, in Stockholm, in honor of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. Circle shows Garbo and Stiller; arrows point to Mary and Doug. The next two pictures show the living-room of the Stockholm flat where Greta lived, and the entrance to the building. The close-up circle reveals the young Greta, moody, aloof, during early Hollywood film days. The head at the right shows her today—still aloof!*



# GRETA GARBO —

**G**RETA GARBO is as much a myth to her native Sweden, as Greta Gustafsson is to her adopted America. Greta Gustafsson is that very poor young girl—errand girl, cloak model, "soap girl"—who was completely left behind when she became Greta Garbo, Queen of Hollywood.

Perhaps no world-famous person in modern times has been so much misunderstood as Greta Garbo. And now, I may add, none is so little understood as she is. Somewhere in between the simple Swedish working girl of the tenements, and the royal princess of the cinema, there seems to have been a third personality; a soul that is lost. Even among and to her so-called intimate friends in America, Greta Garbo is a complete stranger. When they tell all they really know about her over here, we have only the picture of a sphinx—a tight-lipped smile, a tiny crinkle round the eyes that can look deeper into the beyond than any other pair in the cinema, and then—silence. The enigma of the screen.

I went to Sweden with the express purpose of trying to penetrate behind that enigmatic smile; to learn if possible if there ever had been a regular person—a human creature like you and me, who once could laugh and cry, love and lavish love. And it was many weeks before I discovered Greta Gustafsson—a beautiful, laughing, loving child, then a young woman—who one day went across the sea into space and was seen no more. "No," they all tell me, "this person you call Greta Garbo is not

Discovered at last: the lost Greta Gustafsson, who gave the world Greta Garbo! The author journeyed to Sweden to obtain the facts about Greta's childhood and girlhood, and the result is this true story more thrilling than the most colorful fiction.

our 'Lila Keta' (Little Greta), or our Greta Gustafsson. She was like this . . ."

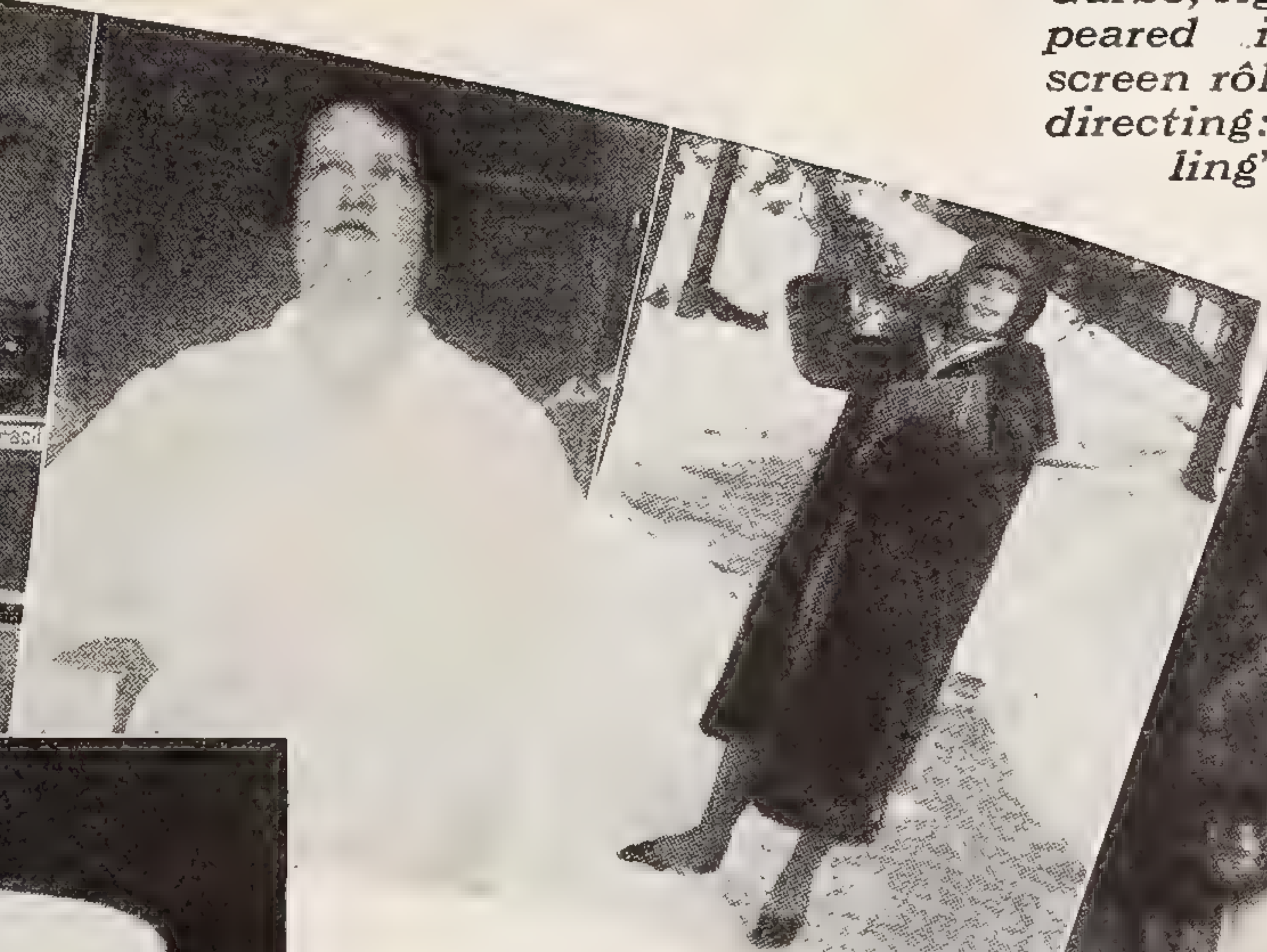
Strangely enough, I contacted the real Garbo first in the Land of the Midnight Sun, just north of the Arctic Circle. I was traveling hard and fast in the direction of the North Cape. It became necessary to make a change in my sleeper ticket immediately, that involved a tremendous railway etiquette that was quite beyond my meagre Swedish vocabulary. I went frantically about asking everybody in sight if they spoke English, finally coming upon a handsome bare-headed gentleman with a leonine crop of hair who with a grin said, "I spik little English." Well, he completely solved my difficulty, but what was more important, he proved to be Ollars-Erik Landberg, the well-known Swedish film actor and director, who happened to be up in that beautiful North country making a picture. We were just in the midst of coffee and a dish of *filbunke*, (curdled milk sprinkled



Garbo, right, as she appeared in her first screen rôle with Stiller directing: "Gösta Berling's Saga."



Continuing the pictorial record of Garbo's career. Extreme left, above, the barber shop where Greta worked; next, Märtha Thörnland, Greta's comrade "soap girl" as she is today. Then we see Greta on her vacation in Sweden in 1929. Finally, our heroine is shown with John Gilbert, opposite whom she made her sensational success and to whom she was often reported engaged. Circle, an early publicity pose of the now great star. Of course you recognize the remote goddess at the left: your Garbo and ours, in "The Painted Veil."



# HOME-TOWN GIRL!

By  
*Henry Albert Phillips*

with ginger), when Greta Garbo was mentioned. Did he know her? "I say well, I know Garbo!" he exclaimed, and was just explaining that he was a member of the now famous class with Greta Garbo of the Royal Dramatic School, why, he could tell me everything about that period of her life— And at that moment, my one-train-a-day drew in and we parted on the platform promising to meet again in Stockholm at some indefinite period, and get the Garbo story.

Ollars-Erik Landberg was not in Stockholm when I returned. A week of incessant inquiry brought me in contact with an antique dealer and admirer of Greta Garbo from afar. A pal of his, however, had been more fortunate. This pal was a rich man's son and he met young Greta Gustafsson—then a salesgirl in the Paul Bergstrom department store—at the skating rink. She was then about sixteen and it was her first serious love affair, although it seemed that she was a constant object of admiration from boys and men. Greta loved to skate

and went every night to the rink, and my friend's pal saw her home and he was the only boy who was introduced to the family. In those simple circles Greta was known to be "engaged." To the young wooer, however, it was not serious, only a "skating engagement," as it was called among the boys, because such a betrothal does not always outlast the ice and usually fades when summer amusements come.

My antiquarian then recalled an item he had clipped from the newspapers some years before about the barber shop, or *rakstuga*, where Greta had once been employed as a *tvalflicka*, or "soap girl." The barber's name was Ekengren, Gotgatan, 75. Finding no barber Ekengren in the directory, we set out in search of the shop in a strange part of the city.

We soon found ourselves in Greta Gustafsson country. The owner of the thread and needle shop where we made our first inquiry, turned out to be a former schoolmate of Greta's. Apparently, the major part of her conversation and dreams during the drab hours of thread and needle traffic were devoted to Greta. It was her Cinderella theme—as indeed it was of the whole workers' neighborhood. She talked only of Greta Gustafsson and it was obvious that she considered the whole Greta Garbo business a legend, although the space behind her tiny desk was plastered with newspaper cuttings of the Great Garbo. She insisted that there was nothing about her Greta to warrant such extrava- (Continued on page 78)



# At Home—To You!



Calling on  
all stars!  
Come along  
with us!

By  
Beth  
Brown

*Mr. and Mrs. Warren William are at home to you, when you call on them under the auspices of SCREENLAND and escorted by the popular writer, Beth Brown. See those furry sentinels at the William gate? Thoroughbreds both, but most democratic, like the master and mistress of the manor.*

**I**F YOU have to go to 12 East 86th Street in New York, you simply hail a yellow taxi and you're there. You're not lost in Laurel Canyon and you're not left clinging to a cliff.

If you're invited to an artist's home in the French quarter, anybody in New Orleans will direct you to St. Peter's Street. If you're going to a joss house in Chinatown, San Francisco, you don't need to organize an exploration expedition.

But just let Elissa Landi or Cecil B. DeMille or Dolores Del Rio invite you to dinner. The thing to do is to start a day and a half ahead of time to be sure you arrive only two hours late. If you're invited, say, for Monday, play safe and leave on Saturday.

Hollywood is the taxi driver's heaven. By the time you've visited four movie stars in the tight little yellow cab that telescopes your knees under your chin, you've

paid for a five seat sedan. So if possible—commandeer your own car.

The next step is to join the auto club. Tell the handsome clerk you've been invited to dine with the Thalbergs and ask him to route you out.

You've heard the old saw describing this place as being "seven villages in search of a city." Hollywood sprawls in all directions. It climbs a dozen rolling hills. Its exact location defies all geography books. But the chief charm of that fantastic homeland is what you find when you finally arrive at your destination.

I challenge you to try and find Elissa Landi's house. There's no name on the street. There's no number on the door. There's no name plate on the beautiful bronze grilled gate. No clue at all anywhere along the brick walk that plunges you breathlessly into an old-world patio. You pause bewildered, your eyes popping, your

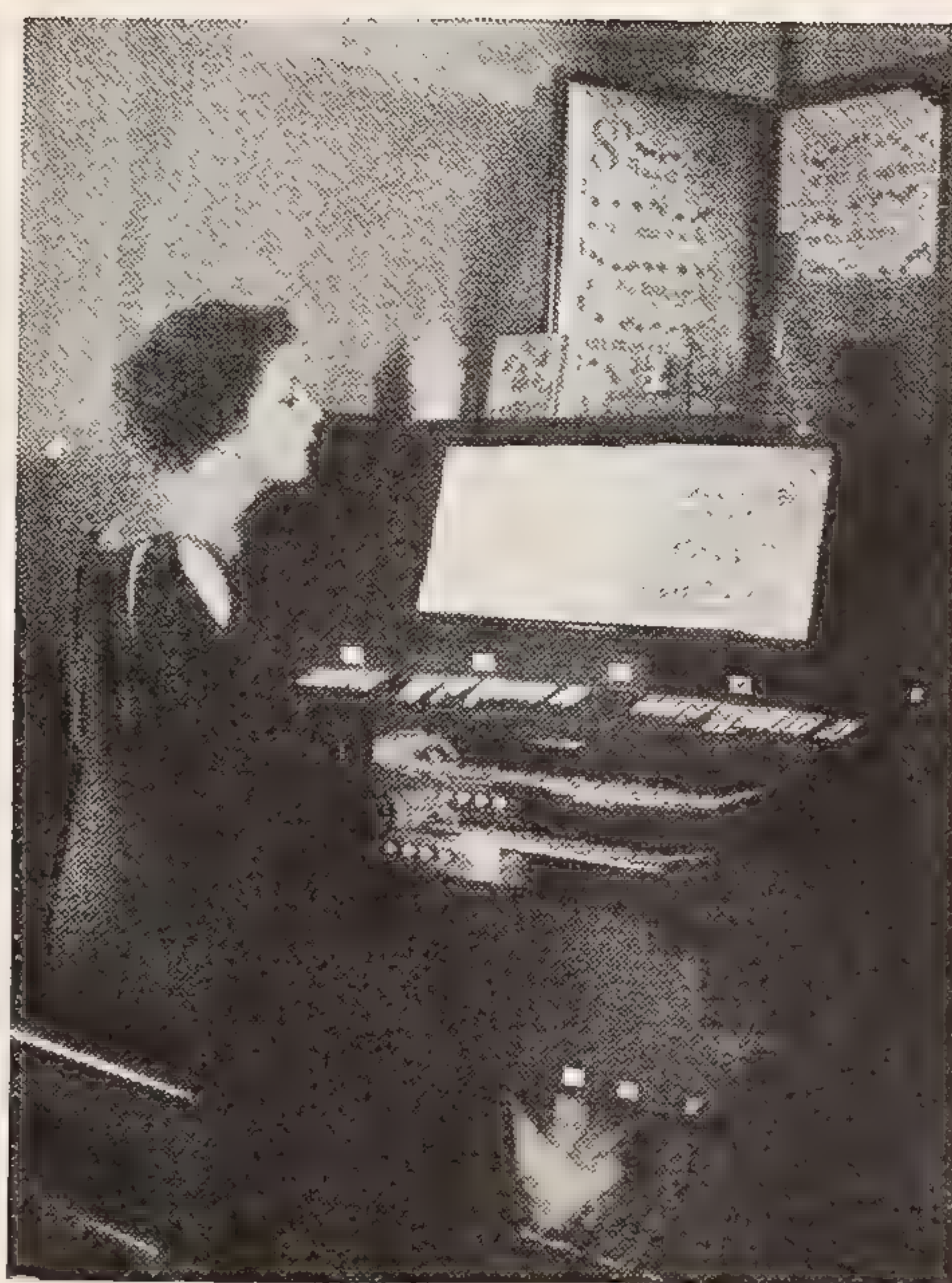


mouth hanging wide open, unable to tell the obsequious Japanese butler who you are, why you've come, whom you wish to see.

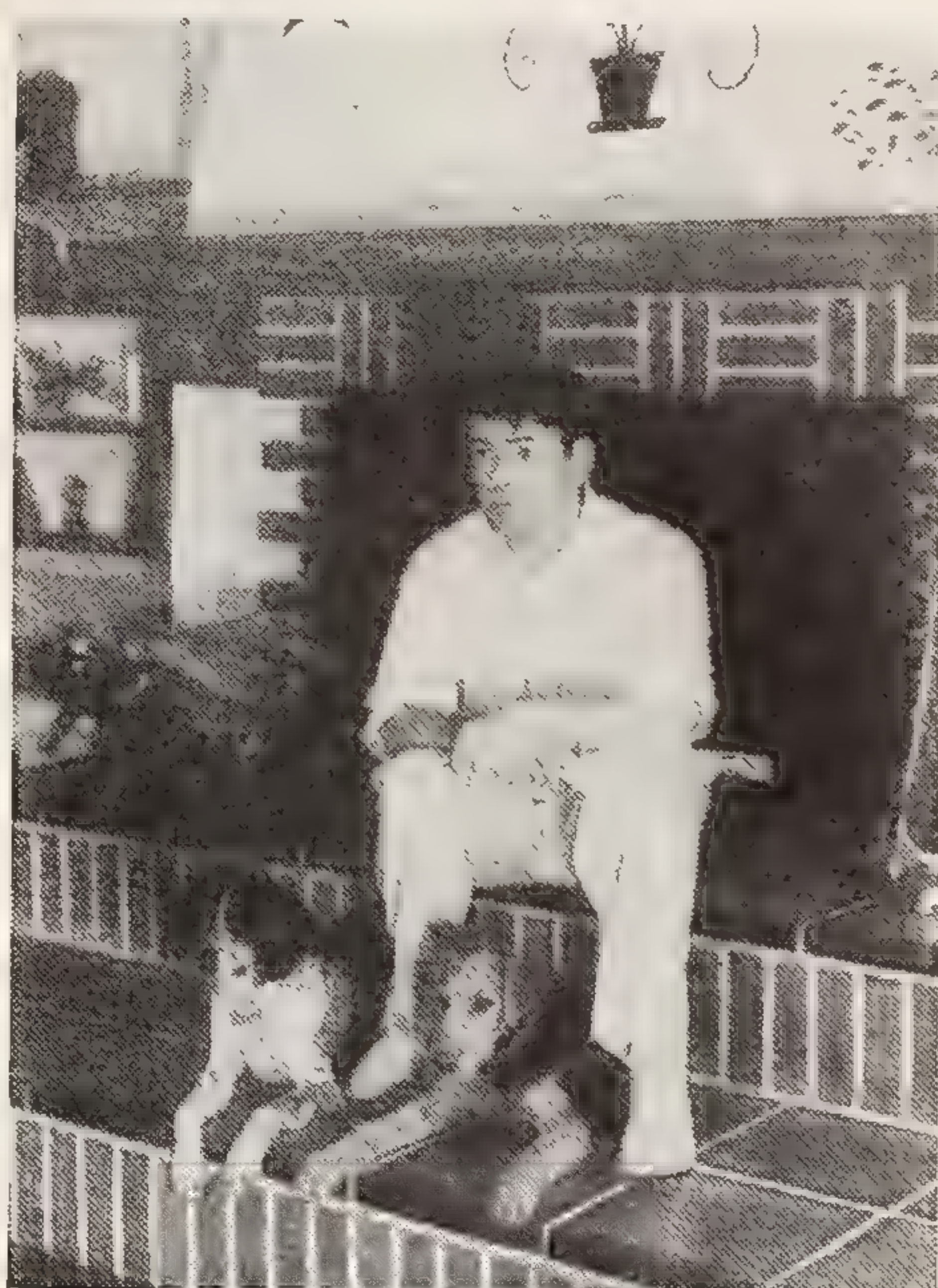
Elissa's huge house stands on a high hill surveying Hollywood on the left and the cobalt blue Pacific on the right. Big as that house is, it's scarcely big enough to hold her. She's like a bubbling spring—acting—writing—practicing her music at the two pianos and the organ that are not simply ornaments in that immense living room. She even has music with her gardening, for a loud radio speaker commands her half a mile of landscape hillside. She loves to work in the California earth, listening to symphony music coming all the way from New York. She confesses that she is completely happy for the first time in her life. She has this house of her dreams and she's in love. And by a curious device, she keeps her mother with her. Her mother occupies a cottage all her own that's cleverly connected to the main house. She's close enough to come at a moments' call—and far enough for Elissa to write away at her novels in privacy or practice her arpeggios in perspiration.

Forty miles away, on the mileage gauge, at the edge of Toluca Lake, lives a man you've all laughed at many times. He has a pet swan which has been solemnly christened Marmaduke. He has a blind duck he rushes home to feed each night at the end of his studio day. And he has a row boat. This boat is not for deep-sea fishing. It's for the purpose of rowing across to the golf course opposite. Our hero hates walking—except on the golf course.

Much as he loves his big house at the edge of the lake, he has a little house he loves even better. In fact, it's not a house. It's a trailer. He takes this trailer along whenever he goes on location and he loves to go on location to



*When you are invited to Elissa Landi's home, you'll be entertained by the hostess herself at the organ, if you're lucky.*



*Paul Muni is not a "mixer" but if you're fortunate enough to be his friend you're always sure of a warm welcome!*

take his trailer along. It rides behind a Lincoln roadster as proud as his swan Marmaduke, no, prouder.

And no wonder! Wouldn't you be proud if you could boast a fire extinguisher, a telephone, a radio, an ice box, a deep, soft couch, and a card table? Yep, a built-in bureau, a frigid-aire, a bar, and a washstand? Yep, and a medicine chest. There's rich red carpet on the floor two inches thick, maybe three. You can't see the tacks for the thickness. There's a picture on the wall and curtains at the windows.

Our hero's house is big. But it stands in one place. It never goes anywhere. His trailer is no bigger than a bathroom. But it's been everywhere. It's even been to see the circus! Don't be surprised some sunny Sunday morning, to see W. C. Fields at the wheel honking past your own front door.

After dining in a trailer, when Vera Caspary invites you to six courses and no dessert, you think you're immune to surprises. But that's where you're wrong. The address is North Sycamore Street. The night is dark. And you start on high. You climb a hill. You've climbed the wrong one. You try another. At the end of the fourth ascent, you come upon a cave that leads to a secret stairway that leads to a private patio that leads to Vera's house. Vera says that she has chosen this location to stump bill collectors and first edition hunters. Here, in the seclusion of her dug-out, she does her writing.

Pointing due south, in the San Fernando Valley, on a ten acre walnut ranch, lives Paul Muni. He took one look and bought the place—all in twenty minutes. The big house has a glass logia. There's an outdoor swimming pool with dressing-rooms adjoining. There's a play house. The main feature, though, is the rehearsal hall.

The rehearsal hall has a history. Once upon a (Continued on page 79)



*The home of W. C. Fields at Toluca Lake is as rambling and comfortable as he is! The two canines, unlike the genial host, are stuffed!*



*Where Joan Blondell is just Mrs. George Barnes: the charming, simple early American home of the screen's gorgeous blonde comedienne.*

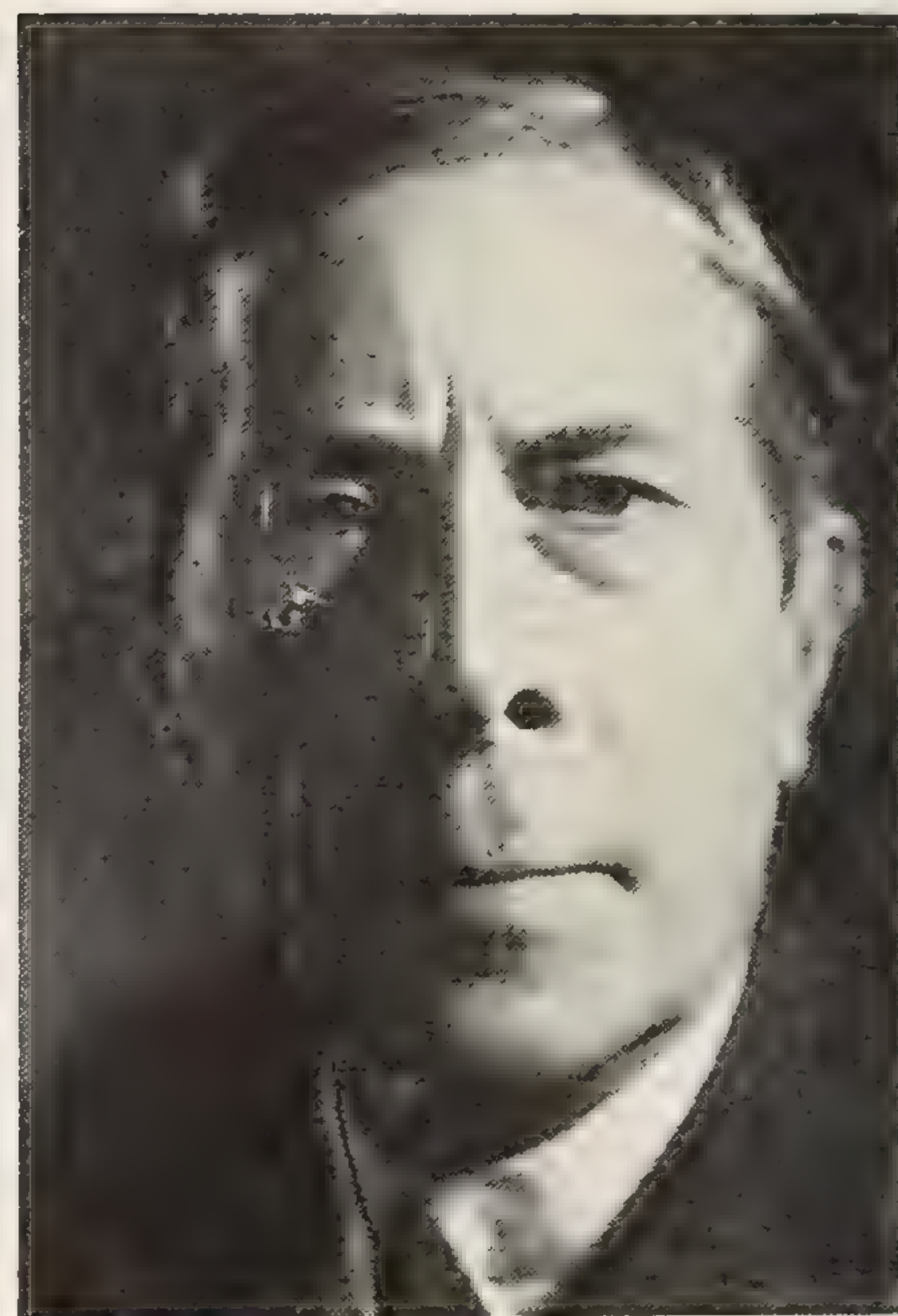




# "MR. ARLISS"

Grandest close-up  
ever caught of the  
great George!

By  
*Tom Kennedy*



*In his many years of superb stage and screen playing, George Arliss has been interviewed hundreds of times. But never, we think, has any writer caught him so completely off-guard as in this charming story, giving an exclusive report of Mr. Arliss' current opinions.*

**H**IS most brilliant achievements are associated with history, his appearance and manner are distinctly of today, his conversation chiefly concerns the future! Do you wonder that a mere reporter almost succumbed to the jitters as he watched the Past, the Present, and the Future do the weirdest nip-ups round and about the person of George Arliss, widely and fondly hailed by those who should know, as "the greatest living character actor."

Breaking his journey from England to Hollywood, with "The Iron Duke," his first British picture, behind him, and before him "Richelieu," his next American film, Mr. Arliss had paused in New York, and this was his day for receiving the press.

For this polite professional function, Mr. Arliss was occupying an office in the New York headquarters of Gaumont-British, for whom he made "The Iron Duke." This particular office was formerly the sanctum of a vaudeville magnate—a huge and stately hall. It was impossible to escape the reflection that here, perhaps, for the first time since its creation, this opulently furnished chamber had, at long last, found a figure capable of animating it with a grace of manner and dignity of bear-

ing that achieved its own vain pretensions to the classic.

The panelling of the walls had Mr. Arliss puzzled. "What is it?" he repeated as he fingered the figures set in coffered squares. "Really carving, or composition?" he asked as he reached for that ubiquitous gold-rimmed monocle he wears suspended on a black ribbon, stuck it in place over his right eye, and scrutinized the object of his quandary. In that moment I was seeing a composite of such characters as *Disraeli*, *Voltaire*, *Rothschild*, and other personages Arliss has reflected on the screen.

The mannerisms which George Arliss has familiarized in his screen impersonations are instantly identified in the man himself. For he is one actor who has mastered the trick of translating his own mannerisms into as many different periods of history as the drama has ever attempted to reflect in outstanding personages representing its varied chapters.

The most important observation to be reported here—since it is the impression which stands out above all other recollections formed at this interview—is George Arliss' ability to stay young. I was seeing him "in the flesh" for the first time since 'way back when, for the first time in his life, Mr. Arliss stepped (*Continued on page 93*)





# "MISS O'BRIEN"

Of Tasmania! Otherwise known as Merle Oberon, here revealed in her first American interview—exclusive!

*By Leonard Hall*

*Grand new team! The lovely Merle plays opposite our, and England's, Leslie Howard in the British-made motion picture. "The Scarlet Pimpernel," from the popular novel of the same name by the Baroness Orczy.*

THE British Set in Hollywood—The Tea-and-Crumpet Colony—is due for a bright shaking-up just now, unless Old Gaffer Hall misses his guess and hits an aged charwoman.

There'll be a bit of twittering over the cups—one lump, please—and more than one smidgin of toast will drop unheeded to the Sheraton. For Miss Merle Oberon is among the "Cavalcade" Crowd now—Merle Oberon of the flashing almond eyes, of London and points far east, now of the United Artists lot in Hollywood, where she will appear opposite the M. Chevalier in the new "Folies Bergere de Paris."

I have just come from witnessing this Miss Oberon, and may be a bit above myself, in a manner o' speakin'—but I give you my word as a veteran beholder of movie actresses that she is the smartest morsel of British starlet to strike our rockbound coast in years.

You have undoubtedly seen Miss Oberon mentioned more than a bit in the public prints lately, as she has been reported engaged to Mr. Joseph Schenck, head of United Artists. What is more germane to our story is that she is the fastest rising movie actress since the outburst of Katharine "One Shot" Hepburn. In fact, Merle's ascent in the movies has been, if I may be permitted to coin a metaphor, meteoric.

A discovery of Mr. Alexander Korda, director of "The Private Life of Henry the Eighth," the lady has appeared in but few pictures. And here she is in Hollywood, set for a featured spot in one of the bigger new pictures, with the world before her, and life her pearl-filled oyster.

I found (Continued on page 70)



*Hollywood's British colony is all stirred up with the arrival of sparkling Merle Oberon, of Tasmania, India, London, and way points! You must remember Merle as the beautiful Anne Boleyn in "The Private Life of Henry the Eighth" with Charles Laughton.*



# On the Set with



An unusual camera study of Chevalier in his "new personality" on the set for "Folies Bergère," his next film.

Never before has Chevalier permitted interviews while working. But Ida Zeitlin, his good friend, persuaded him to give her this "scoop." Left, Miss Zeitlin with the star.

The handsome gentleman at the right? What, you don't recognize him? It's Maurice, in an exciting new rôle.



THE scene is the beautifully appointed study of a wealthy Parisian. In the corner of a white-upholstered settee sits a monocled gentleman, faultlessly attired in dress clothes, a strand of white showing in the dark hair over his forehead. His upper lip is adorned by a slender, typically French moustache. As he flicks the ash from a choice cigar, he raises quizzical eyes to his companions and the corner of his mouth lifts in a faintly sardonic smile. A gentleman to the manor born, armed in authority, but with humor enough to mock at his own foibles together with those of his fellow-men. Which combination accounts for the charm he radiates.

There's something distinctly familiar about the gentleman—something suggesting a face you've often seen—yet you can't place him. You decide you must be mistaken. For once having looked upon that distinguished figure, you'd hardly be likely to forget it. Then his

smile broadens to display a flash of white teeth—and you gasp in amazement. It's Chevalier!

It's Chevalier playing one of the dual rôles woven into the plot of his new picture, "Folies Bergère de Paris," his first under Darryl Zanuck's guidance. And his initial appearance on the set in the guise of the *Baron Cassini* elicited such squeals of joy from the feminine contingent, such grins of appreciation from the more reticent males, as must have warmed the hearts of Mr. Zanuck and Roy Del Ruth, the picture's director.

That moment marked a high spot in the day's work—a ting'e of elation, a sense of triumphant achievement which is the movie-maker's reward for hours of painstaking labor. If you think a movie star's life is all beer and skittles, you stage-struck thousands, all glamor and glory and gaiety, earned by a few hours of posing in front of a camera, just stick around the Chevalier set for a day or two, and you'll learn different.



# MAURICE!

We're first to present to you the dual-personality Chevalier! See him actually at work. Listen to his plans for a completely new career. Exclusive!

By  
*Ida Zeitlin*

Chevalier worked from nine in the morning until twelve o'clock last night. He was up at six, in order to be ready for work at nine again this morning. The picture's being made in both French and English versions. There are two directors—Del Ruth for the English version, Marcel Achard for the French—two script girls, two supporting casts. Chevalier alone works double. The picture's been in production five days, and for practically every shooting moment of those days he has been in front of the camera. I'm not trying, mind you, to paint any melancholy picture of the poor little rich boy. Like most actors, he loves his job, the rewards are plentiful, and there's nothing he'd rather do. I'm merely trying to point out that it *is* work, and not one long sweet holiday.

He spends most of his working hours under glaring lights—countless arcs ranged like so many big drums in the scaffolding above, behind, and in front of him. Between scenes, while the lights are being adjusted and the cameras realigned, he goes off by himself to the darkest part of the set to rest strained eyes and nerves in the shadows. As he stops for a moment to greet me, I notice that his hand is moist. And I recall with commiseration what his manager once told me: "When Maurice is nervous, he sweats. And when he works, he's always nervous." What, you may wonder, has he to be nervous about?—with his record and his assured position in the profession. The same thing, I suppose, that any honest creative worker gets nervous about, who is driven by a need to make every job his best.

Lights and cameras are ready. "Mr. Gregg!" calls the assistant director. "Mr. Hare! Mr. Chevalier!" The scene, which has already been rehearsed again and again, is rehearsed for the last time. The white-coated make-up man repairs what slight ravages are apparent. The prop man brushes garments which seem to the inexperienced onlooker to be the last word in immaculate cleanliness. Gauze cloths, designed to keep collars from wilting, are removed. Chevalier pats brown powder into his face and smooths his already satin-smooth hair. No one's taking any chances.

The quiet-voiced Del Ruth gives his final directions. A bell rings. "Quiet!" calls the assistant director. "Roll 'em"—from the camera (*Continued on page 86*)



*Don't worry, you dyed-in-the-wool Chevalier fans! You'll have your favorite in his familiar straw hat and grin, as well as in a new characterization. Choose!*



# Claudette Colbert's *REAL*



*A family-album picture! Claudette and her brother Charles, skating in Central Park "when they were very young."*



*Above, even younger. Another snapshot never before published.*



*First communion, above, when Claudette was only eight. Right, the new stage beauty, La Colbert, in 1926, ready for glory.*



*Here's a scene from Claudette Colbert's first big stage success, "The Barker," in which she played opposite Norman Foster, her real-life leading man.*

Beginning the never-before-told intimate account, both personal and professional, of the career of the little French girl who became one of the world's great screen stars

**I**T WAS a Broadway columnist who started me liking Claudette Colbert, tremendously. I don't mean that I was at a literary tea, where I'm never asked, or a cocktail party, where I'm often asked, and the columnist said, "Miss Colbert, Miss Wilson," and I became goggle-eyed with adoration and martinis. No, it was all much simpler than that. I merely picked up a New York tabloid one beautiful spring morning of the late 1931 and read midway in a column, "Claudette Colbert blew in from the Coast yesterday." A simple enough statement, but you have no idea what it meant to me. It meant to me, dear reader, a day away from dirty city streets and mangled tots and tangled traffic, a day in the country, a game of golf over nice soggy Westchester earth; and a dinner at the Port of Missing Men with a guy who thought I was a composite Greta Garbo and Dorothy Parker.

So I went into the sanctum of my editor and said, "You know that Colbert story you've been wanting for a month? Well, she's back from the Coast. I just called up and she wants me to come over right away. They say she's a hard dame to make talk, so maybe I won't be back today. I'll get lots of quotes." And I was off to Greenwich, thinking in my naïve way as I stopped for a soda on the lower level of Grand Central Station, "I'll call her tomorrow and tell her that I'll be fired unless she gives me an interview at once, and I'll have the story all ready for the deadline Monday morning."

The next day when I returned to the office, greatly refreshed after my self-awarded holiday, I announced with enthusiasm that Miss Colbert had been in a rare mood and had given me a hot story, which would be on the editorial desk Monday morning. Then when no one was looking I grabbed the 'phone and called the Colbert apartment at 55 Central Park West. I was informed that Miss Colbert was not in, was in Hollywood, and had no intention of returning for two weeks. "But it says in so-and-so's column—" I gasped, horror-stricken—but Miss Colbert's maid didn't seem to be at all concerned over the fact that Miss Colbert had made a liar out of the columnist and a poor sap out of me.

Well, to make a long story longer, I wrote an interview with Claudette Colbert for the magazine, and it simply reeked of quotation marks and libel suits, and with a good old touch of nausea I laid it on my editor's desk and sat me wearily down to read the handwriting on the wall. Until I decided that it would be more profitable to read the help wanted ads.

Well, the magazine reached the news-stands, and Claudette reached New York, and I reached the point where I turned white as a lily cup every time the 'phone rang. A few weeks later I stumbled over a palm at a press party and practically into her lap.



# Life Story

By

Elizabeth Wilson

Claudette's best friend among  
the Hollywood writers

"Oh, you're the writer who wrote that story about me?" she inquired rather icily, "Well, I must say!"

"I can explain," I broke in, "I can explain everything!"

So I did, and she agreed with me that tramping on crocuses and violets in Westchester was far more fun than interviewing stars, and that it was all the columnist's fault anyway. She laughed heartily like the swell sport that she is, but as I was leaving she said sort of plaintively, "But I *do* like to be consulted about my stories. Don't you suppose you could arrange to interview me personally before writing about me in the future?" So I promised, and we drank a couple of glasses of water, neat, to seal the pact.

1931 was a big year for Colbert stories (and so was 1932, 33, and 34), and I was darting in and out of 55 Central Park West and the Astoria studio all the time, and deciding with each meeting that Claudette was the swellest girl I had ever met, with the sanest views on life, the grandest sense of humor, and the darnedest way of belittling herself. I soon became a Habit in the *ches* Colbert. When I received the assignment to do Claudette's life story for SCREENLAND I decided that she might be consulted about it. After all, it's her life.

"Why, it's grand of Delight to want my life story for the magazine," she said, "but—but what is there to say? I've never done anything particularly exciting, or romantic, or glamorous; I've just lived naturally and normally like everybody else. I'm afraid it will make awfully dull reading!"

There she goes belittling again, not only her life, but me. I am not a dull writer, so there! And it does seem to me that a girl who, in less than twenty years, has struggled through the immigration authorities, the New York public schools, and a good dose of poverty, and who at seventeen became, without any family backing or amorous backing, a recognized young actress on the Broadway stage, and eventually a star, and who because of her talent and great beauty was snatched away from Broadway by the movies and gradually became one of the biggest stars in Hollywood—I say again, a girl who can get away with this in less than twenty years certainly must have led an exciting and glamorous life. So just don't pay any attention to Claudette. Dull, indeed. Huh!

Claudette was born on the Rue Armand Carrel, Paris, France, early one  
(Continued on page 71)





# Hollywood's Own

"THE battle of the sexes is really fought in the field of fashion!" So said Travis Banton, throwing more dynamite into the Hollywood scene than a Mae West premiere.

"The revolution is here! Women are tired of seeing their screen favorites wearing fashions that are about as suitable as a coat of armor at a nudist camp. They want to see styles they can copy and wear themselves—and they have a right to. Down with silk-fringed diving suits and swansdown *robes de nuit*! Let's aim at restraint and make the stars look like legitimate women, not a cross between little Eva ascending to heaven and a 1945 version of a Jules Verne heroine!"

Travis Banton is Paramount's costume *generalissimo*, and a very delightful person, too. He is quiet, goes about his business more like the efficient head of a prosperous bond house than one of the film capital's leading designers, and very seldom fires a volley into the stilly calm of the Sierra Nevadas.

"You see," he explained, "I feel very strongly on this matter because I have talked with women in many countries who see our pictures. I want them to get the correct impression. You cannot very well explain to a woman of fashion in Paris, one who is a devotee of the races, who visits the fashion shows at Biarritz and Cannes, that what a screen star wears in a picture under

Make the most of the glamorous styles you see on the screen! Let Travis Banton, noted clothes creator, tell you just how you may adapt star fashions to your own practical needs. Third in SCREENLAND'S exclusive series not to be missed!

By  
Helen Harrison

The superb style of Travis Banton is strikingly exemplified in the gown worn by Kitty Carlisle at the right. Burgundy velvet fashions it; the narrow tunic arrangement, emphasizing the scalloped train, distinguishes it. Note original décolletage.

Carole Lombard is one of the few stars whose appearance in a lovely gown calls forth "Oh's" and "Ah's" of audience appreciation—and Travis Banton designs her screen clothes. Left, Miss Lombard wears a daringly draped gown; jacket enhanced by blue fox.





# Fashion Revolt!



*Two or three stars set world styles. Dietrich is one of these. Banton predicts that his Spanish costumes, designed for Marlene's new film, will sponsor a "Vogue Espagnole."*



*Making the fashion world feather-conscious! Dietrich did it a long time ago in "Morocco" and feathers have played their smart rôle ever since. Watch Marlene for trends.*

similar circumstances is merely a fantasy of the designer's imagination. Or that he just liked to impress the women who will never see the races or the fashion shows for themselves, can you? In the first place the woman of the world knows the styles are absurd and pictures generally lose caste. And then it isn't fair to confuse those many more absentee women who should, at least, learn the truth by seeing cinemas. We learn from books, don't we? We get to know quite accurately the customs and styles of various countries; should we not then get an even *more* accurate picture through the medium of the screen?"

You see Mr. Banton really believes in the power of motion pictures and so he feels it is high time that the average woman gets a real break.

"Suppose, Mr. Banton," we suggested, "that you put your battle cry into action and tell us exactly why Claudette Colbert always looks soignée, what you do to make Kitty Carlisle chic, and how you achieve those breath-taking effects with Marlene Dietrich, all without



*Here is Travis Banton himself, pictured selecting a fabric for Carole Lombard's new picture gowns. Read every word of his article! It's a fashion education in itself.*

and beautiful women. Take Miss Colbert, for instance. She is French herself, you know, with a perfect figure and the Parisienne's accurate sense of appreciation. She is moderate in her ideas and so it is comparatively simple to decide upon her screen wardrobes. There is complete harmony and understanding. Miss Colbert is very inspiring.

benefit of red lacquer coatees or gold-tipped ostrich plumes?"

"Delighted!" he agreed. "As I have said and repeat, my aim is for the legitimate. When a woman is required to dress for golf in a certain scene there is really no point in making her seem ready for a dance at the country club. When she is fitted with a bathing suit it should at least look suitable for water. Keeping this in mind," he continued, "I then muster new fashions which are the outcome of my many trips to Paris, London, and other points of fashion and modify and adjust them to the needs of a rôle.

"Fortunately Paramount has particularly sane, fashion-wise, and beautiful women. Take Miss Colbert, for instance. She is French herself, you know, with a perfect figure and the Parisienne's accurate sense of appreciation. She is moderate in her ideas and so it is comparatively simple to decide upon her screen wardrobes. There is complete harmony and understanding. Miss Colbert is very inspiring.

(Continued on page 87)





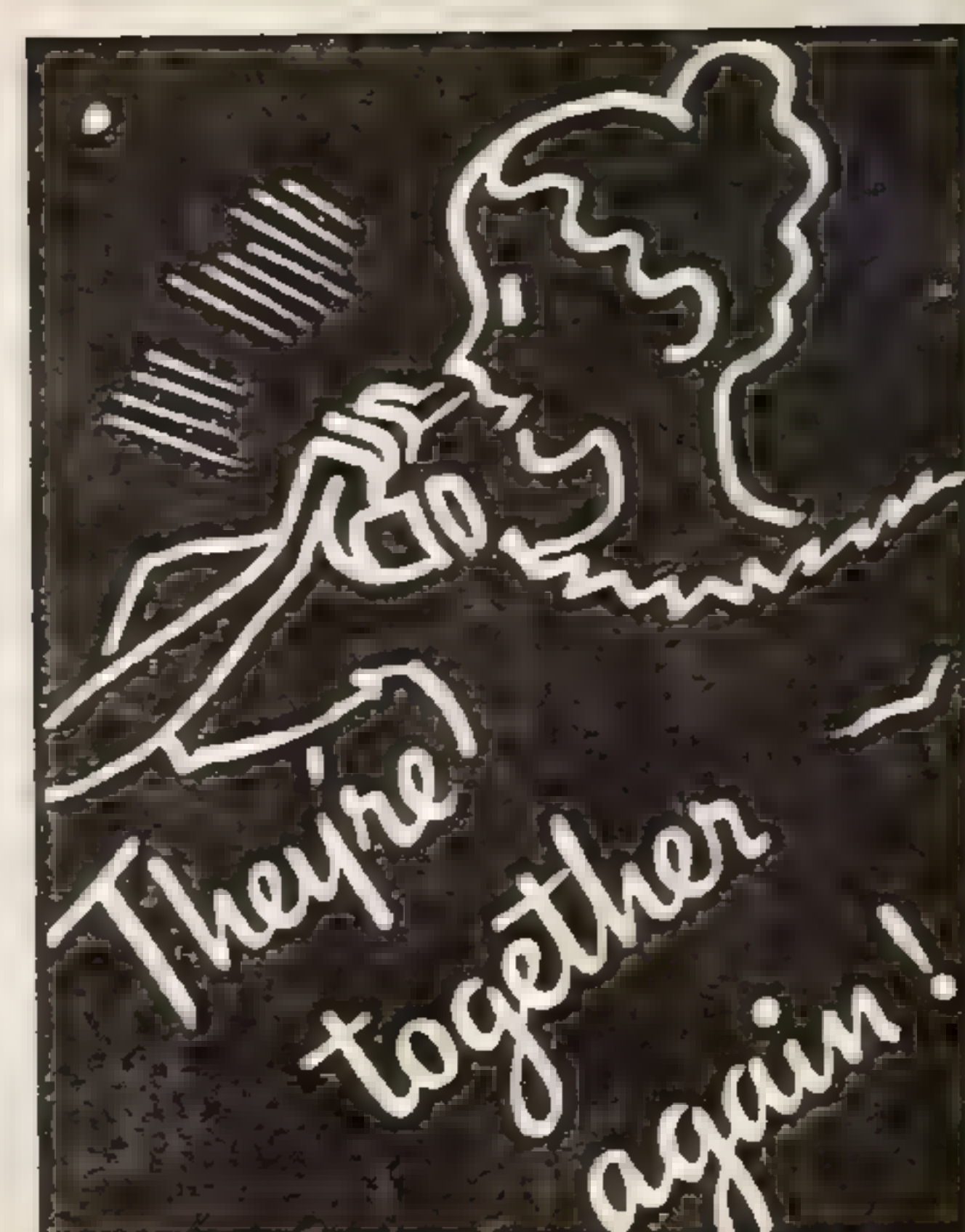
*Janet* **GAYNOR**  
*Warner* **BAXTER**  
 in  
**One More Spring**

*with this splendid cast*

WALTER KING • JANE DARWELL • ROGER IMHOF  
 Grant Mitchell • Rosemary Ames • John Qualen • Nick Foran  
 and STEPIN FETCHIT



Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN • Directed by HENRY KING  
 From the Novel by Robert Nathan • Screen play and dialogue by Edwin Burke







William Walling, Jr.

**B**ING CROSBY presents his personally autographed portrait to SCREENLAND readers. Bing doesn't do things by halves—and here he puts his heart into his message. But why, Bing, that burst of modesty? You hope it's Okay? Why, it's grand!





# TEAM POWER

## Romantic Pair



**A**NNA STEN and Gary Cooper are both discoveries of Samuel Goldwyn, and now are teamed by him for a new picture, "The Wedding Night," a romantic drama laid in the tobacco growing districts of Connecticut. Here you see the Russian star and Gary in poses that promise new thrills for all lovers of screen romance.



## Dramatic Pair!

**H**ELEN HAYES and Otto Kruger together in a screen drama! Grand news about two of the cinema's grandest players, that. Left, Miss Hayes in character for her part in "Vanessa: Her Love Story"; and below, a dramatic scene.



Milton Brown







## News and Views of Marion Davies!

**G**OOD luck to the screen's Golden Girl in her grand new contract! There are big plans for her at her new studio home, Warner Brothers, where she recently moved her bungalow, not to mention her blonde beauty, her gay charm and gift for high comedy—and don't forget Gandhi, Hollywood's most popular dog, shown above with Marion. Now how about a musical version of our favorite Davies film, "Little Old New York"?





SCREENLAND presents exclusively these first new portraits of Miss Davies. Don't miss the very new and very smart hats. Not many screen stars can carry off such a variety of smart chapeaux as cleverly as Marion!

*All photographs of Miss Davies by Elmer Fryer, exclusive to SCREENLAND.*







*James Blakeley in correct formal dress: opera hat, and pumps go with "tails."*

*Clark Gable, right, poses for a close-up in formal attire, so you may note such accessories as winged collar, bow, and boutonniere.*



*The opera hat must be worn at just the proper angle, involving a tricky tilt sideways as well as from fore to aft! You see how Clark Gable does it, above.*



## FASHIONS FOR MEN!

*James Blakeley, immediate left, shows how little was lost when frock coats were displaced by jackets with striped trousers as the thing for formal morning wear.*

*It's not a gag, our putting Joe E. Brown here as a well-dressed man! See for yourself, over left, how smartly Joe does his part in faultless business attire.*





*The modern idea in a riding kit, above, demonstrated by James Blakeley.*

*Left, here's Warner Baxter, one of the screen's smart dressers, wearing a suit of a new checked fabric.*

Here we give you some simple, and authentic, pointers, on how to tell whether the man who aspires to be well dressed, achieves his goal. Your favorite screen stars model "what's correct"

*Dinner jackets can be double-breasted these days. Right, Phillip Reed demonstrates the precise style and correct accessories for "formally informal" wear.*

*And here's James Blakeley again, over to the right, showing you how the smart sports get-up is arranged; flannels, silk shirt, no tie—double-breasted jacket.*



*How to be smart in lounge clothes is shown above by Gene Raymond, wearing a tweed jacket, plenty roomy, and a scarf, "careless-like" about the neck.*





by Eugene Robert Richee

**T**HE versatile Mary Ellis, international dramatic and operatic star, now devotes her talents to the screen, and you will see her in her film début soon as co-star with Carl Brisson in an elaborate musical production.

**Welcome,**





*Eugene Robert Richée*

## Newcomers!

MARGO, blonde Spanish dancer and actress, pronounced a "find" after her first screen part in "Crime Without Passion," is another Hollywood newcomer. Her next rôle is in "Rumba" with George Raft and Carole Lombard.





## Colman in Costume!

**W**HAT, your dear friend "Bulldog Drummond" in knee-breeches? Yes, and you'll like him! Ronnie's new film, "Clive of India," is a period piece with all the trimmings, and a grand romantic rôle.





*You love Janet now for her adorable little-girl quality. But wait until you see her in her latest rôle! Without sacrificing her whimsical charm she has added a new poignancy. Perhaps some day she will be recognized not only as a great personality, but also as the fine actress she really is!*



AMERICA'S Girl Friend at last has the opportunity to appear in a part which permits her to progress artistically. In "One More Spring" Janet has new depth and appeal. Warner Baxter is her co-star.

**Gaynor  
Grows Up!**



# Hail Fellows Well Met!



*Once a policeman, Phil Regan turned singer. Now he's an actor, also, and one of the most ingratiating of the screen's new players.*



*Herbert Marshall, right, was almost the first English actor to capture the interest of the American picture-goers. Still doing so!*



*Frank Morgan, right, below, is so charming that even the stars from whom he steals pictures consistently cannot help applauding him.*

*Speaking of good fellows, here is Edmund Lowe—Eddie to you—in his latest rôle, as the belligerent buddy of Jack Holt.*

*It's easy to understand why Donald Woods, yesterday a struggling actor in stock, today is winning better rôles and more friends.*



*Greetings, Chester Morris! We're glad to see that you are coming in to your own again these days, for you're one of our favorites.*





Whenever you encounter one of these excellent actors in a film, it's just like meeting and greeting an old friend!



*Sure and it's O'Brien! Pat is rapidly becoming one of our most important actors. He has a hearty style all his own.*

*Of course you remember that jovial gentleman to the left. Yes, it's Eric Blore, the priceless waiter of "The Gay Divorcée."*

*And here's the other half of the male team that may have the cinema customers cheering: Jack Holt, grin and all.*

*What, can that serious visage to the left, below, really belong to Jimmy Dunn? Must be one of his rare "James" moments.*



*Tom Brown of Hollywood! The Young man below, besides being Anita Louise's lucky best beau, is a good screen actor.*



*Ralph Bellamy, left, seems to have all the fun of stardom and none of the worries! Always busy, is Big Boy Bellamy.*





A. L. Schafer

## *The Most Beautiful Still of the Month*

Victor Jory and Fay Wray in "Mills of the Gods."



# A million eyes marvel at the beauty of CLAUDETTE COLBERT ... how many look at you?



CLAUDETTE COLBERT  
Starring in Paramount's  
"THE GILDED LILY"

## Learn How Hollywood Stars Emphasize the Charm of Beauty With This New Make-Up

THERE'S a thrill when admiring eyes confirm the appeal of your beauty. Life instantly becomes more interesting.

So you should learn the make-up secret which all Hollywood screen stars know. Then you, yourself, can create beauty just as fascinating as the vision of loveliness you see in your day dreams.

The secret is color harmony make-up, consisting of face powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized color tones, originated by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius.

Working with stars like Claudette Colbert... Carole Lombard... Sylvia Sydney and other famous beauties... searching to capture the mystery of ravishing beauty... Max Factor discovered a new principle of color harmony to be beauty's secret

of attraction. Based on this principle, he created new color harmony shades in face powder, rouge and lipstick... harmonized color tones to bring out the color appeal of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

You will be amazed at the new beauty your own color harmony in this new make-up will bring you. The face powder imparts a satin-smooth loveliness to the skin... the rouge enlivens the color appeal of your type... the lipstick accents the allure of the lips... and all blend perfectly to create glorious, entrancing beauty.

Remember... famous stars have found magic in this secret. So you may expect a remarkable transformation. Even your personality will reflect a new confidence, because of your assurance in the fascinating attraction of your beauty.

SO SHARE the luxury of Color Harmony Make-Up created originally for the stars of the screen by Hollywood's make-up genius, and now made available to you. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores. For personal make-up advice and illustrated book on the art of make-up, mail coupon below, direct to Max Factor, Hollywood.

### Mail for your COLOR HARMONY IN POWDER AND LIPSTICK

MAX FACTOR. Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California.		COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light	<input type="checkbox"/>	Blue	<input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair	<input type="checkbox"/>	Gray	<input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy	<input type="checkbox"/>	Green	<input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium	<input type="checkbox"/>	Ruddy	<input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy	<input type="checkbox"/>	Black	<input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow	<input type="checkbox"/>	Black	<input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled	<input type="checkbox"/>	Black	<input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD
Olive	<input type="checkbox"/>	Black	<input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN	<input type="checkbox"/>	Dark	<input type="checkbox"/>	If I have Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>		AGE		

SEND Purse-Size Box of Powder in my color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose 10 cents for postage and handling.

\*Also send my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-pg. Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up" FREE.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

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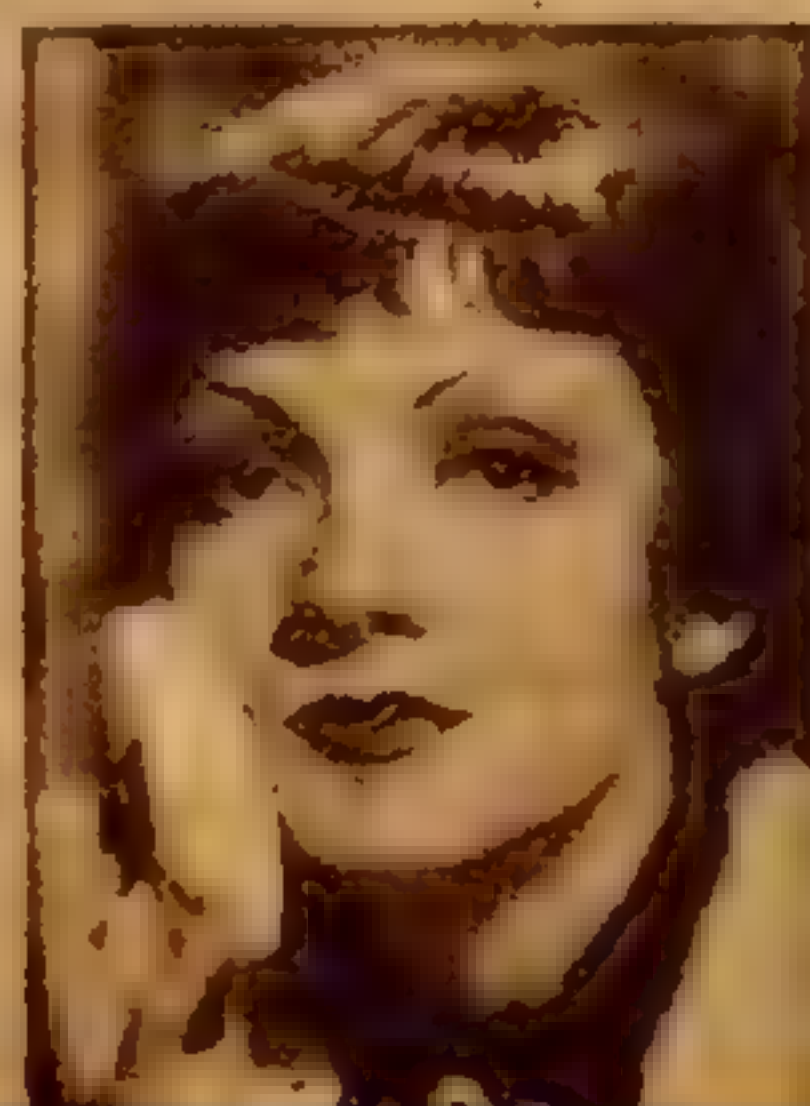
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## Max Factor\* Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP . . . Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick . . . In Color Harmony

CLAUDETTE  
COLBERT  
Illustrates Her  
Max Factor  
Color Harmony  
Make-Up



### FACE POWDER

To harmonize with my colorings, black hair, dark eyes, olive skin, Max Factor's Olive Powder is correct. Fine in texture, it adheres perfectly and creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours.



### ROUGE

Max Factor's Raspberry Rouge is correct for me. A perfect color tone... and creamy-smooth, like finest skin-texture... it blends evenly... imparting a delicate, lifelike coloring to the cheeks.



### LIPSTICK

Max Factor's Super-Indelible Crimson Lipstick completes my color harmony make-up. It is moisture-proof, the color is natural and once I've made up my lips I know they'll appear perfect for hours.





## Big Three of the Box-Office!

**J**ANET, Will, and Shirley smile for a close-up of the trio that's tops in drawing crowds to theatres—according to theatremen, who named Rogers, Gaynor, and Temple as potent attractions.



# WHY WILL ROGERS is the Greatest Screen Star

Here's the answer!

*By K. C. Thomas*

**H**E'S "The Top"! First among men stars! Bigger at box-offices than the grand Gable, the versatile Freddie March, the witty Montgomery, the lanky Cooper. More "glamorous" to more people, evidently, than Garbo, Shearer, Dietrich, Keeler, Colbert, Crawford. Can it be? Yes, it is! None other than your old tried and true friend Will Rogers, acclaimed the king of movie theatre coffers by those hard-to-fool boys, the exhibitors.

Surprised? You shouldn't be. Because it's *your* admission money, paid fully and freely into the box-office, that has voted Will the greatest of all screen stars. There must be a reason—a very good reason. Let's look at Grand Champion Rogers through our most powerful telescope. It's the only way to see him as he really is, because he's one film celebrity who shies at close-ups, runs from reporters, and refuses point-blank to be pinned down on paper. (He'll do his own reporting, thank you!)

Here's once when Will is going to be "discovered" in spite of himself, whether he likes it or not! We're about to explain him!

A few very old friends and intimates call him "Jube," but his full name is plenty plain, so the rest of the world, including statesmen, princes of the royal blood, show people, baseball players, the public at large know him just as affectionately as Will Rogers.

Motion picture patrons (Continued on page 96)



*First in homely philosophy, first in home-spun humor, first in box-office appeal! And now for the first time Will Rogers is revealed to you just as he is, in the most interesting story ever presented about the screen's greatest attraction.*





# Medals *and*

Once again, by special demand, Menace Mook's yearly awards of bricks and bouquets—harder and sweeter than ever. Address all complaints to the author—and hurry, he's going into hiding!

HE frost is on the pumpkin but there's spring in my heart as I go gaily about prodding the birds to see if they're tender and juicy, looking over my imaginary hothouse of flowers and speculating on who'll get what, and he medals to see if they're genuine fourteen karat.

year and the year before that and the year before *that* re complaints over the awards—not only from the actors and the fans. "This year," I think, "I will be very circumd no one will be offended." My jubilation mounts. I rybody. But then I set about my awarding in earnest— get going I throw discretion to the winds and let the ll where they may.

rst medal of the year goes to Joe Morrison because I con- m the best bet in pictures among the newcomers and because he has the grandest disposition I have ever encountered.

The lilies in my hothouse go to Carole Lombard because they are her favorite flower, because success hasn't changed her and never will, because she has made the greatest strides of any actress on the screen during the past year, because she has one of the most delightfully bawdy senses of humor I have ever come across, and finally because she is one of my favorite people.

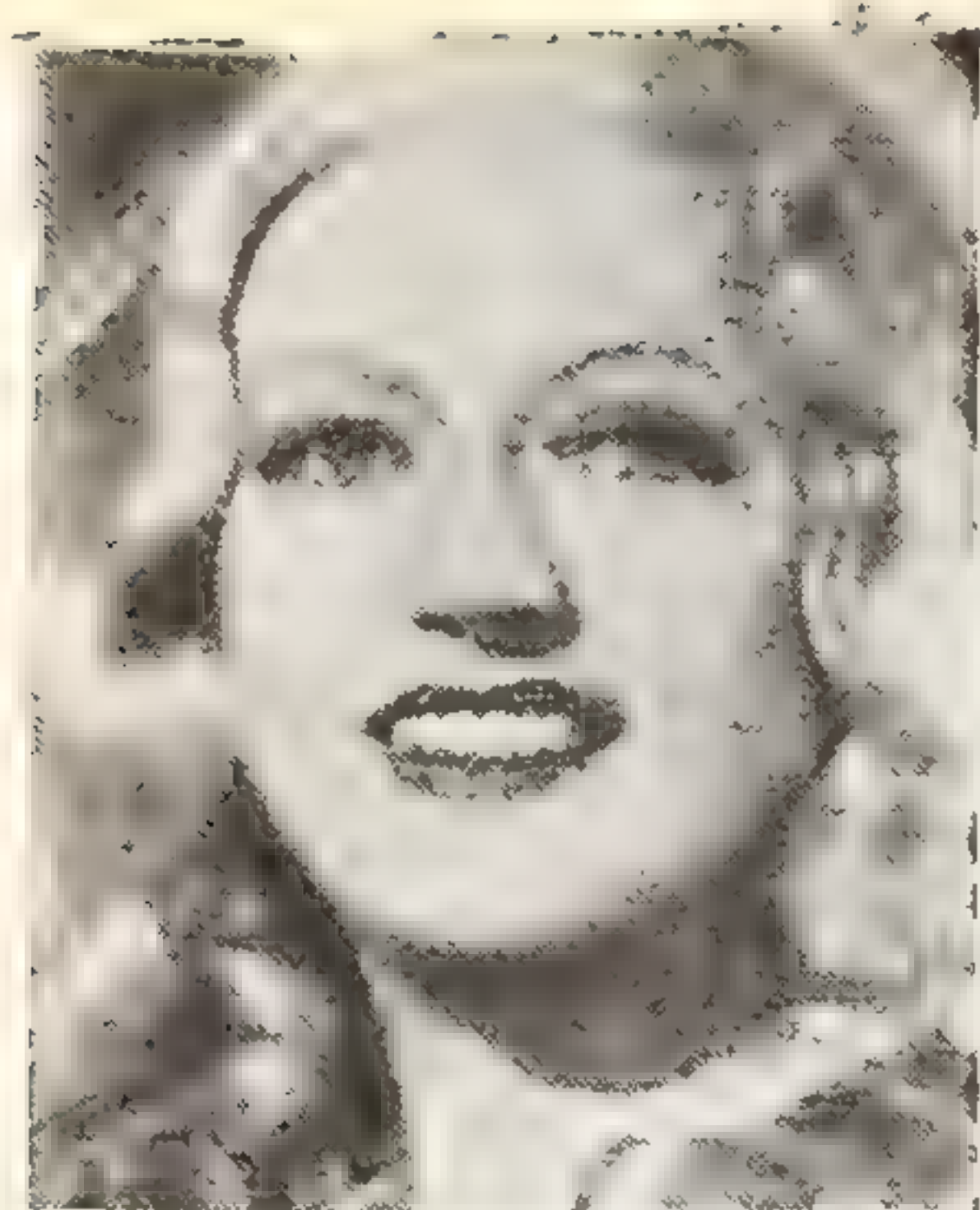
Richard Arlen got a medal three times running for being the most regular guy in pictures. That made it a permanent award. This year, while he's still just as regular, he gets a medal for being darned good company, for being more generous with his possessions where his friends are concerned than any star in the

business, because after five years he is still the closest friend I have and because, even now, knowing all his faults I wouldn't trade his friendship for that of any other six actors in Hollywood.

The gardenias go to Joan Crawford again, not only because they are her favorite flower, but because she is constantly improving as an actress and because she continues undiscouraged in her efforts to improve herself, and that in the face of the jibes and jeers of Hollywoodites who haven't her ambition or perseverance.

A medal for Richard Cromwell because he is not only one of the very best juveniles in the business but also because he is the most versatile—sculpting, painting, upholstering, decorating and singing being among other of his accomplishments—and because he hasn't let a long series of inferior pictures and bad parts sour him.

The cornflowers go to Una Merkel again because she has one of the happiest temperaments I know, because she continues to take small parts and make much of them, because her husband is one of the nicest fellows in the film colony, and because, without publicizing their marriage, they constitute one of



The best daisies to Marion Davies.



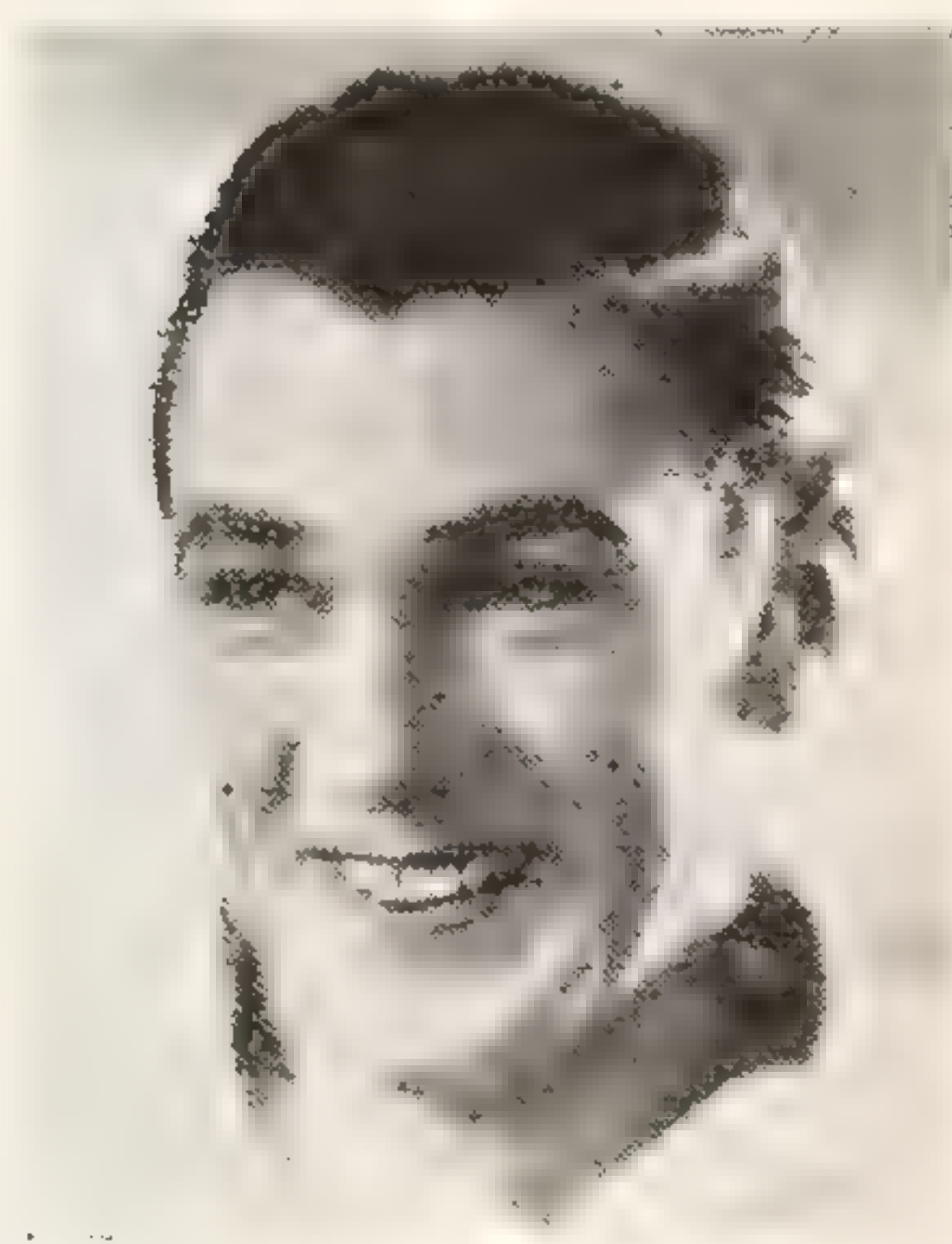
What does Fredric March get?



Ramon Novarro is mentioned.



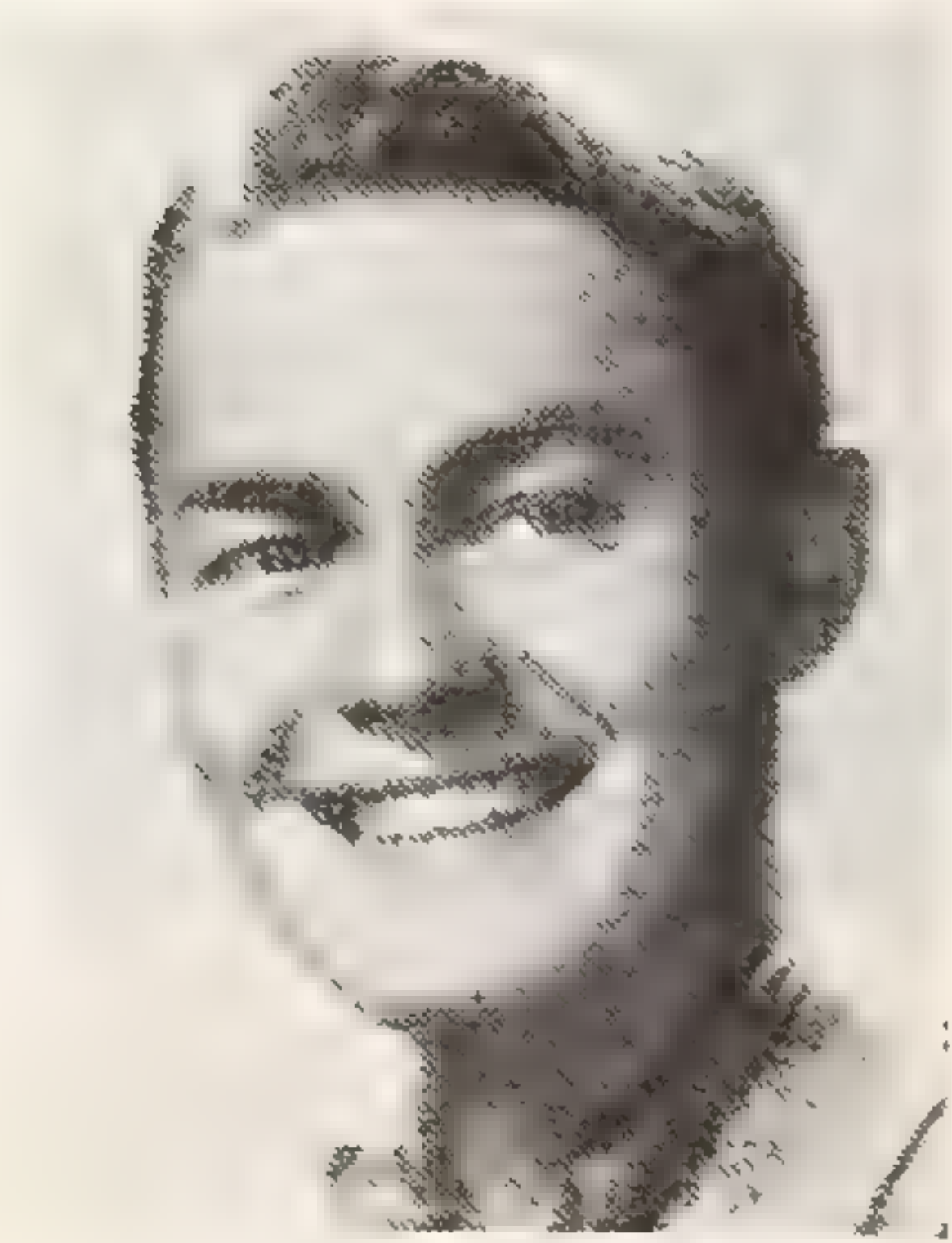
For Myrna Loy—just imagine!



Gary Cooper is grinning—why?



Alice Faye faces the music!



Richard Cromwell wins award!



Medal or bird for Joan Blondell?



# Birds

By  
S. R. Mook



Irene Dunne deserves her medal!

the happiest, most unaffected couples you'll find in Hollywood.

I knew I couldn't go too long without saying something mean! I've been told I lose my color when I do. Well, the first bird of the season goes to Jean Muir because she pans too many other actresses in Hollywood and because to my way of thinking Jean isn't in a position to pan anyone.

The American Beauty roses still go to Claudette Colbert, not only because she is one of the few women who are as beautiful off-screen as on but because in the past year she has leaped to the position of being one of the biggest box-office draws in the business.

A medal for Norman Foster because he not only writes as well as he acts but also because he takes whatever life sends without grouching and because he is always in for whatever the crowd wants to do.

A corsage of orchids to Norma Shearer because when the public wanted risque stories she gave them risque stories and when the trend was towards clean pictures she turned around and gave them just as convincing a performance in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

Joan Blondell gets the peonies because they are one of my favorite flowers, because she, too, is one of my favorite people, because she displayed excellent taste in *her* choice of a husband, because she is exactly the same off-screen as on, and, most important, because I have never heard anyone say anything but good of her and that—in Hollywood—is really something.

Here's a bird for Mr. Johnny Barrymore—and it's really amazing how that guy can think up new things every year that irritate me so I can keep giving him birds. This one goes to him with hate and hisses because it is reported around town that he got \$6,500 for a radio broadcast, part of the agreement being that he was to get Carole Lombard to do a scene with him from "Twentieth Century." Carole did it and I hear she got not so much as a corsage from Mr. Barrymore for her trouble while he pocketed the \$6,500. The perfect gentleman.

And, while we're on the subject of birds, one to Marlene Dietrich, because instead of continuing to be one of the nicest people imaginable as she was when she first came to town, she persists in being an arrogant show-woman.

Bing Crosby gets a medal not only because he is good company but because he keeps open house—at least as far as I am concerned—and because he has the courage to do as he jolly well pleases and isn't at all concerned whether other people like it or lump it.

The bed of violets to Janet "Goody-Two-Shoes" Gaynor because she is an inspiration to (Continued on page 84)



Lilies for Carole Lombard!



Jack Oakie gets a decoration.



George Raft, ready to duck!



Joe E. Brown, take your bow.



Lyle Talbot escapes lightly.



Dixie Lee Crosby is lucky.



What, wincing, W. C. Fields?



Gail Patrick can take it.



Bouquets for newcomer John Beal.



And don't skip Sylvia Sidney!




# SCREENLAND'S Critic Really Sees the Pictures!

Forsaking  
All Others  
M-G-M



## REVIEWS of the Best Pictures By Delight Evans


 This star-studded show is well worth anybody's time and admission money! Imagine getting three such stars as Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, and Robert Montgomery, in one picture; and to add to the excitement and expense, directed by the inimitable W. S. "Thin Man" Van Dyke! Instead of spreading all this talent thin over two or three films, lavish Metro lets us have it all in one piece, and the result is super-amusement. It's one of those very smart, sparkling, frothy pieces of plot, with crisp dialogue to make it all seem much more important than it probably really is. Joan plays the rôle created on the stage by Tallulah Bankhead—modern as day-after-tomorrow except in her heart interests, in which she's just old-fashioned enough almost to marry the wrong man. As to that, it's a smart girl who can choose between Gable and Montgomery, even in writing fan letters. Montgomery is at his whimsical best—but not too whimsical—thanks, Bob; while Clark is more than ever charming. Joan never looked more gorgeous. You may surmise I advise seeing "Forsaking All Others." You're right! It's gay and gorgeous.


The Painted  
Veil  
M-G-M



The Little  
Minister  
RKO-Radio



 Your best girl friend, Greta Garbo, is back again! That aloof lady, *Christina*, has vanished; and in her place is a lovely, lively young person, costumed by Adrian in his maddest moments, in demand by two fascinating fellows, and generally giving back to the screen that special glow we've been missing. There's only one Garbo, and aren't you ashamed for accepting substitutes? Well, I am. It seems that W. Somerset Maugham understands the Garbo Woman, for his story might have been written especially for her—one of those ice-and-fire gals, you know, torn between love and duty; and really, she seems perfectly new and fresh as Greta plays her. A scientist's daughter, our heroine craves high adventure in far-off places, and so she accepts Herbert Marshall and goes off to China, where her husband becomes absorbed in his fight against cholera and she becomes absorbed in George Brent. The ensuing drama deepens to a tragic climax—not Maugham at all, but, to me, good movie. Garbo the actress makes of the tortured wife a poignant person; Garbo the girl is exquisite always. Mr. Marshall is really fine.

 A cinema classic! Sir James M. Barrie, most fortunate of all dramatists in screen translation, should rejoice at the splendid production given his "Little Minister." It is one of those rare and satisfying motion pictures. Never a false note in direction, acting, setting, atmosphere—or accent! A perfect whole, as "Little Women" was perfect, and as true to Scottish tradition as the Alcott classic was true to Americana. Katharine Hepburn has another great part in *Babbie*, and she plays it, with a few minor exceptions of excessive exuberance, with flawless artistry. John Beal is not merely her leading man—he is, beyond all doubt, the *Gavin Dishart* of Barrie's imagination. As the idealistic new shepherd of the Thrums flock, bewitched by the elfin "gypsy," Mr. Beal personifies bewildered youth in first love, without ever being a bore or a boor about it. An acting achievement second to none in screen annals. If you wish an escape from Hollywood glamor to very clean and sweet and wholesome romance, the new Hepburn picture is the perfect entertainment for you. See it anyway! Be sure to take the family!

## You Can Count on these Criticisms



# Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!



**The Mighty  
Barnum**  
20th  
Century



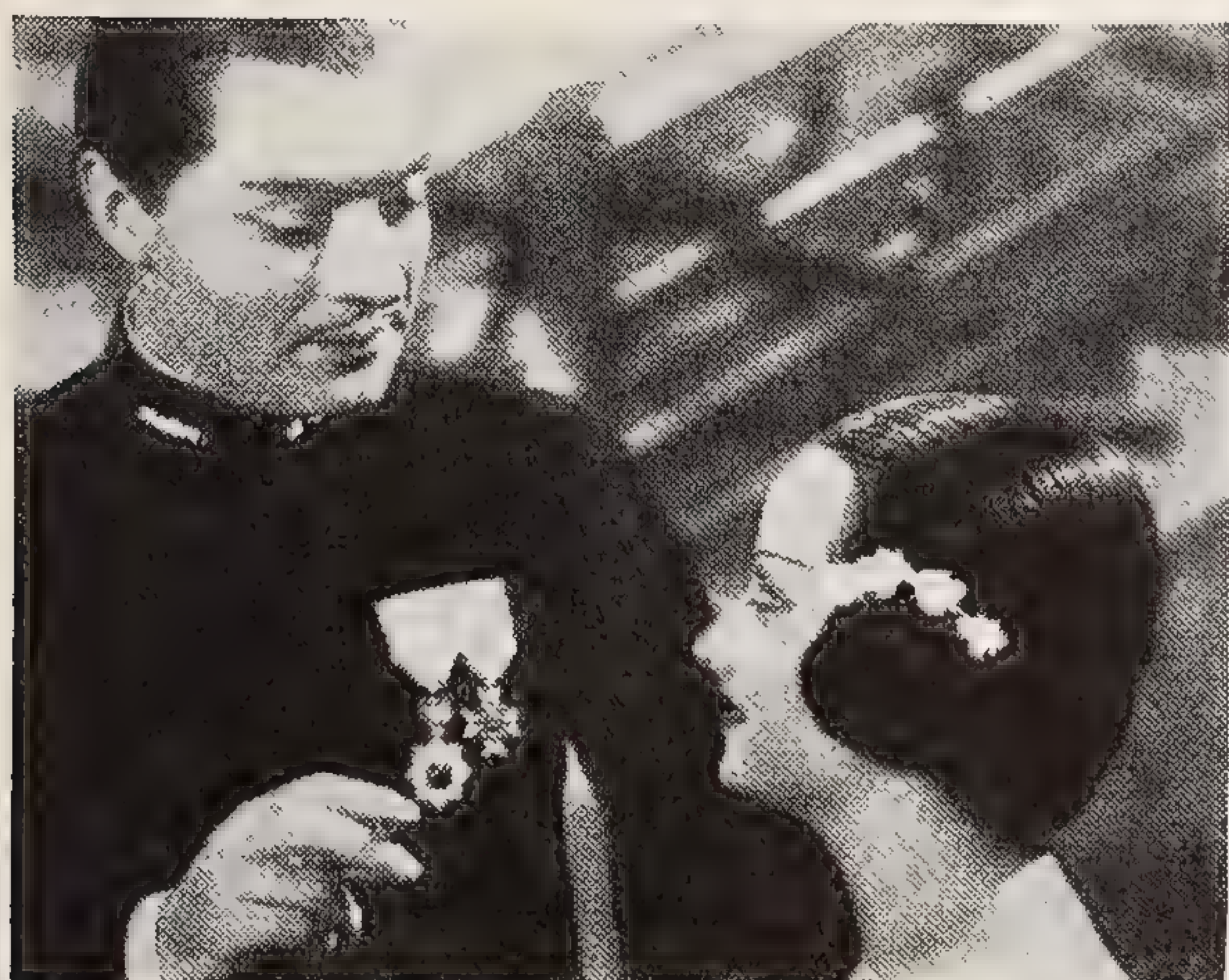
Brisk and buoyant entertainment for everybody! I don't know who's going to enjoy it more, grandpa and grandma or the kids. It's "The Big Show" of beloved memory on celluloid, with the extra-special added attractions of Wally Beery, Adolphe Menjou, Virginia Bruce—what a beauty!—Rochelle Hudson—she's another!—and Janet Beecher. "The Mighty Barnum" is one of those biographical pictures that brings a "great man" right into your own life—that is, if you consider *P. T. Barnum* great; certainly he was colorful. Beery plays *Barnum* with enormous gusto—and for once, to my mind, Wally achieves a genuine characterization instead of playing himself so expressively, as he did in "Viva Villa." The pictorial account of the obscure beginnings, gradual rise and final fall and rise again of America's spectacular showman is zestfully told. The lovely *Jennie Lind*, (Miss Bruce), becomes his prize star, sings to a diamond-studded audience, and then goes home in a huff because of *Mr. Barnum's* mistaken gallantry. Menjou is marvelous as *Barnum's* partner, Miss Beecher fine as his wife.



**Here Is My  
Heart**  
Paramount



On another page of this issue Mr. Bing Crosby wistfully says: "I hope it's okay." Bing, it's better than merely okay. It's your best picture so far. How you do it I don't know. Other crooners have had their audiences crying for mercy in short subjects. With you, they cried for more. And more. And all you do, apparently, is simply to stroll around, paying no attention to the camera and very little to the heroine, and every once in awhile burst into song. In fact, in "Here Is My Heart" you sing early and often. And all the time you're completely indifferent to the camera, the audience, and everything else—or so you seem. It must be art. Anyway, as a crooning waiter in pursuit of a princess, cleverly played by Kitty Carlisle, the Crosby charm has full play, and the Crosby voice makes the most of some good songs, notably *June in January*—there's a lilt to that one. Of course, the presence in the cast of such troupers as Alison Skipworth, Roland Young, and Reginald Owen does no harm. Frank Tuttle's direction is just right. But to you, Bing, the lion's share of laurels. And now just *reprise* that *June in January* for us!



**The Battle  
of Leon**  
Garganoff



Watch out for this picture! If it plays any theater in your neighborhood, don't miss it. For that matter, it's worth going out of your way to see. By the time you read this some major American company will probably have decided to toss away dull commercial care and distribute it generally. I hope so; because it is a most unusual picture. Not so much amusement as mighty drama, it records the tragedy of a Japanese patriot who sacrifices honor and the wife he loves to advance his country's knowledge of naval warfare. Superbly directed, stunningly photographed, and enacted by a distinguished cast which includes Charles Boyer, whom you've already met in Hollywood films; Merle Oberon, whom you also know, and John Loder, whom you'll remember. M. Boyer is magnificent in his exacting Oriental rôle of the fanatically fearless patriot, while Miss Oberon, as his wife, gives a startlingly beautiful performance—an actress as well as a charmer, this girl. The sea battle is spectacularly thrilling, the ending sombre; you will carry away with you an unforgettable impression of this powerful, uncompromisingly honest picture.



**Sweet  
Adeline**  
Warners



This is Sweetness-and-Light Season at the cinema! Now the company that has given us most of our raciest musicals and rowdiest farces goes graceful, gentle, and Gay Nineties for our edification; and, strangely enough, it's a pretty successful, if languid, gesture. Jerome Kern's grand musical romance has come to the screen with all its charm intact; with Irene Dunne to lend it her pure voice and gracious dignity; with those enchanting tunes recaptured; and, for good measure, just to make us feel at home, a Big Number, involving dozens of chorus girls in swings—but all in the same chaste mood, you understand. "Sweet Adeline" is one of the very few musical movies I can remember that has family appeal—but don't stay away on that account. There are many gay moments in which Hugh Herbert pursues—oh, very decorously!—a handsome newtomer named Wini Shaw; glimpses of champagne suppers and bachelor apartments; and plenty of good beer—well, it *looks* like beer. Miss Dunne has duets with sweet-voiced Phil Regan, and tender scenes with nice Donald Woods; and struggling scenes with Louis Calhern.

## Let Them Guide You to the Good Films



# SCREENLAND

## Glamor School

Edited by

*Jeanette  
MacDonald*



Beautiful prima donnas have a perfect right to make spectacular entrances! Beware, though, of costumes like this if you can't carry them off with the right dash! Jeanette's tunic frock, right, is luscious in black satin and velvet, with scarf and muff of silver fox, flashing clip, saucy tricorn hat.

Go right ahead and get gay, and glamorous, advises the lovely singing star. It's fun to be frankly frivolous, stupid to be too staidly conservative. Jeanette guides you to joyous individuality—if it's becoming, then wear it! It's the Merry MacDonald speaking!

"Hello, Spring!" says Jeanette's new ribbon hat. See how the ribbon is shirred around the circular flat crown?





La belle MacDonald is so *alive*, from gleaming head to dainty toes! See how her well-brushed hair shines? Jeanette likes a natural, loose wave for her all-occasion coiffure.



It's typically MacDonald, the costume pictured above. Very correct street outfit, with the conventional three-skin fur scarf of the smart woman—and then, bless her, Jeanette tops it all off with a perfectly silly, and terrifically becoming hat like that!

*Photographs by Clarence Sinclair Bull, exclusively posed for SCREENLAND.*



Here's a suit with a story! The natural broadtail cape was purchased by Miss MacDonald on her trip to Europe. The original plan was to have sleeves made for the cape, but the skins were so rare it was impossible to match them. So Jeanette designed the street dress of grey wool.

Star 'n' stripes! Jeanette's early Spring suit, left, depends upon gaily striped collar and deep cuffs for its color.

Polka dots for piquant pajamas! At the left, Jeanette MacDonald is wearing her pet pajama ensemble: white silk dotted in dark blue, with over-robe of matching blue silk. A blue embroidered ship's wheel ornaments the neckline.

Jeanette sings for beauty! Perhaps you can't sing; but you can cultivate lovely mouth contours. Just the right lipstick; soothing cold creams—all help!







In this action drawing of a studio set for "Go Into Your Dance," you see, identified by a number, the following: A producer, director, star, co-star, featured player, script girl, chief property man, cameraman, chief electrician, fashion designer, make-up man, and a wardrobe mistress. The name of each person on the set is shown with his or her photograph at right and left below.



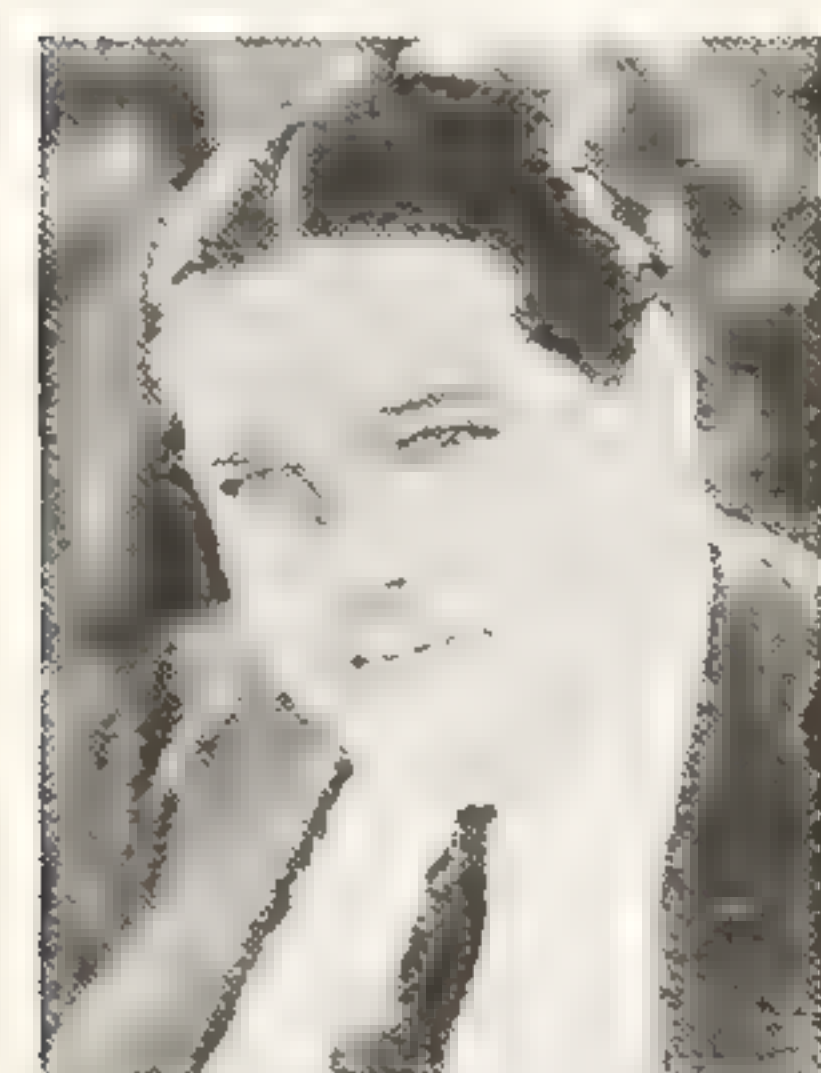
Jack Warner,  
producer.



Ruby Keeler,  
co-star.



Orry-Kelly,  
fashion designer.



Archie Mayo,  
director.



Glenda Farrell,  
featured player.

George Barnes  
cameraman.



Al Jolson,  
star.



Albert C.  
Wilson, chief  
property man.



N'Wass  
McKenzie, ward-  
robe mistress.



Percy Westmore,  
make-up man.

Frank Murphy,  
chief electrician.



Maude Allen,  
script girl.

# Ruby Keeler Contest!

## Prizes!

FIRST PRIZE:  
\$150.00 in cash.

SECOND PRIZE:  
Fur Coat. *Studio Styles.*

THIRD PRIZE:  
Orry-Kelly Studio Styles Gown.

FOURTH PRIZE:  
\$50.00 in cash.

FIFTH PRIZE:  
20 pairs of silk stockings.  
*In Screenlite Shades, by Mojud Clari-phane*

SIXTH PRIZE:  
15 pairs of silk stockings, same.

SEVENTH PRIZE:  
10 pairs of silk stockings, same.

TEN ADDITIONAL PRIZES  
of \$5.00 each.

HERE'S the second, and concluding step in the biggest, most thrilling contest ever offered for the fun—and opportunity—of screen enthusiasts, with a total of 27 grand prizes offered by Ruby Keeler. The first step, as published in last month's SCREENLAND, required you to identify by name and rank each of the twelve persons indicated in the above drawing of an action set for "Go Into Your Dance," Warner Brothers production co-starring Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler. Names and duties of each of the persons indicated by number only in the drawing are pictured with their photographs surrounding this type on the page here. The second step requires only that you write a description, brief as possible and not exceeding 250 words, defining the duties of each of the 12 persons engaged on the set, with explanation of why each of the persons is essential (Continued on page 97)

## RULES OF THIS CONTEST:

1. Fill out the coupon (either the one printed in this issue or that published in connection with the first step of the contest in SCREENLAND for February, 1935, the previous issue). When you have complied with the rules for the two steps of the contest, mail the coupon, with your written description, as outlined above.

2. This contest will close at midnight, February 25, 1935.

3. In the event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the prize tied for.

4. Mail entries to: Ruby Keeler Contest, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

Fill-out coupon on page 97



*That Mona Lisa smile is hard to interpret! When Joan smiles so, what does it mean? Interest? Friendliness? Derision? Oh, well, YOU name it!*

*Fire and ice, a certain high determination, are written in these perfect features. Not a happy look, it still has beauty.*

*Aloofness can be lovely too, expressed in the Crawford manner. Take it or leave it! And that, says Joan, is that!*



## Your Facial Manners

Facial expressions can conceal or reveal you. Which shall it be?

*By Josephine Felts*

**J**OAN CRAWFORD is the star supreme in the art of facial expression. Sensitive, highly individual, with a great deal of fire and charm in her face, Joan is well worth study. If you will study her the way she studies her "rushes" you will learn some of the secrets of her mobile lips, her responsive eyelids, the characteristic lift of her head.

Of all the stars Joan is most conscientious in studying her own face on the screen. And her facility in expressing emotions with her face is no accident, but the result of purposeful effort.

Suppose one day, for instance, the lovely Joan caught herself screwing up one of her pretty eyes, or biting

those curving lips when she was supposed to be registering her most glamorous and sensitive self. Do you suppose she would do it twice? Not Joan! The bad facial trick, whatever it was, would be wiped out immediately.

"O wad some power the Giftie gie us  
To see ourselves as others see us!"

There is a wish come true for the movie folk! They alone of all the world see themselves as others see them. They live on the screen and may themselves study every little movement they make, every shade of expression that crosses their faces.

What kind of facial manners have you? Good ones can be cultivated and can make (*Continued on page 70*)



# Hollywood Figure!

Here's how to have just those curves you crave! Whether you want to lose weight or gain it, SCREENLAND will serve you. Follow our series every month!

Don't envy Gail Patrick's Hollywood Figure! Achieve one for yourself! It's fun to follow James Davies' advice. Try it and see how your figure improves

*Gail Patrick illustrates, left and right, two movements in exercise to benefit the entire spine.*



**Y**OU'LL never look like a Hollywood star, no matter how correct your measurements may be, until you have learned to hold yourself properly.

If you slouch with your chest sunk in, your neck thrust forward and your shoulders humped, it won't be long before you'll be anxiously inspecting a double chin.

If your new dress doesn't seem to set right, although you are certain the number of inches around your waist and hips is the same as that around the identical lines of the Ideal Woman, it's probably the way you hold yourself. An erect posture makes a girl actually a little taller and slimmer, while a slouch emphasizes any tendency toward surplus flesh in throat, bust, or abdomen.

It helps a lot, too—this holding yourself right—if you're blue or discouraged. It gives you that "I can lick the world!" feeling when you straighten your spine, hold your chin up and your abdomen in, and take a few deep breaths. Try it.

Correct posture makes for a beautiful back. Gail Patrick, whose back is as lovely as any you will find in Hollywood, the city of beautiful backs, has posed for some back-sculpturing exercises to show you what you can do to tone up the muscles and improve your back.

Before you begin, take a good look at yourself in the mirror—a full-length mirror, if you have one. Is your back all that it should be? Have you round shoulders, so-called "wing bones" sticking out behind your shoulders? Have you a hollow or sway-back?

Notice that when you hold yourself as tall as possible, a part if not all of these defects disappear. For this reason, we're combining posture pointers with our back exercises.

I believe I've told you before about the Indian women who gain and maintain their marvelous carriage by putting their baskets on their heads and so holding themselves that the burdens need no support from their hands. Anyway, it's worth repeating. If you find yourself slumping after a few steps, try putting a book or other reasonably heavy article on your head and wearing it for a half hour a day.

I spoke above about deep breathing. It's a good idea to begin any group of exercises with a few minutes of deep breathing. Some people like to use their arms while they breathe, as: Inhale while raising arms at side, counting 1, 2, 3, 4; exhale while

lowering arms. Others find the soap bubble exercise better: Breathe in deeply; then as you breathe out, blow gently as if you were blowing a soap bubble. If you stand where you can see your reflection in a mirror while doing this, you will soon learn not to lose your posture while you are engaged with the bubble.

If you have a tendency toward round shoulders, or "wing bones," here are some excellent exercises to correct them: Stretch hands forward, palms together; turn palms out and bring arms slowly back as far as possible.

If you have a partner who can do exercises with you, you can take turns at this one: Sit on hassock or pillow, with partner standing behind you; stretch your arms to the sides and let partner gently pull them as far back as you can bear it.

Lie face down on the floor. If you have a partner, she may hold your feet down; if not, tuck them under a low piece of furniture to keep them down; slowly raise head and shoulders from the floor; lower them and repeat half a dozen times. Don't do this too strenuously until your muscles are accustomed to it.

Sit on the floor, with legs extended straight in front of you, feet together; grasp a yardstick or cane in both hands, holding it well in front of you; raise the stick above your head, then lower it behind your shoulders, bending the elbows to do so; raise arms again and bring the stick down in front. Repeat ten times.

A good exercise to correct sway-back is this one: Get a bolster or large, firm cushion; sit on one end of it, with feet outstretched before you on the floor; then lean backward as far as you can go. You will feel the pull in the muscles of the back.

A stretching exercise for the entire spine is also good for those who seek grace: Do this slowly: Kneel on one knee with other leg outstretched before you. Raise your arms above your head and gracefully bring them forward and down to floor, moving your whole torso as you do so. Then up again, then bring arms outward as you bend backward. Back to position. Then make a complete circle with body and arms, to the left, to the right, and all around. Repeat on other knee.

In all the stretching and pulling exercises, be careful not to be too strenuous, unless you wish to develop your upper arms.

While you are using your mirror, try (Cont. on page 95)

## This Is Your Department!

James Davies is here to help you. We want you to have the benefit of his valuable exercises, diets, and advice; we know you will profit by them if you follow this series. Perhaps you're over-weight or under-weight. Perhaps you wish to improve your posture. Or perhaps yours is a case of "here a little and there a little" off or on before you can be proud of your figure? Then James Davies will aid you. If you wish his special advice on your particular problem, write to him. He is too busy to answer your letter by mail, so please do not enclose stamped addressed envelope, but he will be glad to answer the most representative letters in this magazine. Address James Davies, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.



*If Gail Patrick, one of the prettiest and busiest actresses in Hollywood, can find time to do her exercises, why can't you? Above, James Davies illustrates with Miss Patrick one of the best exercises to correct round shoulders or "wing bones." Read the article for others which will bring real results.*





# Dick, Word *for* Word!

*Dick Powell's invariable good humor is in evidence whether at work or at play, or even being interviewed! Read what Jimmy Fidler tells about Powell's new Toluca home in this lively story.*

New idea in interviews! You'll enjoy this visit with Powell

*By James M. Fidler*

**H**ERE is something new in interviews. One of the interesting features of Dick Powell's new house at Toluca Lake (*it is situated only a few blocks from Mary Brian's lake-front dwelling. How convenient! If Mary becomes Mrs. Powell, she'll have only a short distance to move!*) is a built-in recording machine, fully equipped to record music or conversation.

When I arrived at Dick's house, he demonstrated the machine to me. Then I had a happy idea. That idea was to record on a phonograph disc our actual interview. Powell liked the stunt, so we set the microphone where it would catch our voices. Then we poured drinks and opened fire.

Following is a written transcription of our recorded talk. I have added descriptive passages, for the benefit of legibility, but the actual conversations are given to

you, word for word as spoken during the conversation.

READ ON:

"You're about as interesting as an old shoe," I said to Dick, lounging on his divan.

"How d'you get that way, crutch?" he returned, "and what d'you mean?"

"I mean that I have been ordered to interview you, and I'm darned if I know what to write about. You're a swell guy, and I like you, and everybody else likes you, including Mary Brian. But as for writing a story about you—well, you never do anything worth writing about."

"Never do anything!" Dick cried. "What about my pictures? What about radio? And the phonograph records I'm making?"

"You're just a male Cinderella. You're too good to be true. You're as pure as the driven snow. Your love life is about as hot as Baby LeRoy's."

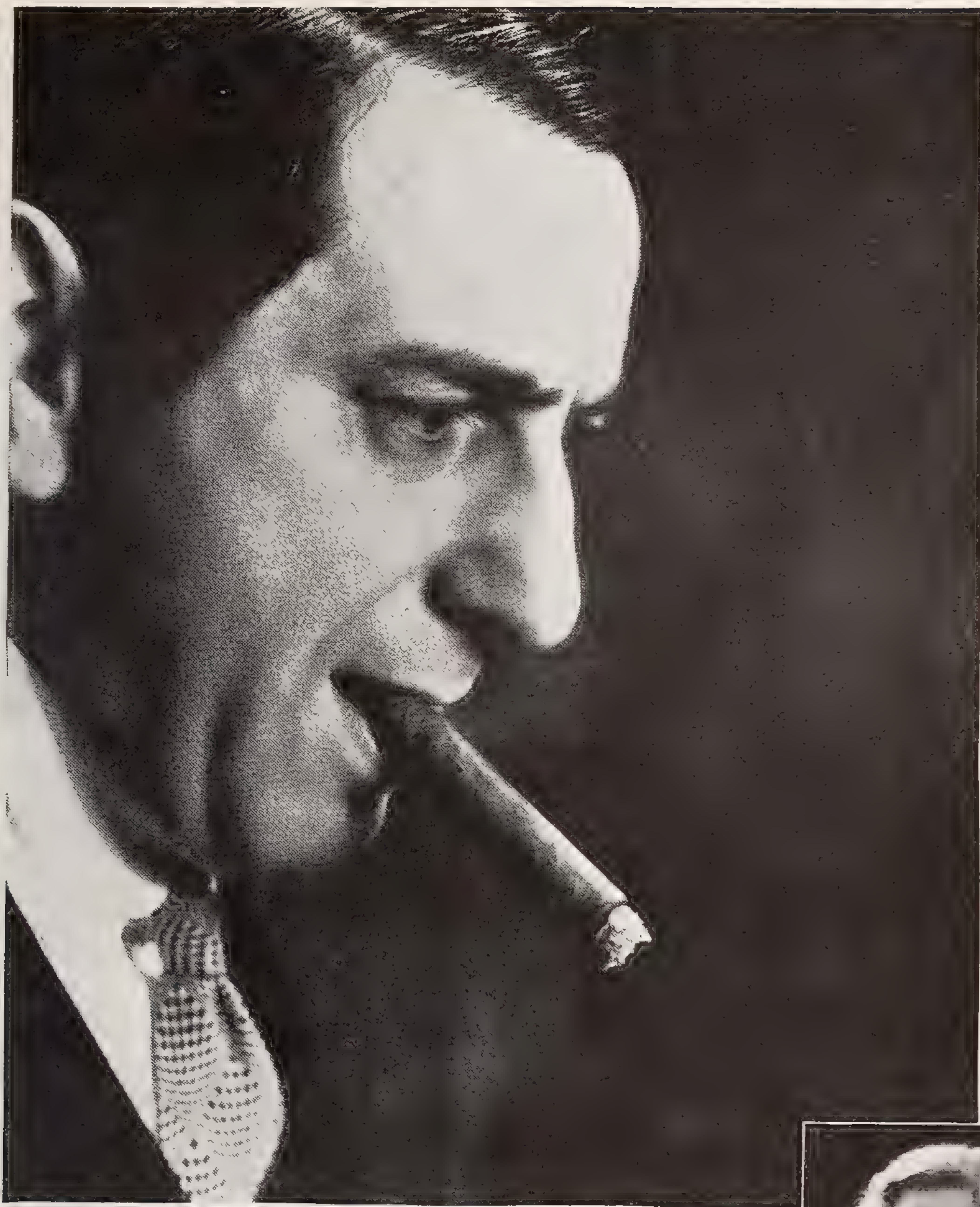
"Is that so!" Dick snapped. "Well, I've been married and divorced, and besides that, I—"

"Don't say anything you might regret, Richard," I warned. "Today I was a pal, when we were golfing together. Tonight I am an ogre, a reporter, and whatever you say may be used against you."

"Ummm. Well, you might write about my new house," he compromised.

"I'd be smarter to write (*Continued on page 92*)





*Meet Lubitsch himself, cigar and all! Right, guiding Miriam Hopkins through a difficult scene. Miriam is only one of the many players Lubitsch has discovered.*

# First Wit of the Films!

Ernst Lubitsch is more colorful than the stars he directs! Read about him in SCREENLAND'S series of famous director close-ups

*By Adele Gregory*

**A**LL your life—or at any rate, all your movie-going life—you've been hearing about Ernst Lubitsch. A reputation, planted and grown to flower in Europe, was transplanted to the golden soil of Hollywood, where it spread to such proportions that the name behind it began to acquire something of the halo which surrounds a star's—no mean feat in the comparatively recent days when a director was just a director and so much spinach to the average moviegoer.

Now that the average moviegoer has been educated to see beneath the surface, and the director—together with other workers in the vineyard—is coming into his own, the genius of Lubitsch among the dozen blazing directorial lights of Hollywood remains unique. Wizard of high comedy, master of innuendo, arch-priest of that form of humor that tickles the discerning palate like a piquant sauce, his pictures are so plainly stamped with his personality that they hardly need that hallmark of distinction—An Ernst Lubitsch Production—to proclaim them his.

As a matter of fact, you'd probably recognize a Lubitsch film far more readily than you'd recognize the maker. Even today the unwritten law of movie publicity demands that, to the general public, a director should remain little more than the embodiment of an idea. His personality doesn't matter, except as it reveals itself through his work. His person doesn't matter at all.



Yet fans are beginning to be almost as curious about the Lubitsches and the Capras and the Cukors as about the stars themselves. So let's commit a technical breach of the law and present Ernst Lubitsch in person.

Your first impression as he appears on the set is of a stocky, swarthy-skinned man, rather forbidding—whether because of the glowering cast of his heavy features, lighted only by a pair of deep-glowing eyes, or because of his prodigious reputation, you can't be quite sure. One strand of dark hair threatens to escape from the coiffure slicked down over his big head. A large cigar sticks out of the corner of his mouth—so integral a part of his make-up that those who know him well will tell you his face looks extraordinarily naked without it!

While the cameras are being lined up, Lubitsch paces to and fro, hands locked behind him—to and fro, up and down, across and back, over coils of cable, under supporting beams—his features set in a morose mask. You try to make yourself as inconspicuous as possible. You shudder at the thought (*Continued on page 88*)



# Here's Hollywood!



Acme

Gathering of the notables of Hollywood took place at the Mayfair Ball! Above we see among them: Rouben Mamoulian, Marlene Dietrich, Helen Hayes, and Frank Borzage.



International

And at a nearby table, more stars who were prominent in the festivities which marked the Mayfair Ball: Gary Cooper, Norma Shearer, Mrs. Fredric March, and Fredric March.

I PAID an unexpected drop-in visit to Norma Shearer, and found that lovely lady, armed with pencil and eraser, poring over a pad of paper. She was working (in fact, had spent several nights at her task) at devising a title with which to

## By Weston East

rôle because it meant considerable prestige. Greta's own studio decided on March, it is reported, because her employers wanted the March name to bolster the new production. Which makes Greta's query, "Fredric March? Who is he?" even funnier, if true.



News! Katharine Hepburn showing she likes to be photographed. Above, the star of "The Little Minister" on her arrival for a visit in New York.

win the hundred dollar reward offered by the Marx brothers for their new picture.

It was really ludicrous, watching Norma piecing words together in an effort to invent a funny title. Of course, she confessed that she was doing it for fun; if she should win the prize, she'll give the check to the runner-up contestant. But isn't it a funny thought—a seven thousand dollars-a-week star working like fury to win a hundred smacks?

AFTER many hesitations, Bing Crosby at last had his ailing appendix removed. They now rest in a glass jar in Bing's den, to be seen only for the asking.

While the Crooner was in the hospital, he received the following telegram from Jack Oakie: SORRY I COULD NOT ATTEND YOUR OPENING STOP REMEMBER THE OLD ADAGE COLON A STITCH IN BING, SAVES SING.

MOST optimistic (or would you call this pessimism?) fan letter came to Ginger Rogers from a man who has been vowing for the past year that he would some day visit Hollywood and marry Ginger. She doesn't know the man; he is a fan.

Soon after her marriage to Lew Ayres, Ginger received a letter "forgiving her" for wedding another man. "But I shall bide my time," the fan went on. "I shall marry you after you are divorced from Mr. Ayres!"

OF COURSE, I don't believe it, but this story came to me as actual truth. It seems that when Greta Garbo was first told that Fredric March would play opposite her in her new picture, she wrinkled her brow: "Fredric March? Who is he?" she asked.

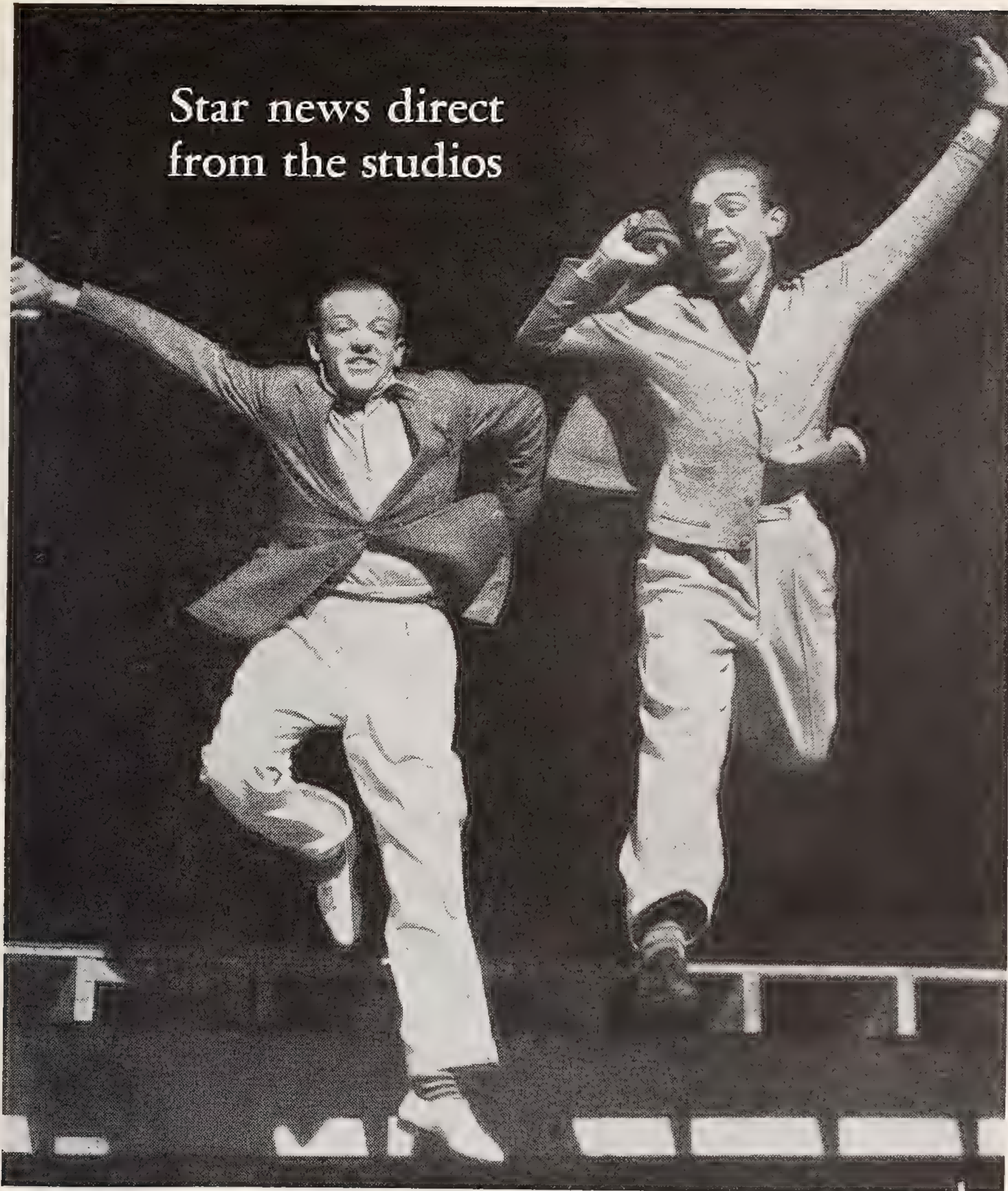
It is no secret that Garbo wanted George Brent for her leading man, and Brent's studio was anxious for him to play the



Karen Morley and her director husband, Charles Vidor, were among the Hollywood stars who vacationed in New York during the holidays.



## Star news direct from the studios



A little hey! hey! revealing the poetry of motion with which Fred Astaire and his assistant, Hermes Pan, say "rehearsal's over." It must have a good practice session, with a good new routine resulting, to make Fred so happy!

**AN AMUSING** reminiscence is that on which Leslie Howard looks back. The incident occurred several years ago, when Leslie was starring on the New York stage. As the star, he had considerable to say about the cast, and among the then unknown players he "fired" were Clark Gable, Katharine Hepburn, and William Gargan. That group would make a grand box-office picture cast today!

### CAN IT BE LOVE DEPT:

**DAN CUPID** tied and untied a lot of marital knots during the past few weeks. Most of the "ties" were unexpected, and at least two of the "unties" were equally surprising to Hollywood.

Margaret Sullavan knocked the movie colony breathless by suddenly eloping with director William Wyler. Because of their quarrels on movie sets, everybody thought these two were bitter enemies.

In New York, Lila Lee became Mrs. John R. Peine.

Evelyn Venable and Hal Mohr (cameraman) were among the past month's elopers. Weeks ago when people were saying Hal and Evelyn had parted forever, Cupid used this department of SCREENLAND to deny the report.

Frank Lawton and Evelyn Laye were the final pair of elopers. Accompanied by Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall,

they flew to Yuma, and spake their "I dos."

Paul Ames, for many months in love with June Knight, had to travel East. In Chicago he became horribly lonesome for June, so he wired her to come and marry him. She did. *Twelve days later* they were separated. June will sue for divorce.

Divorce suits filed recently include those of Jean Harlow, who has filed first proceedings against Hal Rosson.

Late 1934 also brought final word from Mary Pickford that she would take final action to divorce Douglas Fairbanks.

After much hemming and hawing, Virginia Cherrill finally filed suit against Cary Grant, putting to an end the united efforts of mutual friends to reconcile them.

Elissa Landi, in Hollywood, and John Cecil Lawrence, in London, are reported filing individual divorce suits.

On the more cheerful side of Cupid's ledger, we find Glen Boles entering competition with Fred Keating for the smiles of Patricia Ellis. Grace Bradley and Nick Foran are managing to see each other through rose-colored glasses. Thelma Todd seems to have taken up an ex-romance, Harvey Priester. She was engaged to him before she married Pat di Cicco, from whom she is now divorced.

Elissa Landi and Jean Negulesco are seen together often enough to make it look serious. And Carole Lombard, who has been disinterested in romance since the death of Russ Columbo, for the first time is showing new interest. He is Robert Riskin.

**WHEN** Norma Shearer's second baby arrives (very soon now), it will not be the last, she hopes. Despite her ultra-modern screen characterizations, Miss Shearer has some old-fashioned ideas about a wife's duties. One of these ideas is that a family financially able to have several children should have them.

"I don't want dozens of them," Norma said at a party at Helen Hayes' house, "but I do hope for three or four. I wouldn't object to twins, even!"

**JOHNNY WEISSMULLER**, just returned from England, didn't like it because there was so little sunshine while he and Lupe were there. . . . Chick Chandler once grubstaked a miner (cost, \$30) and thereby became part owner of a mine that now promises huge returns. . . . Hens and cows rented for the Anna Sten-Gary Cooper picture, "The Wedding Night," supplied most of the cast and set workers with eggs and milk for three weeks. . . . In an English "likes and dislikes" contest, Greta Garbo was third among the "likes" and second among the "dislikes." . . . When Jean Harlow's cook broke her ankle, Jean insisted that she occupy a room in the Harlow house, and Jean's own doctor attended the patient. . . . Joan Crawford will be with us for a long time; she has signed a new five-year contract with her present employers.

**YOU** can imagine Franchot Tone's mingled amusement and amazement when, in front of a suburban theatre the other night, Joan Crawford asked to borrow his handkerchief. He gave it to her—a fine, fresh, linen kerchief.

Joan used it to erase a smudge of black grease from the hood of her new all-white Ford roadster!



International

Mrs. Leslie Howard, daughter Leslie, and son, Ronald, on their arrival here to spend Xmas with "Daddy" Leslie.





Wide-World

Believe it or not, Charlie Chaplin is actually putting on make-up again, and that long-awaited picture is now actually on its way! Three cheers!

WITH Norma Shearer, Arline Judge, and Mrs. Richard Dix on his near-future calling list, Doc Stork proclaims the current year as another banner period for "new arrivals."

1934 turned out to be the wise old bird's busiest year since movie stars discovered that having babies was not disastrous to careers. See for yourself the various "bundles" deposited on various doorsteps by Doc Stork last year:

February 27. To Joan Bennett, a girl; Melinda.

April 15. To Dorothy Jordan, a girl; Mary Caroline.

April 18. To Billie Dove, a boy; Robert Allen.

May 17. To Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien, a girl; Margaret Mavourneen.

July 13. To Dixie Lee and Bing Crosby, two boys; Phillip Lang and Dennis Michael.

September 1. To Sally Eilers, a boy; Harry Joe Brown II.

November 2. To Joan Blondell, a boy; Norman Scott.

November 27. To Mr. and Mrs. Andy Devine, a boy; Timothy Andrew.

December 13. To Mr. and Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, a boy; Richard.

December 16. To Clara Bow and Rex Bell, a boy; Rex Larbow.

FRANCHOT TONE is on the verge of becoming an author. He has been making notes for the past two years, and pretty soon he will write a book, and guess what: Joan Crawford will be the subject! Franchot plans to write his entire book about Joan, and he will describe her as "one of the most vivid and interesting women in contemporary America."

This is a secret that Franchot has divulged to few. But isn't his plan dangerous? If the book isn't good, how will Joan take it?

TOM MIX is wintering in Hollywood. He has "parked" his circus until next season and is making a movie serial. . . . Robert Montgomery's new car is a crowd-gatherer; it has only three wheels, one of them in the rear. . . . Preview audiences in Hollywood have a new fad: they seek out former stars among the extras on the screen, and give them congratulatory hands. It's great fun to pick out familiar faces; try it. . . . Foo Wong, Chinese cook at the Brown Derby, has a picture of Mae West hung over his stove. *To keep the "vittles" warm when the fire's out, no doubt.* . . . June Clyde, in London for the past eight months, writes that she'll return to Hollywood about March. . . . Speaking of London, reports seep back that Doug Fairbanks, Jr., has acquired an English accent so thick, it's competing with the London fog. . . . Hollywood's big current problem: Which is the correct plural for Mickey Mouse—Mickey Mouses, or Mickey Mice?

ADOLPHE MENJOU and Verree Teasdale went early to the football game so they could park. Then they left early, so they could beat the traffic home. But they found their car right in the center of a parking lot surrounded by some five hundred other machines. So they sat for forty minutes, and incidentally, heard the final quarter of the football game on the car-radio, although the game itself was only fifty feet away.



Baby LeRoy gives the benefit of his studio experience to Mrs. Leslie Carter, veteran stage star and now a fellow player on the Paramount lot, as the famous actress prepares to resume her art in an unfamiliar acting medium.





## You can use cosmetics all you wish yet guard against this danger . . .

IT'S SO THRILLING to win romance—so important to keep it! And yet some women let Cosmetic Skin steal away their greatest treasure—soft, smooth skin!

### *Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way*

It is when cosmetics are allowed to *choke the pores* that they cause Cosmetic Skin. Enlarged pores—tiny blemishes—a dull, lifeless look—these are warning signals that you are not removing cosmetics properly.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deep into the pores, carries away

every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—protect *your* skin with the gentle soap 9 out of 10 screen stars use!

LIKE MOST GIRLS,  
I USE ROUGE AND  
POWDER — BUT  
NEVER DO I RISK  
COSMETIC SKIN! I  
USE **LUX TOILET  
SOAP** REGULARLY.  
IT DOES LEAVE YOUR  
SKIN LIKE VELVET!



**LORETTA YOUNG**  
STAR OF 20TH CENTURY'S "CLIVE OF INDIA"





Merrily the famous Menjous (Verree Teasdale and Adolphe) arrive in New York to celebrate the Xmas holiday, and their first visit East since their wedding last fall.

**I**F YOU have read any dull books recently (or ever), send the title or the book to William Powell and do him a big favor.

Bill is stocking the library of his new home with the dullest books obtainable. This freak idea was started by Faith Baldwin, the author, from whom Powell sought advice as to how his library should be stocked. She suggested "something different"—*dull books*, and she contributed two: "The Directory of the Brooklyn Women of Today" and "The History of the New Jersey Volunteers."

Now Powell is asking his friends and fans to suggest other such books. His library will accommodate approximately 2500 volumes, so heave to with a will, my hearties, and help our pal, Bill!

Joan Crawford has had precious little opportunity to stage those weekly plays she had planned for her own back-yard theatre. During construction of the playroom and theatre, Joan was all enthusiasm. She planned hours and hours there, working in preparation for her eventual stage career.

But Joan has been so busy at the studio, and before Christmas she was so occupied

with gift-buying, that her "little theatre" has seen no use other than as a private movie house, where Joan and her guests have enjoyed the latest pictures.

However, the tiny stage has not been entirely wasted. One day Joan returned home unexpectedly and walked out to the theatre. Hearing voices from within, she tiptoed to a window and peered in. Her personal maid and the gardener were on the stage, acting out a scene from "Hamlet." There's art for you!

**L**ITTLE did any of us suspect George Raft of such a sense of humor! It came out on the set where Raft and Ben Bernie, the radio maestro, were working together. The picture's supervisor had just told them that the picture would be released on Easter Day.

"I suppose," laughed Raft, "that makes Ben my little *Easter Bernie*."

**G**LORIA STUART tells this on herself. A Hollywood tourist, staring about him in an effort to see some stars, ran smack into her car and crushed several fenders. To top off the entire proceedings, the tourist did not recognize her.



Another English stage star crashes Hollywood—above, Erroll Flynn, young Irishman reaches our shores.

**"Y**OU may tell the world," said Alice White at a recent party, "that SCREENLAND gave me the courage to change my hair from blonde to red!"

Recently SCREENLAND carried a story about distasteful things stars must do. Included was the fact that Miss White photographs better as a blonde, and therefore has remained one, although she has always disliked herself with light hair.

She read the article and said to herself, "Darned if I will let the world think I'm afraid to change my hair."

The next day she went to a beauty parlor, and now Alice is a red-head.

**H**OLLYWOOD stars have a brand new fad, presenting their pets with the dignity of names commencing with "Mister."

Adolphe Menjou owns "Mr. Hooligan," a wire hair. Fred Keating's toy bulldog answers readily to "Mr. Newmeyer"—(and don't think for an instant the movie executive by that name feels too honored). Helen Twelvetree's wire-hair is politely dubbed "Mr. Jack." Wot? No ladies!

(Continued on page 98)



Here's how a jury looks to a lawyer for the defense! A scene from "A Notorious Gentleman," with Charles Bickford seeing the jurors as wild game he hunts for sport and recreation.

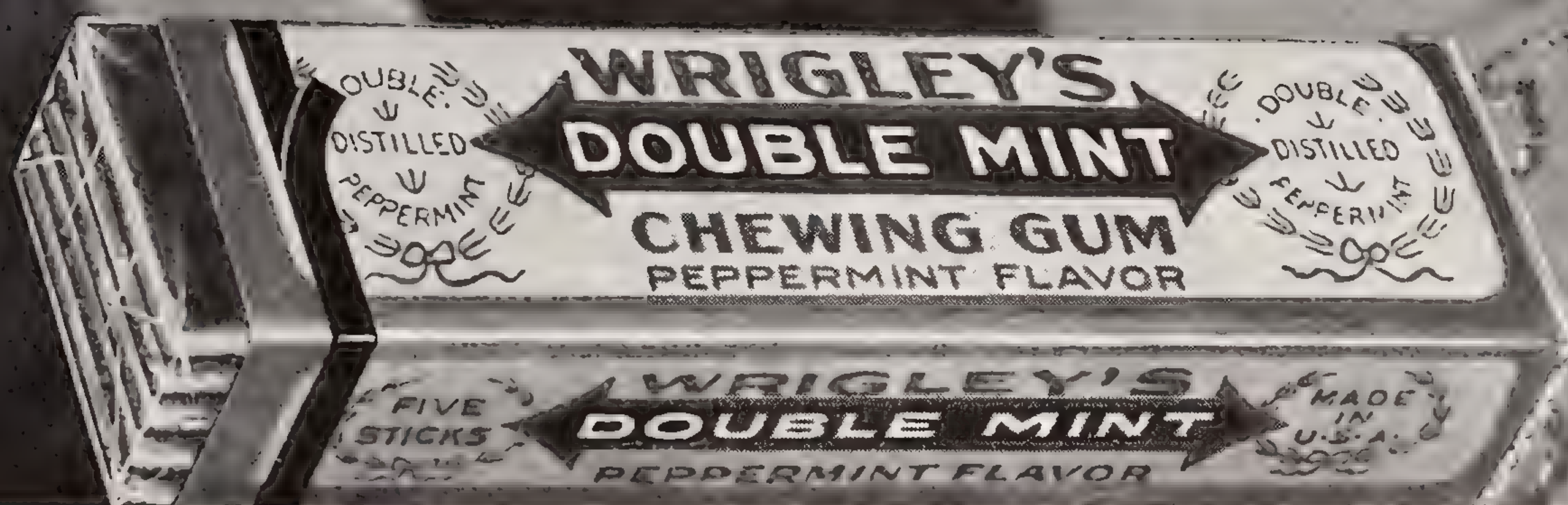


Wide World

Three famous screen stars pose for the news cameras that snapped the celebrities at the Mayfair Ball in Hollywood. Above, Dolores Del Rio, Constance Bennett, and Joan Bennett.



Beauty of lips and neck-line mean charm. Keep this beauty the way the screen stars do - Enjoy **DOUBLE MINT** Gum daily. Whenever and wherever convenient.





## Your Facial Manners

*Continued from page 59*

your face, no matter how uninteresting it may seem to you, a thing of life and beauty. Too often we rely on make-up to accent our faces and make them come alive. As if it could!

In real life good facial manners are as necessary to beauty as good manners and courtesy are to a pleasant personality. How many otherwise dull faces have you not seen made actually lovely by a friendly, a happy, or even just a sincerely interested expression. Beauty is lots more than skin deep.

Bad facial manners are unnecessary. Most of them are unconscious, of course. If you will watch out for them in your own private movies, your mirrors, you will

be able to do a great deal toward correcting them. I will wager that if you will glance at your face in any passing mirror you will hurriedly change your expression to a pleasanter one!

Here are some of the commonest bad facial manners. Frowning, squinting, screwing up any part of the face are not only ugly in themselves but leave unlovely lines in their wake. Sulking is always bad manners, social as well as facial, and will spoil the loveliest face. Pouting distorts any mouth.

Watch for these things yourself in your mirror. Don't copy the little grimaces of your friends. A bad facial trick is as easy to catch as a Southern drawl. I have seen

one break out and run through a whole crowd of girls. But it is one kind of contagion you can avoid.

Practice some good stiff chewing exercises in the privacy of your own room. See how much more mobile and attractive they make your lips.

Be careful of the kind of thoughts you think. As sure as you are alive, they will be written on your face. And you can't cheat at this. Your social manners may be perfect. You may say pleasant things to your hostess while thinking what a dull time you had. But you cannot think hard, cross thoughts over a long period of time and not keep a record of them in your face.

## "Miss O'Brien"

*Continued from page 27*

Miss Merle high in a New York hotel, surrounded by reporters, a full guard of press agents, masses of roses, and a thick fog from off the Bay—what Londoners call, in the talkies, a "reg'lar pea-souper."

This latest import under the British quota was just off the liner. As you know, we now ship a herd of movie people to London almost daily, and get back a cargo in return. Miss Fay Wray was leaving for England the day Miss Oberon arrived, so I imagine we traded Fay for Merle for a while, and it is no treason to say that we got none the worst of the David Harum, or swap.

At any rate, there was I beholding God's handiwork in the person of Miss Merle, and finding it good. Without doubt, the nippiest number we've received from the Motherland in ages. The girl's beautiful. Almondish eyes, dark hair, gorgeous figger, unimpeachable legs. What makes her stand out in the British lot is her glorious spirit—what we Ameddicans call zip, ginger, pep, or The Old Moxie. She sparkles.

I have a hunch about this unusual zest in the fair Britisher. Is it, or is it not, your idea that the native English stock rather runs to weedy blondes of the langorous type? The secret of Merle Oberon is that she does not hail from the tight little isle itself, but from Tasmania—a British island possession which I believe is nor'east of Australia and sou'west of Borneo, or vice versa.

At any rate, credit for producing this fair flower goes to Tasmania, and I admit I have no idea just where that is, having little Latin and no Geography.

At this point I wish to point out that you may read some pretty flossy stories about Merle's beginnings. You may note, for instance, that she was born in India, of an English father and a high-caste Indian mother.

I assure you that this pretty tale is strictly the malarkey, like Theda Bara being born in the Shadow of the Sphinx.

For the record, I heard from the girl's own lovely lips that she was born in Tasmania, (please look that place up in the atlas for me!)—and resided there for some seven years.

As for the "English father" business, I need only tell you that the lady's real name is Estelle O'Brien, and that her father's name was O'Brien as well. And if you think, m'gal, that O'Brien is an English



*Two eminent players meet for the first time! Merle Oberon and John Barrymore as themselves on a studio set.*

name, just say so to an O'Brien—and don't forget to duck!

Miss Oberon, née O'Brien, was taken from Tasmania to India at the age of seven, and resided there for nearly a decade. She remembers her bit of the Kipling country as a stuffy place filled with petty gossip in the British quarters.

It was in Calcutta, however, that Miss Oberon first tasted spotlight—a far more intoxicating drink than wine. She was a chorus girl with the Calcutta Amateur Theatrical Society—or CATS, as the English residents dubbed the club from its initials.

The girl, you will note, was working eastward from her native bit of the Antipodes. The next stop—London.

Enters Mr. Alexander Korda, the hero of the piece. That talented Hungarian was directing "Service For Ladies," that charming film which starred Mr. Leslie Howard, when he beheld Miss Merle standing in "a corner of the set." How do these talented unknown beauties always find the proper

corner of the good old set in which to be discovered? At any rate, Miss Oberon found it and was standing in it, and Korda duly discovered her. He film-tested her, with enchanting results. He whisked off the O'Brien and applied the exotic Oberon. Oberon was, as you remember, the King of the Fairies in Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—but that, of course, has nothing to do with Miss Merle.

Korda then started making movies of the girl. Perhaps you saw Miss Oberon in "Henry the Eighth," if you got in promptly and looked quickly. She played *Anne Boleyn*, first of the unhappy queens, and her head was whacked off so early in the picture that she was decapitated and off to her dressing room before the show had properly begun.

Then she jumped, gracefully, into a plumpish rôle with Douglas Fairbanks, *pere*, in "The Private Life of Don Juan." Then she made "The Battle." Her latest appearance is with Leslie Howard, the Old Charm-Master, in the English made film, "The Scarlet Pimpernel," the famous story by—oh, you know!—that writing-person!

Now, after two dizzy days in New York, wrapped in a homelike fog, she finds herself in Hollywood, ready to toil opposite the M. Chevalier in this "Folies Bergere" picture. Really, with the lovely leading ladies he draws in Life's Lottery, the Monsieur should give his wages to the Red Cross. Ha—just you watch him!

As I contemplated the luscious Oberon, I was struck not only with her bright and gleaming spirit, but with her poise. She batted back my questions with all the ease and grace of a Babe Ruth, and some of the queries were right silly, too. I tell you, this blithe Merle Oberon knows what time it is, and also which way is south!

I said, at the beginning of this learned essay on the life and charms of Miss Oberon, that Hollywood's British Set is due for a spot of twisting and tossing now that she is in their midst. Little birds have told me that the British folk in movieland, once they are fairly settled in the Hollywood swamps and begin accepting reluctantly huge bales of accursed Yankee dollars, become more British than the Tower of London. In fact, say the little birds, as the Santa Fe rolls westward they become quite unintelligible, in a genteel English way, and as frozen as so many Wodehouse butlers.



If this be true, and I always like to believe little birds, I'd like to see Lord Lovaduck and Lady Foraday trying to come it over our Merle. Something way down deep tells me that the darling could tell off the Kipper, Kidney, and Bloater Crowd in good set terms.

Stray frosty-faces are in for a melting from Miss Merle, who is as hot as mustard and twice as keen. I cannot picture the girl toying with a toasted scone—I cannot picture her toying with anything. But if she *likes* toasted scones, she will *eat* them, like a good Tasmanian O'Brien.

No doubt she can wrestle a tea-cup with one hand and juggle three cucumber sandwiches with the other, the little finger being out at the proper angle. But I should not rouse her spunk while she has the cup in her hand, m'lady!

Ah—there'll be piping times about the famed Garden of Allah Apartments in Hollywood, where the British accent hangs heavy on the night air, and the aitches drop to the ground like hickory nuts in the fall!

In all seriousness, this Merle Oberon is the prettiest and most promising girl the Old Country has sent us in a long time. Given the proper treatment in Hollywood, plus the Eternal and Priceless Breaks, she'll do well for herself, and we all shall love her in a very big and constructive way.

Of the Oberon-Schenck romance, or any other romance, I know nothing, and will not be quoted, no matter how hard you may grill me.

This is, then, a sort of introduction of a new and charming girl to a segment of American picture fans—plainly, you-all. I had first peek, that's all. I'm delighted. And I have a whole-hearted feeling that you will be, too!

## Claudette Colbert's Real Life Story

*Continued from page 31*

September morning, the second child of Monsieur and Madame Chauchoin. She howled dismally when her nine-year-old brother announced that she looked "funny" and her father quietly remarked that her mouth was like a coal skuttle. But despite the disparaging remarks of the male members of the family they were all quite proud and joined with "Tantine" and "Grandmere" in a family celebration. As is the French custom a baby's birth and name must be registered at the *mairie* at once. So Claudette's father stopped by for two tradesmen, the two witnesses the law required, and at the city hall proudly wrote "Lily" on the registration blank where it said Christian name. "But no, but no!" shouted the little mayor quite excitedly. "Lily is forbidden. Lily is not a saint's name."

It seems that France is like that. There are 365 days in the year and 365 saints' names and little Christian babies must have a saint's name. Poor Mr. Chauchoin was quite disturbed. He had definite instructions from his wife and family to name the baby Lily, but France objected to Lily. And here were two nice kind tradesmen, who had to go to their respective jobs, and could not wait while he ran home to confer with his wife. So rather than delay the tradesmen Mr. Chauchoin took matters into his own hands and wrote "Emily" which pleased France, and the saints, and the mayor, and the tradesmen, but which definitely, but definitely, did not please Mrs. Chauchoin. Whether France liked it or not, the baby was called Lily.

And Lily she was called up until the time she was fourteen. That year she

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# "I TOOK IT myself



## when I was a little girl"

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entered the Washington Irving High School in New York City and took great interest in her art classes. At that time, and I suppose they still do, all the pupils signed their drawings with their names sort of boxed in down in a corner of the paper. Lily Chauchoin just wouldn't box no matter how you looked at it. After fretting over it for several weeks Lily announced to her mother importantly, "I shall be a great artist very soon now. I must have a name with the same number of letters as Chauchoin so it will box beautifully in the corner."

So Mrs. Chauchoin thought and thought. Chauchoin had nine letters. So did Claudette. She still doesn't know just how she happened to think of that name. Anyway Lily was delighted with the new name, and it looked so symmetrically lovely down in the corner of her drawings that she decided to adopt the name as her own, for the sake of her Art. So Emily Chauchoin became Lily Chauchoin who became Claudette Chauchoin because it boxed so beautifully!

When Claudette was seventeen, and decided that she would not be an artist or a ballet dancer, but an actress, she also decided that something must be done about Chauchoin. That might be a good name in Paris, but somehow the Americans just couldn't grasp it. She was the most mispronounced little girl in school. And the kids at public school 59 had almost driven her crazy by calling her "Lily Shoestring." Somehow Chauchoin could never make a theatre marquee. So Claudette adopted her great grandmother's name of Colbert. And the name Claudette Colbert brought her luck from the start. She has no intention of making any more changes.

Tracing Claudette's name through the years is practically the story of Claudette's life up until the time she went on the stage. But I have nothing better to do today so we might just as well fill in a few gaps. Claudette doesn't remember much about her babyhood in Paris except that she fell out of a second-story window one day and was quite surprised to find the earth so hard. She suffered no bad results from this fall apparently, though when she boastfully told the Lexington Avenue children about it later they chirped in true American fashion, "Yah, yah, Lily's mamma dropped her on her head when she was a baby!"

So Claudette disgustfully gave up boasting of her prowess at falling out of second-story windows. This "falling" is a family trait. Claudette's grandmother, Madame Marie Augustine Loew, was one of the best fallers. At the age of eighty-two she decided to clean the top-shelf—(though there were three servants who could have done it)—of the pantry in Claudette's New York apartment one day, and fell from the top of the ladder to the floor with much clatter but with nothing worse than a bump the size of an egg on her head. She merely laughed and went on with her cleaning. Claudette's mother is also a good faller.

But Claudette, it seems, is going to take all the prizes. She can, and does, fall over everything from an ant hill to the Empire State Building. She had two rather embarrassing falls in New York. One day she was late for a matinee of "A Kiss in the Taxi" and it was raining cats and dogs and she didn't have enough money for a taxi so she had to take the Third Avenue Elevated. As she climbed out of the El at 42nd street she saw below the crosstown trolley which would take her over to her theatre on Broadway, so she made one grand dash for it. She slipped on the wet steps and went hippity-hop-hippity-hop all the way down to the bottom where she landed in the street in a big puddle of none too select city slush—her clothes ruined,

her body bruised, but worst of all, her make-up strewn under a truck horse's feet. Nice tumble, that one.

And then there was the opening night of "See Naples and Die" which starred Claudette Colbert. She was supposed to enter in the third act waving her slipper. She tripped on the cement of the courtyard, real cement, tore her knee wide open, and did as beautiful a sprawl as has ever been seen on the stage. She had to finish the act with blood running down her leg, which didn't add to the romance. But since then she has always liked the New York critics because not a one of them stooped to pun, "Colbert flopped in the last act."

The first home of the Colberts in America was on East 68th Street, New York, and later they moved to East 53rd. Every afternoon at three o'clock Mrs. Colbert took Claudette over to Central Park to play with her dolls or her skates until five o'clock. It was a regular routine and Claudette got pretty tired of it, and she also got tired of having her hair put up in curlers every night so she could have big luscious curls the next day. When she was seven her two favorite playmates were two little French boys in the neighborhood, three years younger than herself. Edward was a lovely little boy with beautiful Old World manners and grandmother Loew one day said, "When you grow up don't you want to marry Edward?" "No," said Claudette definitely. "I shall marry Lulu." Lulu, I regret to tell you, was the dirtiest little boy on the street, he simply wallowed in gutters, but he had the most angelic face and the longest lashes. Fortunately, after she went on the stage and into the movies, Claudette lost her enthusiasm for long lashes and handsome faces. She likes very plain men now.

Claudette's mother dressed her in buster brown collars in the winter and white middie suits and straw hats with streamers



Jane Baxter, English stage and screen star, seen on deck before sailing for home after completing her American rôle, in "Enchanted April."



in the summer. It was probably at this early age that she developed her love for simplicity in clothes. She was a serious, shy child, and terribly independent. Her mother taught her prim little French manners which simply slayed the children at school, and her mother also taught her not to tell lies—which lesson Claudette learned well, too well.

One of her mother's dear friends called one afternoon in a hat that even Queen Mary would go thumbs down on, but Mrs. Chauchoin assured her guest that she thought she looked lovely. "I think," said little Lily, "you look ugly." So that night she was given another lesson in tact, which is the art of telling a lie that isn't a lie. She cried and cried because her mother wouldn't let her tell the truth. Little Claudette was meeting up with Life! (It was really about a year before poor harassed Mrs. Chauchoin could teach Claudette tact. The child had the most extraordinary way of telling the awful truth and throwing everyone into dismay and confusion. The Chauchoins practically gave up having guests.)

She was a very bright little girl and stood at the head of her classes in all her subjects. At sixteen she was reading philosophy. She loved poetry and her idea of a perfect afternoon was to curl up in a window seat and read Edna St. Vincent Millay. Ah me, I fear our little Claudette was well on her way to becoming a high-brow, if the stage and poverty hadn't interfered.

Claudette was the type who always got blamed for things she didn't do. It never occurred to her, brought up so strictly, to be bad or disorderly in school, but somehow when things happened Claudette always looked guilty, and invariably got punished.

Only once in her life did she play hooky—and she didn't get any pleasure out of it. Claudette had found herself a chum at Washington Irving High School, a pretty girl named Catharine, who was as irresponsible as Claudette was responsible. One beautiful spring morning Claudette and Catharine were with their teacher and thirty other students down at the aquarium sketching fish for the art class. "We'll hide behind a pillar when they leave," Catharine whispered to Claudette, "and then we'll have chop suey and a matinée."

Claudette didn't think the idea was so hot but she was easily persuaded (and still is). Catharine had just enough money to buy them chop suey at a Chinese restaurant and then balcony seats for the current Marjorie Rambeau play. Catharine was in raptures. Claudette was in misery. In the first place she had indigestion from the forbidden chop suey, and in the second place she could hardly see the play for thinking about what would happen on the morrow.

Plenty happened! Claudette and Catharine, with the blame placed on Claudette, were suspended for two weeks, and what a disgrace that was! Claudette was afraid to tell her mother, so she went crying to her father and confessed her crime and for the next two weeks sat in his office every day from eight-thirty to three doing penance, and trying to keep her mother from finding out. Claudette decided, then and there, that Life's Stolen Sweets were not for the likes of her.

She was fifteen then. At seventeen she graduated from Washington Irving High School and for a graduation present her father gave her and her mother a trip to Europe. There was a boat, and lapping waves, and radiant moonlight, and melting waltzes, and a dazzling young man who looked like Rudolph Valentino. He kissed Claudette—her first kiss—and she decided to marry him at once. His name was Davenport and he came from Georgia—but wait until next month!

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## Lancelot in Modern Dress

*Continued from page 20*

for California and the cinema capital.

"I'm afraid Hollywood has me in its spell," he remarked as he sipped a glass of milk. "Next to England, I'd rather live in Hollywood than any place in the world. But I don't want to continue acting, regardless of where I live.

"I'm tired of it all, you see, and I'm too old for the compensations of acting (except the money), to balance its drawbacks.

"For I've always thought acting a peculiar way for a man to make his living—putting powder and paint on his face and parading synthetic emotions before the public. It's a woman's game!

"But when I was young, the fun of making a name for myself, the thrill of the applause, the public recognition (which, though I hated at times, I loved at others) were wonderful, and made up for all the inner misgivings I had about the calibre of my profession.

"Now, I've reached the age where none of those superficial things mean anything to me—I'm on the stage and screen purely to make enough money to leave them!"

Thus spoke the two Leslie Howards, the modern, commercially-successful business man, cognizant of his urge to acquire wealth; and the old-fashioned romanticist, dissatisfied and disillusioned with both stage and screen because of the very mercenary aspect to which he subscribes.

"For many years I considered the stage the only artistic medium and looked down upon pictures as a rather mediocre order of entertainment. I refused any number of offers to go to Hollywood," he admitted.

"Then, when Warner Brothers bought 'Outward Bound,' in which I was appearing on the stage, and offered me my same rôle in the screen production, I began to believe what many of my friends had been telling me—that pictures had become 'uplifted' and artistic—and first-class.

"I appeared in that picture and stayed around Hollywood for the rest of the six months for which my contract had been signed—and then the studio informed me that they would not take up my option, as I had no sex-appeal."

Mr. Howard managed to maintain an unemotional countenance, but I could not resist a gasp of amazement at this judgment

of the man who is today considered one of the screen's leading exponents of masculine charm, both by the public and by the men and women who know him.

"I came back to Broadway and appeared in several plays," he went on. "And then came my second try in pictures.

"Now, one of my prejudices against the screen had been because an actor had so little to say about his rôles. In the theatre, a producer submits a script to the actor he has in mind for a part and the actor can either accept or reject it as he sees fit after reading the play.

"In pictures, of course, an actor is simply signed on a term contract and must appear in whatever films he is assigned.

"My experience in 'Outward Bound' had been different and after my return to New York, I made up my mind never to do another picture.

"However, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sent for me and offered me a contract—and because it was considered such an excellent organization, I signed with them. And the first rôle assigned me was in 'Never the Twain Shall Meet'!

"Immediately I read the script I went to Irving Thalberg, whose production it was, and said to him, 'This is awful—it's old and trite and has been done a thousand times before. There is no reason nor justification for making it.'

"And his answer was simply: 'But it will make money!'

"Then and there I decided to take pictures as they came, purely as a money-making proposition. For if Irving Thalberg, admittedly one of the smartest men in the business, could take an old, outworn story and produce a picture from it solely to make money, without regard for artistic merit, then there was no use in ever considering films as an art."

However, Mr. Howard confesses that his faith has been somewhat restored by his own film of "Berkeley Square," and other stars' successes in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," "Henry the Eighth," "Catherine the Great." And he is frank in admitting that his current dissatisfaction with acting may be due simply to the influence of Hollywood, for it was not always thus with him as he is one of those indi-



**A scene from "Ruggles of Red Gap," with Charlie Ruggles not as Ruggles but as Egbert, and Charles Laughton in the name part, a rôle the famous English actor has longed to play on the screen. Now he gets his wish—and ours—and everybody has cause to be happy.**



viduals who found his metier because of an exalted inner urge which would not be denied. There was no tradition, nor heritage of the theatre to guide his footsteps through a stage door.

Born in London, of non-professional parents, he was reared as befitted the son of a cultured household, being educated by a tutor and later attending Dulwich College. It was while a student in the latter institution that he first began to act in amateur theatricals, but even then did not consider the stage as a career.

Upon graduation, he worked for a short while as a bank clerk, leaving that position to go to war. Theatricals behind the front lines renewed his interest in acting, with the result that when he was demobilized, he decided to make it his life's work.

His first professional part was with one of the road companies of "Peg O' My Heart," which was followed by work in London. The latter brought him impressive recognition in England and his next step was New York and a rôle with Katharine Cornell in "The Green Hat."

Other successes followed, and in "Outward Bound" he attracted the attention of the movie moguls to such an extent that their previous somewhat indifferent offers became a real clamor and he departed for Hollywood and fame and fortune. And today, after several years of stage-and-screen work combined, his liking for the climate of California remains, though he holds no brief for the people, modes, and manners of the cinema capital.

"People out there are so surfeited with wealth and luxury and easy living that nothing can give them pleasure or happiness. I, myself, am guilty of the same unrest that affects everyone else—I was more contented, had more joy in life and living, before I had as much money as I have today. But once getting in the habit of living luxuriously and of making a good income, it is impossible to 'let down' and lower the standards of luxury which one has adopted."

Mr. Howard's standards include a manor-house in England, a wife and two children to whom he is devoted, and a string of polo ponies. For polo is the principal enthusiasm of his life.

Second in importance is his interest in photography, and with his small Leica camera he takes informal snapshots of everything and everyone he sees.

It is this latter interest that makes him believe that some day, perhaps after he has tried the "retirement" he threatens, and has become bored with idleness, he will direct pictures.

"Not plays," he explains. "I've directed a number of them and feel that the theatre today exists only as a training-school for pictures. As the most money is to be made in films, every play produced today is done so with picture production definitely in mind."

"Therefore, it is to the screen that we must look for any real development in the future. And I *do* believe that splendid, artistic films can be produced economically—if properly handled. Some day, maybe I'll try my hand at it."

In the meantime, we can expect to see Mr. Howard for some time in the future on our stage and screen. While he is appearing on the Broadway stage in "The Petrified Forest," his latest picture, "The Scarlet Pimpernel," which he recently made in England for United Artists, will be playing the movie houses of the country; and upon completion of the play, he will return to Hollywood and Warner Brothers for further pictures.

So, his prospective retirement looms as a distant threat and need not frighten his motion picture public for some time to come.



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## The Truth About Bergner

Continued from page 21

and inevitably as she breathes. Not for nothing have half a dozen Continental countries acclaimed her as the supreme dramatic genius of the generation. Her performance in Margaret Kennedy's play "Escape Me Never" was the outstanding success of the last London theatrical season. It moved Sir James Barrie to take up the pen that has been lying idle for seven years, inspiring him to break his vow and write one more play so that the little Austrian's performance in it shall ensure him a magnificent swan-song.

But acting entails tremendous physical and mental strain, and slender elfin-like Elisabeth is nearing forty and by no means robust. To be able to spend long hours ranging the whole gamut of human emotions she has to conserve her strength with infinite care. A doctor is constantly examining her, making sure that she is not taxing her nervous vitality too much so that she breaks down completely as she did last spring.

Elisabeth has no energy left for social gaieties; and, essentially candid and clear-sighted, she does not desire the pretentious honors that accompany success. She sees the glamor for what it is worth and long ago rejected it.

"Fame is empty and it passes on," she said to me once. "Love and friendship last and they satisfy!"

To her work, she gives herself utterly—no actress could be more punctual nor more courteous to her fellow-players. But when her day's work is done, she considers she has discharged her obligations and that the rest should be her own. So passionately and determinedly she keeps her private life apart. In that slight body dwells an indomitable spirit, a pale flame illuminating an alabaster vase.

The world only sees a silent little woman with a Mona Lisa smile. We who are her friends alone know Elisabeth Bergner, tenderly sensitive to the needs of others, generous to a fault and graciously hospitable.

She refuses to live in hotels or apartments. Always she must have her own home, a house and a garden and her fat old Tyrolean maid to guard the door, pretending to strangers that she speaks no English. Then all over the house Elisabeth splashes her favorite yellow in cushions and brocade draperies and antique brass and gilded troughs to hold her books.

She reads omniverously, on art and philosophy and travel and the theatre; in German, Italian, and French as well as English. There is always a pile of books beside her bed which has her golden cherub mascot hanging over the head.

Everywhere in her rooms are flowers; not roses and orchids, for she hates sophisticated blooms, but the simple flowers and grasses of the fields arranged in big yellow jars. Sometimes the leafy branch of a tree will be propped against the wall; and, wet or fine, every window is open. If possible, she lives in a hilly neighborhood for that reminds her of her native Salzburg. (The Beverly Hills will delight Elisabeth and she will assuredly rent a bungalow on the most inaccessible peak.)

Her friends are always welcome to join her for afternoon coffee which she takes instead of tea at five o'clock in the Viennese fashion. It is black coffee topped with thick whipped cream and served in china bowls, accompanied by a basket of the marzipan sweetmeats Elisabeth seems to be crunching at all hours of the day and night. She is not very interested in food—dinner is her only meal of the day—but she is continually smoking Turkish cigar-

ettes in a long and slender amber holder.

Beauty treatments never trouble Elisabeth—amazingly she can keep fresh without them. Her skin is as soft and clear as a child's yet she only washes it with soap and water and very occasionally cleanses it with wax. Powder and a touch of dark lipstick is the scanty make-up she affects, and her hair owes its sheen to ten minutes brushing with a stiff hogsbristle morning and night.

At home Elisabeth always wears loose woolen lounging trousers and vividly-colored little jackets buttoning to her neck and made of satin or suede according to the temperature. She wore a costume of this kind for some of the scenes in her first film, "The Loves of Ariane," in which Percy Marmont was her leading man. Made in Berlin four years ago, political reasons caused it to be shelved and it has only just been released. Not often that studios fans can see a star's first talkie and her latest at the same time!

Wisely Elisabeth dresses in strongly individual style, for hers is a type far removed from the average. In London most of her clothes were designed for her by Victor Stiebel, the young modiste who creates for members of the British Royal Family and some of Mayfair's richest women. Plain straight lines, high necks, fussy shoulder effects and tiny caps characterize Elisabeth's models.

Her favorite street-suit has a long tight-fitting skirt to lend her height, a bolero jacket of striped black and white tweed, a white satin shirt with a fringed cape collar and a black straw cap with one white organdie bow for trimming. For evenings Elisabeth loves velvet gowns, clinging and draped with "Queen Christina" collars of pale lace. As wraps she wears short jackets of metallic tissue with huge bunched sleeves that make her resemble a pretty medieval page.

Her sports clothes usually feature stripes and she always has some one-piece black swimming suits for she takes her only exercise in the water. Her husband swims with her, her companion as in everything else.

Paul is tall and dark and suave. He never loses his temper or his pleasant smile, and his quiet voice, curiously compelling, is never raised. Not even when a lamp cracks at the crucial moment or an actor steps over the lines and ruins the take as happened when he was directing the banquet scenes in "Catherine the Great." (But the look he gave the man was more eloquently effective than any verbal storm!)

Elisabeth calls him her "big bear," using the affectionate German diminutive, and frankly adores him. To see them together is to realize what marriage blessed with perfect understanding can be. There is no elaborate demonstration. A look, a smile, a gesture—that is all, but each seems to know instinctively what the other is thinking.

Elisabeth leaves all her financial and business arrangements to her husband. It is Paul who interviews the studio chiefs, afterward discussing their proposals with his wife in private. Then he returns with her decision, which is really her acceptance of his own advice, as a rule. She trusts and relies on him implicitly, happy that he can organize these things for her so that she is free to concentrate on her work.

When Elisabeth receives the script of a new part, she spends long hours lying on her bed and poring over its possibilities; reading and re-reading it in silence until she feels she understands the character she





Lee Tracy seems glad, (he should) that Sally Eilers has returned to films opposite him in "Carnival."

is to play sufficiently to be able to merge herself into it. If she cannot achieve this sympathy with her rôle, back goes the script and they must find another actress. Never will Elisabeth attempt anything without complete self-confidence. That is why she has never had a failure either on the stage or screen.

Once she "feels" the part, she spends several days interpreting it with her husband. He rehearses every word and movement and expression with her at home, often in front of a big mirror so that she can watch herself too. Only when Elisabeth has fully perfected herself does she go to the studio, and then she is ready to walk before the cameras. No footage is ever wasted because Elisabeth Bergner "fluffed."

When she is made up, Paul comes to scrutinize her, then he takes her down to the set. Silently she walks, oblivious to anyone she meets, not because she is unfriendly but because her mind is absorbed in her part. Already she is beginning to put on the personality of the woman she is going to portray.

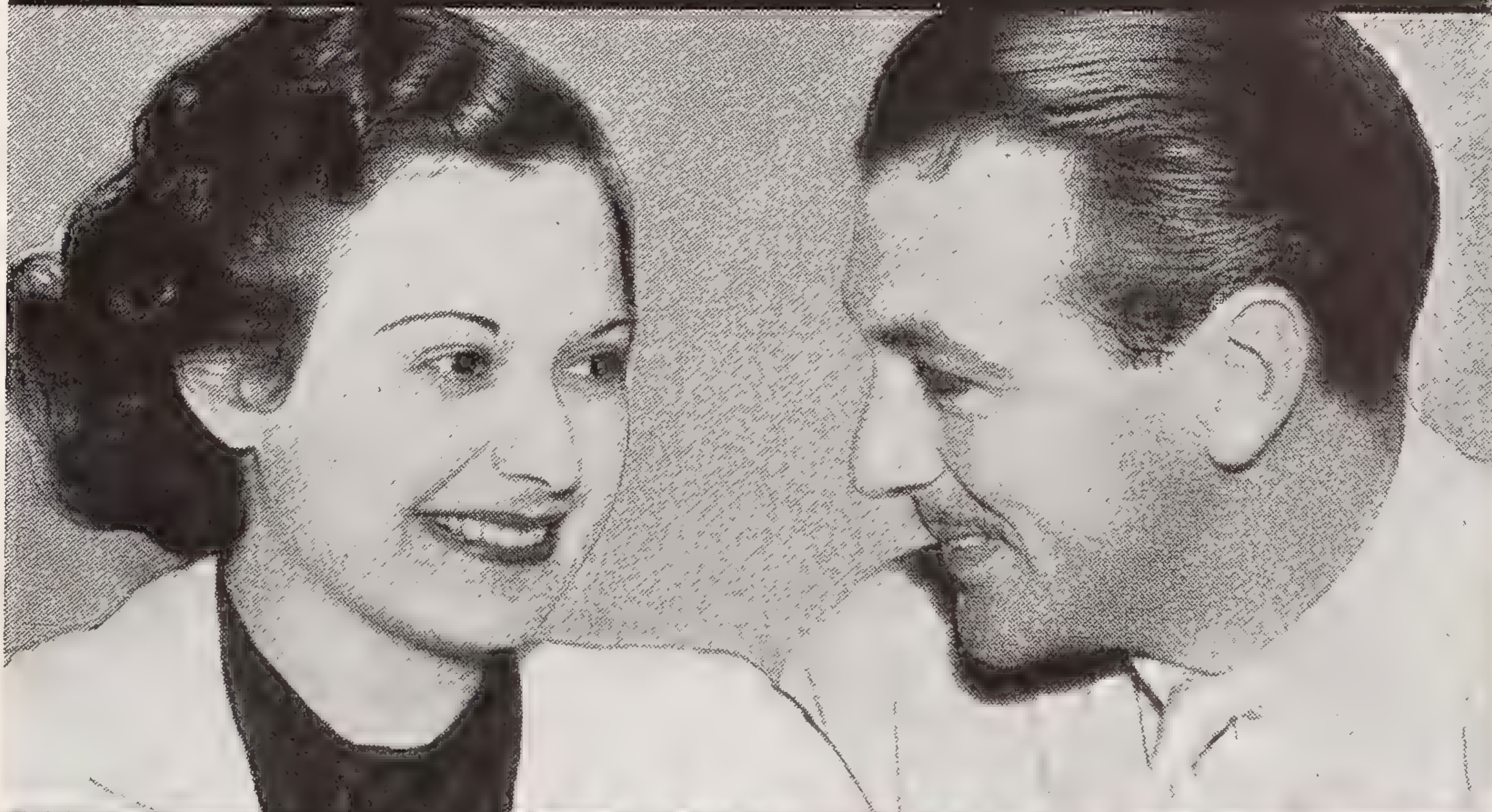
The rest of the cast have already been rehearsed, an extra girl deputizing for the star, so everything is ready. At a nod from her husband Elisabeth steps on to the set and then she is no longer Elisabeth Bergner. Literally she lives in her character, her magnetic voice deepening and pulsing, her lovely slim hands lending their point, the expressive lights playing in her eyes so finely no photography has fully captured them as yet.

When she flung herself on the floor in an abandonment of grief in "Dreaming Lips" she had livid bruises afterwards and torn-out strands of her own hair clutched in her fingers. In "Catherine," the camera-men actually saw the angry color rush into her face when Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, as the young Emperor, insultingly flaunted his mistress before her.

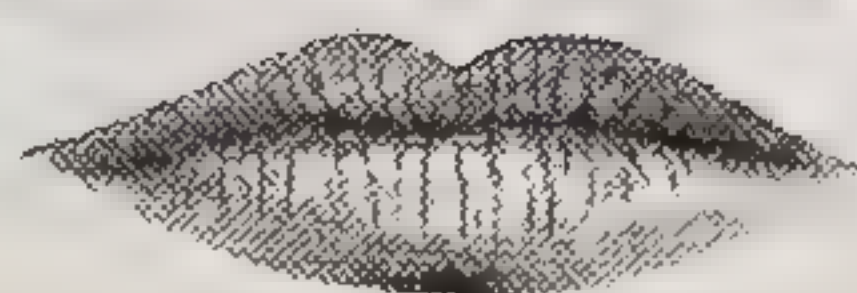
"What will Hollywood make of her?" is the question everyone is asking me. Certainly it will never alter Elisabeth nor induce her to make a picture in any way but her own. "I cannot" will be her simple reply, and if the Grand Moguls persist, she will walk away. There will be no tears or temperamental arguments. She has stated the fact and that is the end.

Elisabeth Bergner knows herself. That gives her an unassailable poise and a courage nothing in the world can ever shake. So if Hollywood is wise it will recognize her as the actress who is different and remember that genius is a sensitive plant requiring gentle and sympathetic handling.

# "Instantly I picked the HONEST LIPS" said Gary Cooper



## HERE'S WHAT GARY COOPER SAW



UNTOUCHED Lips  
often look faded



PAINTED Lips  
look unnatural



TANGEE Intensifies  
your natural color

"They were soft and full and lovely," said Gary Cooper, after comparing the new paintless lipstick called Tangee with ordinary kinds

● We caught Gary Cooper between two scenes of his new Samuel Goldwyn Production, "The Wedding Night". We showed him three girls—one had used no lipstick, one had used ordinary lipstick, one had used Tangee.

"Which lips are most appealing?" that's the question we asked him. It took Gary Cooper one look to decide. "I prefer the honest-looking lips," he said. He didn't know it...but he picked the girl who used Tangee.

Most men do. For there's nothing attractive about a streak of paint...either to look at or to touch. But Tangee doesn't paint your lips. It can't paint them, because it isn't paint. In the stick, Tangee looks orange. On your lips it changes to the one shade of blush rose exactly



● Gary Cooper making the Tangee lipstick test between scenes of his new picture, "The Wedding Night", a Samuel Goldwyn Production for United Artists.

right for you. Your lips look soft, lovely, appealing. The kind of lips men like to kiss. Try Tangee. There are two sizes...39 cents and \$1.10. Or send 10 cents with coupon for 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set, containing Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.

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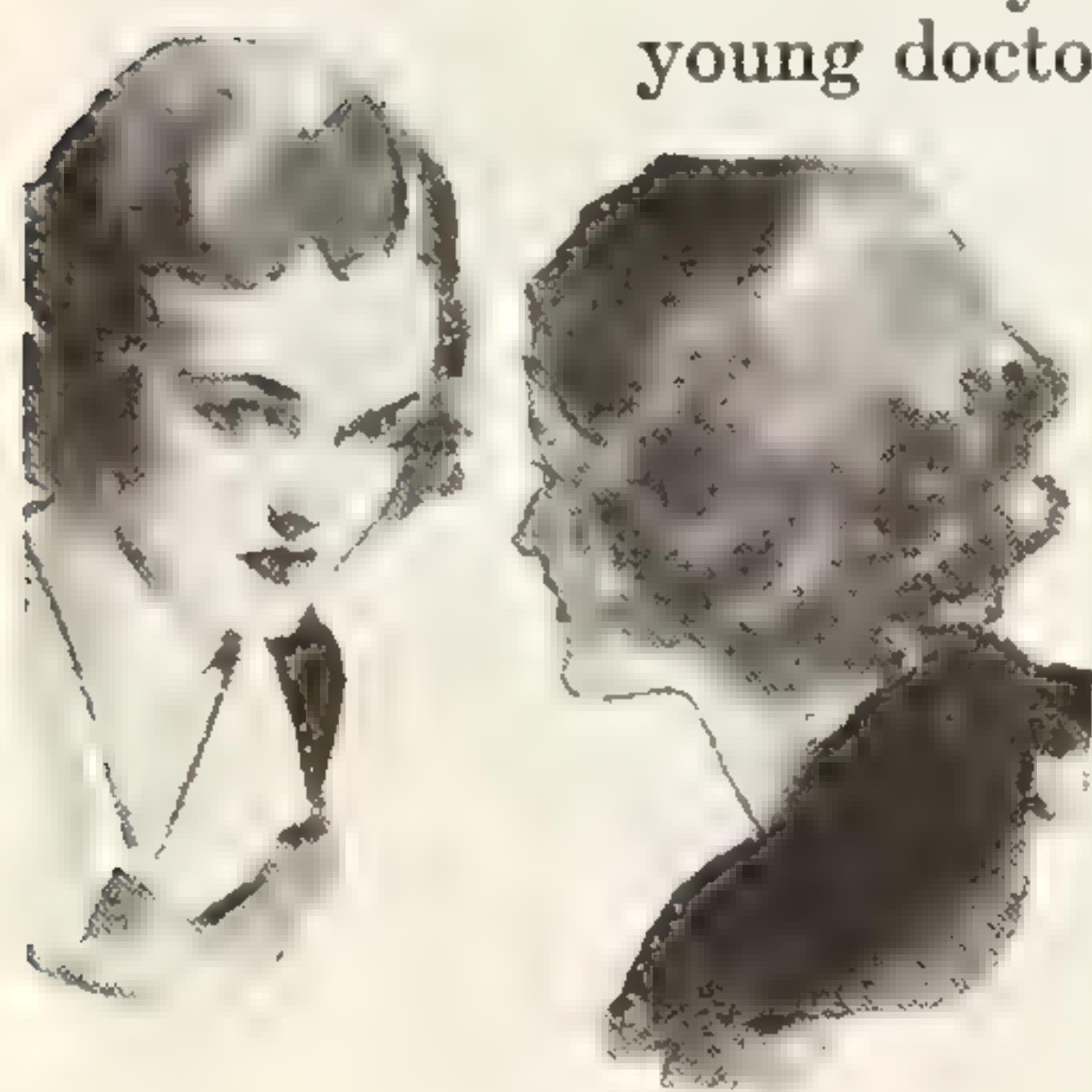
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# When a girl needs a girl friend

*"Those were his very words!"*



"What do you suppose that new young doctor said to Jack after the dance? When Jack asked him how he liked the rush Jane was giving him, he just looked bored and said, 'Why doesn't some kind girl friend tell her she needs Mum?' Those were his very words. Imagine!"

*What an old meanie she is for not telling!*

"Mr. Glover said he was afraid he'd have to let Ann go. Wish I had the nerve to tell her that a jar of Mum would save her job for her."



*(In other words, young lady, you need Mum.)*

"I'm sorry, Miss Clark, but I hardly think you'd fill the requirements of our position here."

**S**HE'S bound to lose out every time—the girl who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. For people will not excuse this kind of unpleasantness when it is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

It takes only half a minute to use Mum. And it lasts all day. Use it any time—when dressing or afterwards. It won't harm your clothing.

Mum is soothing to the skin. Prove this by shaving your underarms and using Mum at once.

Another reason you'll like Mum—it prevents every trace of ugly odor without preventing perspiration itself. Be safe every day—use Mum! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

## MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

**YOU NEED MUM FOR THIS, TOO.** Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy complete relief from this worry.

## Greta Garbo—Home Town Girl

*Continued from page 23*

gant stories. In fact she was a very, very ordinary girl like herself and she would not have been surprised in the least to learn that she too was keeping a thread and needle store somewhere! There was a little spleen here, that this Greta Gustafsson should be—but she really didn't believe a word of it! She knew Greta too well! Why, Greta used to come in from the barber shop and sit here on this counter and have coffee with her—just like any other "soap girl" friend would have done! As we were leaving, however, after she had prattled on in commonplaces that gave Greta a human reality that was impressive, the little thread and needle woman turned to me and asked confidentially, "If it were all really true what they said about this Greta Garbo. . ."

A little further down the street we found the tonsorial parlor where Greta Garbo, (Gustafsson), had once worked. Greta's former boss, Ekengren, had long since moved away, after having prospered and made a small fortune trading on his fame as the one-time employer of the great film star. It is said that all the youths—and later girls to receive the "Greta Garbo bob," that he had invented—flocked there from miles around.

We learned all these things and many intimate tid-bits about Greta from Greta's former side-partner "soap girl," Märtha Thörnland, who still works in the same old barber shop, only she has been graduated from the apprentice job of "soap girl" to the position of a full-fledged barber. I had to wait until my turn came before I could occupy her chair. Thereafter I became her confidant. Märtha said that she thought she was a little older than Greta; she was now turned thirty and had become very stout. She laughed about this as she did about everything, except Greta. She said that Greta had been a good business-getter. Students and soldiers for some reason liked to be soaped by her and many of them had no good reason to be shaved at all and others were shaved too often! And there was always a young man waiting to take Greta home after her work.

She explained just what Greta's job as soap girl had been, adding that Greta would probably have made a first-class barber and she was sure would have owned a shop of her own by now; shaking her head, as though it was too bad she had ever given it up for the movie business. She called over one of the soap girls to illustrate, telling me to pretend that this one was little Greta Gustafsson, for I was sitting in Greta's chair. The shop was divided into two groups of chairs; the favored group for those needing a shave. It was the soap girl's job to lather the customer and rub it in and "prepare" the subject for the razor. It is a pleasant experience for all concerned, and I am sure a man would choose a shop where he could be lathered by a soap girl. I lay back with closed eyes and fancied I was being soaped by Greta Garbo!

They used to have a great deal of fun together, she and Greta—continued Märtha—and certain customers would be grouchy and others would jolly them. But Greta had somehow always kept her dignity and never allowed men to get fresh with her. There was something about her that none of them could ever understand. And if I ever saw Greta, would I give her her kindest regards and tell her she thought of her and the old days often. Oh, so often! I could tell by the way she said it that she knew that Greta Gustafsson no longer lived.

Greta's home was just around the corner. Fancying the pretty little Gustafsson girl



*A star comedian and his actress wife, whom you see in short comedies billed as Ernest Truex and Mary Jane Barrett.*

walking over with us from her barber shop, we all went over together. Her home we found to be a three-roomed apartment on the third floor of a tenement house on a gloomy street. We paused in the backyard hung with new-washed clothes, where some children were playing—as Lila Keta Gustafsson, (as the neighbors called her, an affectionate term for "Little Greta"), while their mothers did the washing in the community wash house adjoining.

An old woman came to the door of Greta's former apartment. She had us sit in the tiny parlor-dining-room while she half tearfully told us how she had always loved Lila Keta. Why, hadn't she rocked her on her knee as a baby? Greta used to play with her grandchildren. And what do you suppose they played? Theatre! And now—they tell her, (she shook her head in disbelief), that Lila Keta is this great lady of the theatre. Look! She has all these pictures cut from the Swedish papers of Greta Garbo. But those are not Lila Keta Gustafsson, whom they all still love and talk about. . .

Then one night, I sat with two men at a table high up on the terrace of the restaurant Mosebacker. Below and adjoining was the Mosebacker Theatre. One of these men was the owner, Herr Meurling, and he told me how he had first seen Greta, when she had asked him if she might go backstage to the great actor Carl Brisson and get his autograph. The next time he had seen her, she was with her director, Mauritz Stiller, and Louis B. Mayer, the American film magnate, in room No. 5 of his famous Rosenbad Restaurant signing a contract that would take her to far-off Hollywood. And again, when she had come back to Sweden, she had come here to the Mosebacker and sat at this table, where we now sat, and he had talked with her. But she was not that young Swedish girl who had gone away. This was quite another woman. No, no, Greta Gustafsson and Greta Garbo are not the same! . . .

It remained for my friend, Ollars-Erik Landberg, whom I had met in the Land of the Midnight Sun, to interpret both Lila Keta Gustafsson and Greta Garbo in terms of the Swedish tradition. "When Greta was eighteen, she was beautiful! I don't mean the way she is beautiful now; then



she was youth, laughing, filled with fun. And she had what you call 'sex appeal.' Every man when he did see Greta— But she was a good girl and work hard; nobody will see that she is anything more than a nice girl. Then one night, when the Dramatic School is giving a trial performance, this man-Mauritz Stiller came looking for 'material' for the films. He alone knew what Greta would become. Before, she was simple, but never ordinary. She could stand beside the King, (as she has done since), and never be 'out of the picture.' And then Stiller discovered her!"

What Landberg meant to say; what they all say is, that when Mauritz Stiller came into the life of Greta Gustafsson, she changed. Overnight, Lila Keta Gustafsson became the Great Garbo in essence. A mysterious sadness came into both their lives, that pursued him to that last moment when he is said to have come back to Sweden without his Greta, but with a broken heart, and shortly after died. That he loved her, none could swear, though no one doubted it. He was *Svengali* in certain aspects of his jealous guardianship of her art and power over her genius and she, like another *Trilby*, flowered under his direction. Because she was so ravishingly beautiful then and he so ugly, they called them "Beauty and the Beast."

When Stiller saw the first American picture made with Greta Garbo—only partially under his guiding hand—he tore his hair and demanded that it be destroyed. This was not Lila Keta, nor was it his Greta. That lovely, living creature had been turned to marble. That sphinx-like expression so familiar to us today had come into her face and eyes.

Hollywood went crazy over the picture, however, and turned their backs on Stiller. America acclaimed her, and Greta Garbo that we know today was born.

Somewhere between Lila Keta Gustafsson and Greta Garbo lies the lost soul of the famous movie star. She is not happy in America, and she cries when she comes back to Sweden. She has become a woman without a country; as much a myth as Greta Garbo in Sweden, as Greta Gustafsson is in America. Meanwhile the prying world misses no opportunity of peering into her life trying in vain to find that person which she too is looking for.

## At Home—To You!

*Continued from page 25*

time it was famous as the portable dressing-room which Joan Crawford gave to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. When Fairbanks went to Europe, everybody forgot about the dressing-room. It was left behind on the Warner Brothers lot. Muni saw it, bought it, brought it home like a stray dog, and has loved it ever since. It's here that he rehearses his lines aloud.

Just across the road from Muni, live Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton. When these two first moved out of the heart of Hollywood to their ranch here in San Fernando, they made the public statement that they lived seven miles from the nearest movie actor. Now, however, they borrow salt from Muni and Muni borrows sugar from them. In the center of forty acres of walnut grove, Ann and Leslie have built an Andalusian farm house modeled after the architecture that they saw in Spain when on their honeymoon tour of the world. The house has low roof lines, wide verandas, and only three rooms—a combination living-room and dinette, one bedroom and bath, a tiny kitchen. Originally, it was planned as an eleven-room affair. But when Ann saw those three finished rooms, she urged



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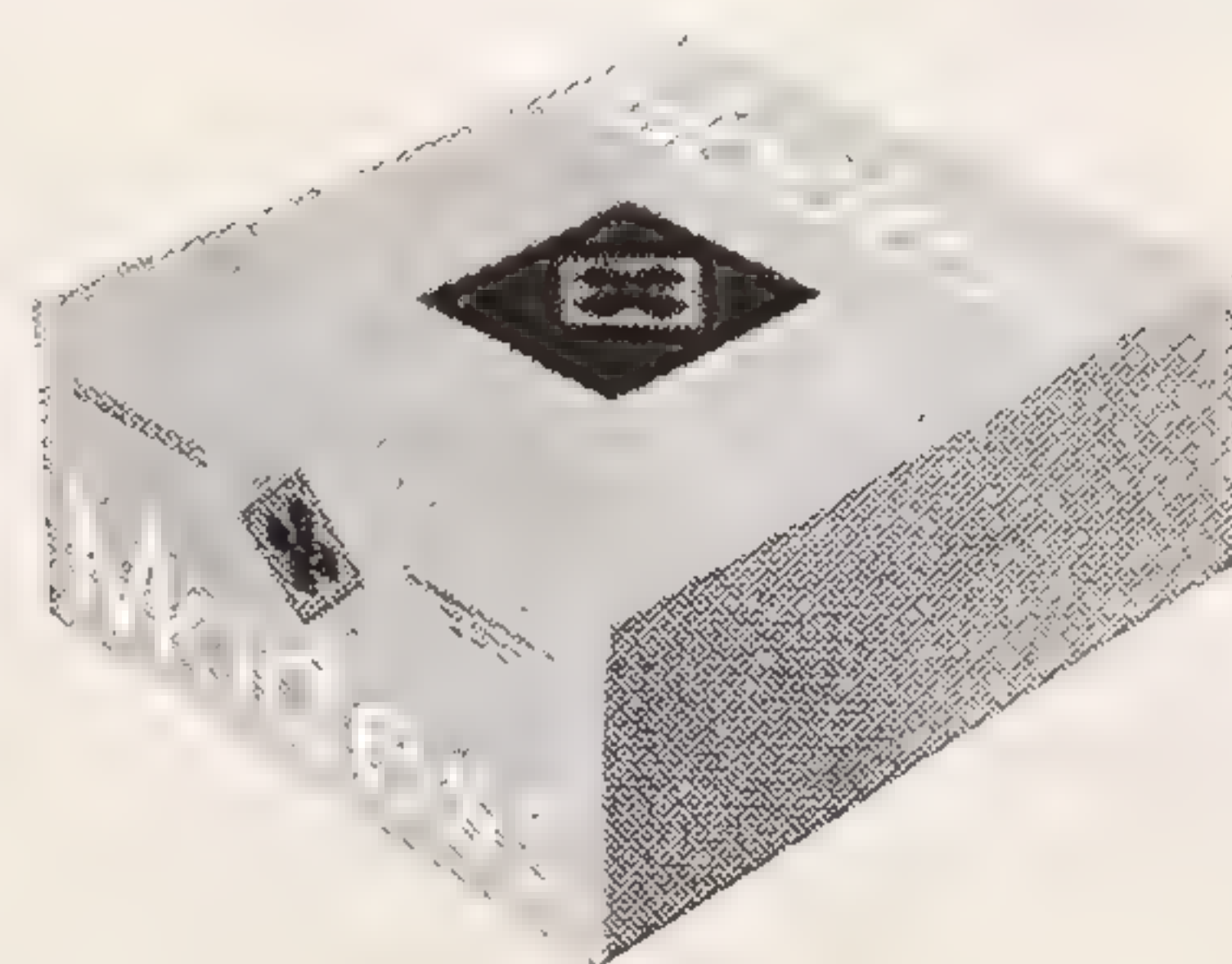
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Irene Dunne and Ginger Rogers enact a scene for the screen presentation of the Broadway musical comedy success, "Roberta."

Leslie to stop building then and there. And he did.

"It's too small to invite any house guests," she explains with a Mona Lisa smile. The truth is that she's seriously studying bacteriology and the place is littered with vials and test-tubes.

Warren William has a country home that's actually in the country. The attic is the interesting feature. Mr. William, with his leaning toward things nautical, has converted the attic into a ship's chart room which can be reached only by a secret stairway located above his bed. That is, it was a secret up to a moment ago. But now you know.

Joan Blondell and her husband, George Barnes, live in a Cape Cod Colonial cottage perched on the tallest of the Hollywood hills. The house is often used in magazines as an illustration of perfect architecture.

It's beautiful. It's cheerful. It's furnished in early American. Of course, Joan will confess to you that occasionally the immense fireplace smokes. But there's a recompense in the huge picture window which overlooks all of Hollywood. The window has a purpose in being. It is here that Joan has set up powerful binoculars through which she can see everything that goes on in the film capital. So when you come to Hollywood, remember no peas on your knife!

Carl Brisson was not at home when we called. But Mrs. Brisson, dressed in a Danish sailor suit, received us with a sailor's hornpipe. The reason for the demonstration was that this day was her birthday. She first brought out her gifts, then afternoon tea. The shadows grew long on the pleasant terrace before she finally showed us through the house. It has twelve master bedrooms and one master, one swimming pool and twelve fish.

The garden is their Eden. The rock plants are from Tibet. The black roses are from Germany. The jungle plants are from Malay. The yellow poppies are from California. But the chief pride and joy of the

Brissons lies in their orchard. Lemon, orange, grapefruit trees. Olive, fig, avocado, papaya and passion fruit.

Spray gun in hand, Carl wages war against the pests that invade their paradise. We suppose he sings as he works. We don't know—for certain.

In striking contrast to the Brisson menage is the inconspicuous frame cottage on the quiet street where Kay Francis lives. It sits well back from the curb, shy in the shadows of the tall apartments all about it. The little house is a fitting mate for the star's Ford that is spectacularly shabby. It's somewhat of a surprise to discover that your glamorous Kay has the simplest taste in all Hollywood.

A few years ago, she was mistress of an elaborate estate. She gave it up for the comfort of a cottage, so small that there's not room enough to keep the huge voluminous scrap-books which Kay has accumulated. So her mother, who lives nearby, has had to rent a big house in order to keep the books with her!

There are very few apartment houses in Hollywood. Those who live in them are known as cliff dwellers. George Raft is one; Mae West another. They look out on the same street. In fact, they can wave at each other out of the window.

George occupies a duplex penthouse. You must pass muster with the clerk, a bell hop, and the elevator operator. After several hours inspection, you finally reach Beatrice, his house-keeper. She also asks seven questions. From Beatrice, you graduate to Mack Gray, who was formerly Raft's trainer, and now lives with him and takes care of him. But Beatrice does all the cooking and half the scolding—which is as it should be.

Mae West was on the set when we called around. So the famous Libby who plays her maid in real life as well as on the screen with Miss West, showed us a dream in ivory and gold. The living-room is ivory and gold. The breakfast-room is ivory and gold. There's an ivory and gold bedroom—and ssshhh—a mirror over and behind the



ivory and gold bed to match Miss West's ivory and gold beauty. We had marched in. We left on tip-toe.

Close to a mountain and not far from the ocean is a little house which Aline MacMahon rents from a friend. The arrangement may seem peculiar to you. It's idyllic to Aline. Under her contract, she works in pictures and in Hollywood for three months at a time. She spends the subsequent three months in New York with her architect husband, Clarence Stein. So she rents the house accordingly. The friend moves out as Aline moves in and moves in as Aline moves out. You're smiling, are you? Well, you're in Hollywood now and it's a fantastic childlike fairyland.

Harold Lloyd, for instance, has a swimming pool with a subway. You can go down and look up through the glass at the swimmers above you. Cecil B. DeMille has two houses on a street of his own that bears his name. Frances Marion floodlights her garden at night. The "spots" are so cleverly hidden away in the trees that you think you're out strolling in the moonlight. From his ranch house, Harry Carey has a clear vista of five miles of winding road. He can sit on his verandah and recognize his callers half an hour before they arrive.

Some day, I hope you'll come to Hollywood and see the place for yourself. But take a tip. If you're driving your own car, all you need is a map to get you there. But if you're going by taxi, borrow Willie's roller skates to bring you back.

## New Slant on Shirley

*Continued from page 19*

mention supervising the fan mail that pours into the Fox studio at the rate of 4,000 letters a week. On top of that he takes time off to be interviewed, and makes it a point to be a friend and companion of his lovable youngster.

Some job? I'll say! And for anyone who didn't possess Mr. Temple's gracious humor, it would be more than a job; it would be an ordeal, except for those delightful moments with the inimitable Shirley.

"After Shirley's first popularity, the procession of life insurance agents began," said Mr. Temple. "Just for fun one day, I kept their cards. Between sun-up and sun-down 17 different men extolled the virtues of life insurance. It's petered out a little now," laughed Mr. Temple. "Only four or five a day come in."

Real estate salesmen were next in volume. They ranged from subdivision promoters to depression millionaires who would sacrifice their Bel-Air mansion for a paltry \$50,000.

"Even my own bank picked on me!" exclaimed Mr. Temple. "The trust department tried to sell me one of the Hollywood show places—with about 10 bedrooms, 6 garages, and at least a dozen baths. It was too much for me. I'm not going in for that kind of thing."

So he quickly disposed of the real estate question by taking a comfortable but modest home in Santa Monica—room enough for Mr. and Mrs. Temple, Shirley's two brothers, Shirley's nurse, and two rooms for Shirley, a bed-room and play-room in which she can arrange and rearrange her blocks and numerous dolls to her heart's content.

The yard, that's what Mr. Temple calls it, is spacious but not extensive. There is an enclosed patio in which Shirley can play away from curious eyes, and a fenced-in

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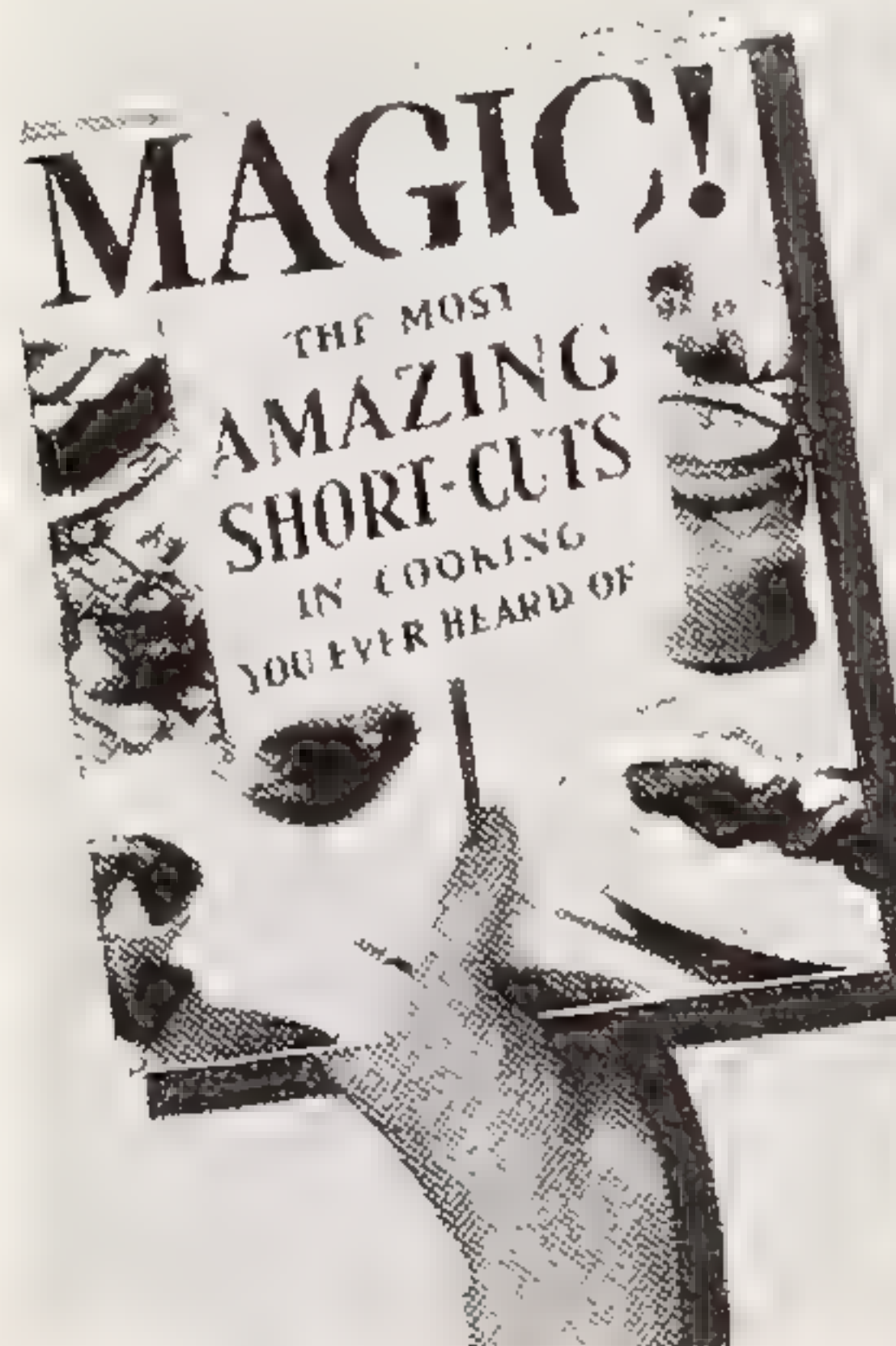


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sunny backyard, where Shirley has her little playhouse. All in all, such a home befits the manager of a bank rather than an ostentatious movie star.

In the same quick fashion Mr. Temple disposed of the automobile salesman. He was offered Rolls Royces galore, and "settled" for a medium-priced car. It gets the family places, but is hard to get by studio gatemen who can't believe that the screen's new sensation, Shirley Temple, rides in that kind of an automobile.

Stock peddlers should have known better than to tackle a conservative banker like Mr. Temple. Nevertheless, he was offered interests in gushers from Venezuela to Wyoming, and in gold mines throughout California.

"I fell for only one thing," explained Mr. Temple. "I just couldn't resist it. I picked up some stock in the bank at a bargain. But I knew what it was worth—a lot more than I paid for it."

Otherwise Shirley's money goes into savings accounts and bonds.

On one group Mr. Temple wastes no time—the gentry who solicit endorsements. He turns them over immediately to Lloyd Wright, Fox Film's Los Angeles lawyer, who passes on their merits and usually declines with thanks.

With the same alacrity Mr. Temple turns down all pleas for assistance—even the one from the lady who practically demanded \$1,000 to pay off the mortgage on the farm. "After all," explains Mr. Temple, "it isn't my money; it's Shirley's; and even though I might in some instances wish to help, I have to conserve Shirley's earnings for her."

With it all, Mr. Temple has found himself almost as famous as his much photographed daughter.

"Many people come in the bank to look me over and see if there is any resemblance," laughed Mr. Temple. "Most of them leave disappointed. But there's some compensation. Like the middle-aged lady from the Middle West. I must have passed inspection, for she opened up a nice account."

As a matter of fact, the lady from the Middle West isn't the only one who's been drawn to Mr. Temple's bank through the popularity of Shirley. James Dunn, who stars with her in "Bright Eyes," and Director David Butler have started accounts there. So have many motion picture exhibitors who drop in while in town to meet the father of the little girl who swells their box-office receipts to the breaking point.

But Mr. Temple's troubles don't end with the business day. They pursue him to the quiet of Santa Monica. Standing in front of his home one night, he observed an out of town car drive up and the occupants peer out.

"Anything I can do for you?" called Mr. Temple.

"No," came the response, "we just wanted to see what Shirley's father looked like!"

Some aren't so easily satisfied. As the Temples sat at dinner one evening, the front door bell rang. Even before the door could be closed, a man brushed in. Seven tourists tramped after him to the dining room.

"We're from Pennsylvania," explained the intruders apologetically, "and we just had to see Shirley before we went back home."

As yet all this curiosity hasn't affected Shirley in any way, insists Mr. Temple. "Of course, Mrs. Temple handles the job remarkably well," explained Mr. Temple. "On a few occasions Shirley has asked why everyone stares at her. Then her mother quite naturally explains that everyone is interested in little children who look nice and eat their spinach and like to see them just like they do little puppies and kittens.

It satisfies Shirley and also solves the spinach problem.

"Mrs. Temple also supervises her choice of play-mates. There's no mention of pictures during play-time. One youngster in asking to play with Shirley said proudly that she was a cousin of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayers. Needless to say, she didn't come back.

"Shirley herself knows how to pick her play-mates," continued Mr. Temple. "One day she told her mother she didn't think she should play with Janice any more. When her mother asked why, Shirley replied, 'Because she told me to shut-up.'"

Just because Shirley knows her Emily Post, don't imagine she's too prim. She's as thoroughly natural and genuine in her tastes as the little girl around the corner from your house.

As a special treat she was allowed to stay up and attend the preview of "Bright Eyes." She sat mildly interested through her picture, and at the end was promptly picked up and carried out the back way to avoid the crush of the crowds.

But Mr. Temple didn't begin his exit soon enough. Over his shoulder Shirley caught a fleeting glimpse of the next subject, and broke into heart-rending sobs.

"It's Mickey Mouse," she cried. "I want to stay and see Mickey Mouse!"

On the next week-end Mr. Temple decided to make up for his daughter's disappointment. Ordinarily he reads a funny paper to her every Sunday. But this week he brought home *all* the funny papers—36 pages in all.

"But I tricked her," chuckled Mr. Temple. "I started on Saturday afternoon, so I could finish by Sunday night."

And do you know what Shirley's favorite comics are—well, you'd think she was the third boy in the family, for her favorites are the "Katzenjammer Kids," and "Pop-eye, the Sailor."

No wonder she eats her spinach!



*He likes to take curtain calls!  
Above, Dickie Walters, screen actor who is now bidding for place among the outstanding child stars in films.*



## ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

*All-a-Flutter.* I don't blame you, for haven't we all gone quite mad about Robert Donat (pronounced Doan-at.) You remember he was *Thomas Culpepper* in "Henry the Eighth" and the feminine hearts began to cut-capers after that film was shown; and then to top all this, along comes Robert with his wonderful rôle of *Edmond Dantes* in "The Count of Monte Cristo." Before he had an opportunity to know the result of his fine work he dashed off to England. He was offered the male lead in "Smilin' Thru" with Norma Shearer but refused it, feeling he needed more screen experience, and now he is quite ready for any good rôle. Robert was born in Manchester, England, on March 18, 1905, and made his stage début at the age of seven. He is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. Yes—he's married.

*Dorothy M.* Russell Hardie was Jean Parker's sweetheart in "Operator Thirteen" with Marion Davies and Gary Cooper. Gary was born on May 7, 1901, in Helena, Montana. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 180 pounds, and has blue eyes and brown hair. He was married on December 15, 1933, to Veronica Balfe, known on the screen as Sandra Shaw. Helen Hayes was born in Washington, D. C., on October 10, 1900. She is 5 feet tall, weighs 90 pounds, and has brown hair and blue eyes. Her husband is Charles MacArthur, playwright and producer. They were married on August 17, 1928, and have a four-year-old daughter, Mary.

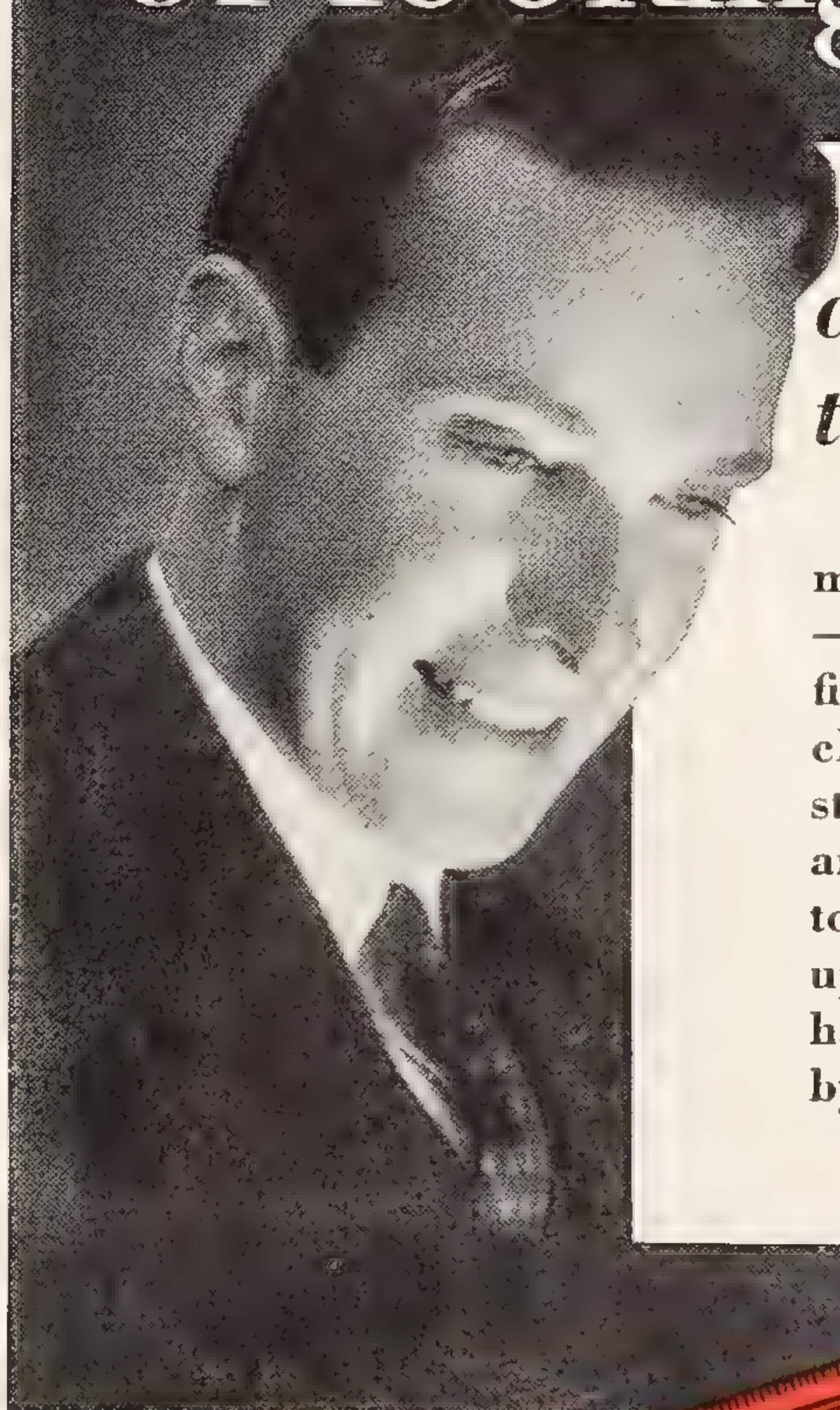
*M. W.* The nimble-footed Fred Astaire was born on May 10, 1899, in Omaha, Nebraska. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 160 pounds, and has black hair and brown eyes. He was married in July 1933 to Mrs. Phyllis Baker Livingston Potter, of the social register. Fred's latest release is "The Gay Divorcée" with Ginger Rogers.

*Khum Sathit W. of Siam.* How can you get the Bathing Cinema Girls? If you don't look out, they'll get you. If you'll write to the various studios, Paramount, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Columbia, RKO-Radio, Universal or Fox and make your request they may favor you with a bunch of beautiful girls—pictures of course. Loretta Young was born on January 6, 1912. She has not married since her divorce from Grant Withers. Marian Marsh, whose real name is Violet Krauth, was born on October 17, 1913. Mary Carlisle was born on February 3, 1912. Mary and Marian are still single.

*Miss Thelma G. L.* In that spooky picture, "Frankenstein," Colin Clive created the rôle of the mad surgical genius, Frankenstein; Boris Karloff was *The Monster*; Mae Clarke, *Elizabeth*; John Boles, *Victor*; Edward Van Sloan, *Dr. Waldman*, and *The Dwarf* was Dwight Frye.

*Dorothy D.* Eric Linden was in Europe for some time, and since his return has not made any picture contracts as he was playing in "Ladies' Money," a recent Broadway stage play. Otto Kruger can be reached at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios; Chick Chandler at RKO-Radio studios. Prominent male players with Douglas Montgomery in "Little Man, What Now?" were Alan Mobery, Earle Foxe, George Meeker, Donald Haines and G. P. Huntley Jr.

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## Medals and Birds

*Continued from page 53*

the Campfire girls, because she brings sweetness and light to the hearts of millions, thereby proving that virtue and innocence will keep a star on top of the pile for years without end—apparently.

Fredric March gets a medal because he is not only intelligent and versatile, as well as being a good actor, but because he has more business acumen than any other actor I know.

Gary Cooper gets a medal because he has not only shown a steady improvement in his work but because when he talks he really says something and because he is one of the few actors who knows how to keep his mouth shut.

All of a sudden my hay fever comes on and the way my head jerks when I sneeze puts me in mind of the *Queen of Hearts* who goes around yelling, "Off with his head!" Step this way, ladies and gents, to the executioner's chamber.

One bird to Hepburn for making herself more ridiculous than almost anyone I know. She goes to public places where she knows there will be photographers and then pretends she doesn't want her picture taken and either runs or hides her face.

Well! That's over. An ice-pack on my fevered brow and I'm off to the garden in quest of more posies.

The nasturtiums for Myrna Loy because to me she is the most exotic and colorful actress on the screen and because, from all accounts, she hasn't changed from the days when she was making the rounds of Hollywood unnoticed and unsung.

A blob of color—ah, yes! The bed of giant yellow chrysanthemums for Jean Harlow because she, too, is unchanged and because she has developed from a sexy clothes horse into a first rate comedienne.

Another medal—to Ronald Colman because he is the only star I know who has such a hold on the public fancy he can stay away from the screen for a year or two, return, make a picture and be as firmly entrenched in popular favor as when he left. What is this strange power you have over people, Ronnie?

A medal to Chester Morris because although he isn't the spectacular figure he was when the talkies first came in, he is slowly but surely fighting his way back to his former prominence after a long siege of mismanagement and bad stories.

The bed of shamrocks to Maureen O'Sullivan because, in my opinion, she gave the outstanding performance in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and because she is constantly improving as an actress.

Step this way, Mr. Fred Astaire, and be decorated for your dancing and because, while dancers are not supposed to do anything but dance, you also proved yourself a most agreeable light comedian.

A medal for John Beal because he gave a convincing performance in "Hat, Coat and Glove," because he is one of the finest of the young actors and because he is playing the title rôle in "The Little Minister."

The moonflowers to Alice Faye because she used to sing in night clubs, because from that humble beginning and in the face of reams of unpleasant publicity attending her induction into pictures she has still managed to keep going and improving.

The daisies go to Marion Davies because she is one of the best sports in Hollywood, because her charities are legion, and because no one ever hears of them except in rare instances where she has to give a public benefit performance to raise additional funds for the children's clinic she has endowed.

A medal to Clark Gable because he still hasn't changed since I first met him four years ago and he was a pretty swell fellow then.

A medal to Joe E. Brown and also one to Eddie Cantor because they play more benefits than anyone in pictures and because I have never heard of either of them refusing to lend their names and support to any sort of charity.



*Hardie Albright and Suzanne Kaaren, (and don't miss the terrier with them), in a scene for "Women Must Dress."*

A medal to James Cagney because he is the most intelligent man in pictures and never jumps to conclusions. He investigates everything before he expresses an opinion on a subject.

And another medal to Lyle Talbot because, despite all the kidding he's taken about his numerous girls, he still has the courage to go on making dates right and left, having laughs and fun until he finds whatever it is he's looking for in these maidens he's rushing hither and yon.

Gosh! I feel another attack of hay fever coming on. Quick, Watson, the needle and open the door of the ice-box. It must be the dander on those cold-storage birds. Let's get rid of them.

There! We can once more proceed with the distribution of diplomas.

A medal to Ramon Novarro for holding his fan following longer than any other star and because it seems to be an unwritten truth, "Once a Novarro fan, always a Novarro fan."

A medal apiece to Herbert Marshall and Leslie Howard because they are two of the few foreigners who have really clicked and because, while they never seem to *feel* their characterizations, they give well nigh technically perfect performances and keep you interested in their craftsmanship.

W. C. Fields and Jack Oakie are being



decorated because they are my favorite comics, because they can play dramatic scenes convincingly, and because although there isn't a great deal of variety in their performances, one never tires of watching them.

Helen Hayes gets the bed of gladiolas because she knows more about acting than any other woman in pictures, because there is never any pose with her about "getting into the proper mood" and because she is as witty and unassuming as she is talented.

Spencer Tracy and Paul Muni are being decorated because they are in my mind, without doubt or hesitation, the best actors on the screen and because they don't make nearly enough pictures.

William Powell gets a *croix de guerre* because after being deader at the box-office than Hector's pup, he re-established himself as a prime favorite and because, after years of playing dry, uninteresting detectives and lawyers, he gave such a grand comedy performance in "The Thin Man."

Charles Laughton deserves a medal because he is one of my two favorite character actors, but I'll tell you one thing, Buster: If you don't stop this constant whining and complaining you're going to get a bird next year.

Greta Garbo and Miriam Hopkins get the bed of camelias, and John Boles, Otto Kruger, and Wallace Beery a medal apiece because all five of them are terrific box-office draws—and I can't understand why? I do love puzzles!

Dick Powell rates a medal because he has pushed himself up into the position of one of the four biggest male names in the business and because he is constant in his friendships and unfailing good humor.

Anna Sten and Loretta Young get the bed of night-blooming jasmine because they are two of the most beautiful women who have ever flashed across a silver sheet and because Loretta's sister, Sally Blane, is even more beautiful and witty.

George Raft deserves a medal because he is still a star without ever having contributed an outstanding performance since "Scarface," because he still does a variation of his "snake hips" in almost every picture, because the public has apparently not tired of it and because without the assurance of a tremendous following he still seems to run things his own way at the studio.

Barbara Stanwyck gets the bed of anemones because she, like Mr. Crosby, does exactly as she pleases and doesn't bother her pretty head over whether people like her actions or not. She lives her own life the way she wants to live it.

Gail Patrick gets the Sweet Williams because she is one of the most intelligent girls in the business, because she is also fun, because she is such a striking looking girl and, lastly, because if she ever gets a decent part she will show people.

Lastly, but not leastly, what flowers are left go to Sylvia Sydney because she is still a swell gal, to Mae West because she knows what the public wants and finds a way to give it to them, and to Joan Bennett because with every excuse in the world for going high-hat, she hasn't and because she is still one of the best housekeepers and most charming hostesses I know.

I thought that would be all but 'way over yonder in the corner, all untouched, is the bed of marigolds. It goes unhesitatingly to Dixie Lee because, although she has only made one picture this past year, she *could* be one of the biggest stars in the business if she would take pictures seriously, because despite this opportunity she has turned down a number of parts just to be Mrs. Bing Crosby, because she is one of the most beautiful girls I have ever met and because she is the only person I know who is 100% loyal in her friendship. P. S. She is also darned good company.

# RED, CHAPPED HANDS?

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## Hands made smoother, softer, whiter—too, with famous medicated cream

**H**ERE'S A sure way to relieve badly chapped hands—a quick way to make red, rough, ugly-looking hands soft, smooth and white. Try it—if it doesn't greatly improve your hands overnight, it will cost you nothing!

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Noxzema is a snow-white, dainty, greaseless cream—not sticky, gummy or messy to use.



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Over 10,000,000 jars of Noxzema are used yearly to relieve skin irritations—not only chapped hands, but chapped lips, chafing, chilblains, etc. Thousands of women apply Noxzema as a powder base and at night to end Large Pores, Pimples, Blackheads, Oiliness and other ugly skin faults.

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Noxzema costs very little. Get a jar at any drug or department store. If your dealer can't supply you, send only 15c for a generous 25c trial jar to the Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 83, Baltimore, Md.



## On the Set with Maurice

Continued from page 29

### Beauty-wise women AT THE EDGEWATER BEACH WALK



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for your Powder"

... and 21% declared they'd pay at least a dollar for it. And even \$2 a box was suggested to our young Price Reporter who spent a whole starry summer evening interviewing guests at Chicago's famous Edgewater Beach Hotel. And while she asked only one question, "What would you pay for this powder?" she was showered with compliments for Armand:

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"Marvelous!"

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man. A second or two while the microphone gets under way, and nerves slowly tense. Then: "Speed!" calls the operator, high up on his boom, and the action begins.

Chevalier is now playing the rôle of *Charlier*, a popular music-hall performer at the Folies Bergère—a lively, impudent young man with an airy swagger, in tan trousers and a belted coat whose checked pattern is a shade on the flashy side. Yet it's not the difference in make-up or costume which has changed him into a wholly different being from the *Baron Cassini*. "It's the art," as *Charlier* points out, turning before the astonished gaze of the *Baron's* friends into *Cassini* again, poised, ironic, aloof. It's some inner change which the actor's skill has wrought.

The scene may or may not be played through. Any one of a dozen things may serve to interrupt it. Despite the strained silence, an alien noise may be picked up by the super-sensitive ears of the microphone. An actor may blow up in his lines. On the rare occasions when Chevalier himself blows up, he snaps his fingers, growls: "Damn it!" and looks miserable. Curly-haired Ann Sothern, playing *Charlier's* sweetheart, sinks back into his arms and puts her finger plaintively to her mouth. Once a butterfly, heedless of the fact that no call had been left for him, floated nonchalantly into an otherwise perfect scene. These things are taken as routine.

"Did I make you nervous?" an actor, who had been having considerable trouble with his memory, asked Chevalier.

Maurice hesitated. "A little bit," he acknowledged honestly, then hastened to add: "But we're all in the same boat. It's a tough scene."

Once it was Del Ruth himself who was the offender. After a series of abortive takes, they were finally getting what they wanted—the tempo was light, quick, easy—everyone had caught the swing of the action, and the scene was going big. Suddenly the director grimaced—frowned, grimaced again—his eyes turned wild and his face twisted into the most unbelievable contortions, but it wasn't any use—he burst into a violent sneeze.

A grin wreathed every face. Homer himself had nodded! "Sorry, Maurice," he apologized somewhat sheepishly to Chevalier, whose speech he had sneezed into.

"On the contrary," beamed Maurice with a deferential bow. "It was a pleasure!"

Even when there are no interruptions, each scene is repeated a number of times. And since Chevalier bears the brunt of most of them, the lion's share of the labor falls to him. Over and over and over again he plays it, and no matter how tired he may seem before going into action, at the word: "Speed!" he drops his fatigue like a cloak and attacks the scene with as much sparkle and zest as though he were fresh.

"O.K." The seal of approval is finally affixed, and tension slackens. A period of respite—for all in the scene but Chevalier.

"Bob," he calls to his stand-in. "Cigarette," and joins the French group to go over his lines with them.

Now they do it in French—rehearsals, takes, and more takes. It seems incredible that anyone should be able to repeat the same phrases so many dozens of times and still be able to wring from them every possible ounce of significance. And if you think, as I did, that he's finished now, you were never more mistaken. The close-ups are yet to come—in English and French. Which means the same procedure all over again, only more of it. For the technique

of the close-up demands repetitions of the scene, not in its entirety, but bit by bit, with the cameras moved in and the hot lights breathing closer. Small wonder, when the whole thing's finished and done, that Chevalier sighs: "Amen!" and goes in search of the peace and seclusion his nerves must be clamoring for.

But he recovers his energy with remarkable rapidity, and reappears presently in the baronial make-up, ready to exchange pleasantries with Ronald Colman and Loretta Young, who are working on the same lot in "Clive of India" and have come to pay a visit to the Folies Bergère set. Miss Young is a vision in the hoopskirts of the 18th century. Chevalier, modestly conscious of his own moustache, casts critical eyes upon Mr. Colman, complete in ruffles, knee breeches, and buckled slippers, but minus the customary hair on his upper lip. "You ought to have a straw hat," Chevalier says.

The next scene is called. It's a scene that requires delicate handling. *Charlier* is masquerading as the *Baron*. To his vis-à-vis, who believes him to be the *Baron*, he must be the *Baron*. To his audience, who know him for an imposter, he must be the *Baron* with a difference. And so shrewdly does Chevalier execute this *tour de force* that the end of the scene finds the crew of hardboiled technicians grinning from ear to ear, one of them with his hand clapped over his mouth to smother a laugh, and even the director—disciplinarian that he is—smiling in spite of himself. A movie actor can earn no sweeter applause.

Particularly interesting to watch are the love scenes as played by *Charlier* and the *Baron*. You find yourself thinking of them as two different men, and you've got to drag your mind back to the realization that they're played by the same man. Here's Chevalier as *Charlier*, making love to the *Mimi* of Ann Sothern. His technique is direct, and a trifle brusque. He doesn't go in much for the finer nuances. His kisses have more ardor than tenderness. He's a simple fellow with primitive emotions, and when he suspects that his sweetheart has done him wrong, he raises his good right arm and relieves his heart by a stinging blow to her jaw—and feels that he's done all that could be asked of a man and a lover. And *Mimi* adores him for it.



Charles Butterworth and Una Merkel provide the comedy relief for the new Evelyn Laye-Ramon Navarro film.



Another scene. The *Baron* is wooing his own wife, played by Merle Oberon. His smile is less radiant than *Charlier's* but infinitely more subtle. He subdues by finesse where *Charlier* conquers by force, and when he bends his head over the exquisite face of the *Baroness*, his low voice murmuring endearments, tenderness thinly veiling the passion in his eyes, I miss my guess if *Chevalier-Cassini* doesn't set the heart of the feminine world pounding all over again, doesn't capture it still more securely than did the sunny *antiquaire* who took us by storm in "Innocents of Paris."

And not that alone. It will mark him as well an actor of subtlety and finish, a brilliant interpreter of sophisticated comedy. This is the first picture I've seen him do which gives him a chance at a real characterization, a part he can get his teeth into—two parts, for good measure—the flamboyant music-hall star, the polished nobleman.

Those of us who have seen his work on the stage have long been dissatisfied with the fate which has tended to type him the gay, romantic lover and little beside—a delightful fellow who smiles pleasantly, makes love charmingly, sings an amiable song or two and sticks out his lower lip. That was all right to begin with. But to go on with endlessly? Knowing how much more he *could* do, we waited and prayed for the powers that be to let him do it. And at last they have.

He started in Paris as a red-nosed clown, and could have continued as a red-nosed clown indefinitely, for the audiences loved him. But he wanted to try something different. So one day he doffed his ludicrous disguise and sang a song straight, and the audiences loved him still better. I don't see how history can help repeating itself nor how present-day audiences, loving the warmth of *Chevalier*, the personality, can fail to love still better the added depth and variety of *Chevalier*, the actor.

## Hollywood's Own Fashion Revolt!

*Continued from page 33*

"Now what do I mean by that, you say? This: When I wish to conceive something unusual, yet not bizarre, I know she will perceive its rightness and fitness and never am I disappointed. As an instance, for Miss Colbert's rôle in 'The Gilded Lily' there are two costumes which are exquisite yet 'legitimate.' One is a beige tweed suit—Miss Colbert looks her loveliest in pastels—lined with sable. There is richness which is not obvious, not gauche. The other is a white evening gown featuring three tiers of tulle ruffles. This introduces the new silhouette which conveys ethereal rather than suggestive body lines.

"Now in the case of Miss Dietrich I find her classic beauty is so individual that smartness is best achieved through a bombardment of repetition. What I actually mean is that Miss Dietrich personally prefers either a large picture hat, or a medium-sized jaunty sports model crushed as to crown and fairly wide as to brim, coming down low over one eye. She wears these models so individually that it would be sheer folly not to capitalize on them; and so, by devising new fabrics and new adornments, the 'Marlene Dietrich' hats have become as famous as their wearer.

"The average woman, naturally, will not set a vogue by wearing a particular type of hat or a certain style of dress over and over again varied only as to detail, but which, for all that, makes her exceptionally attractive. Yet she *can* gain the admiration



"Old Golds respect my throat...and charm my taste, too" SAYS *Ginger Rogers*

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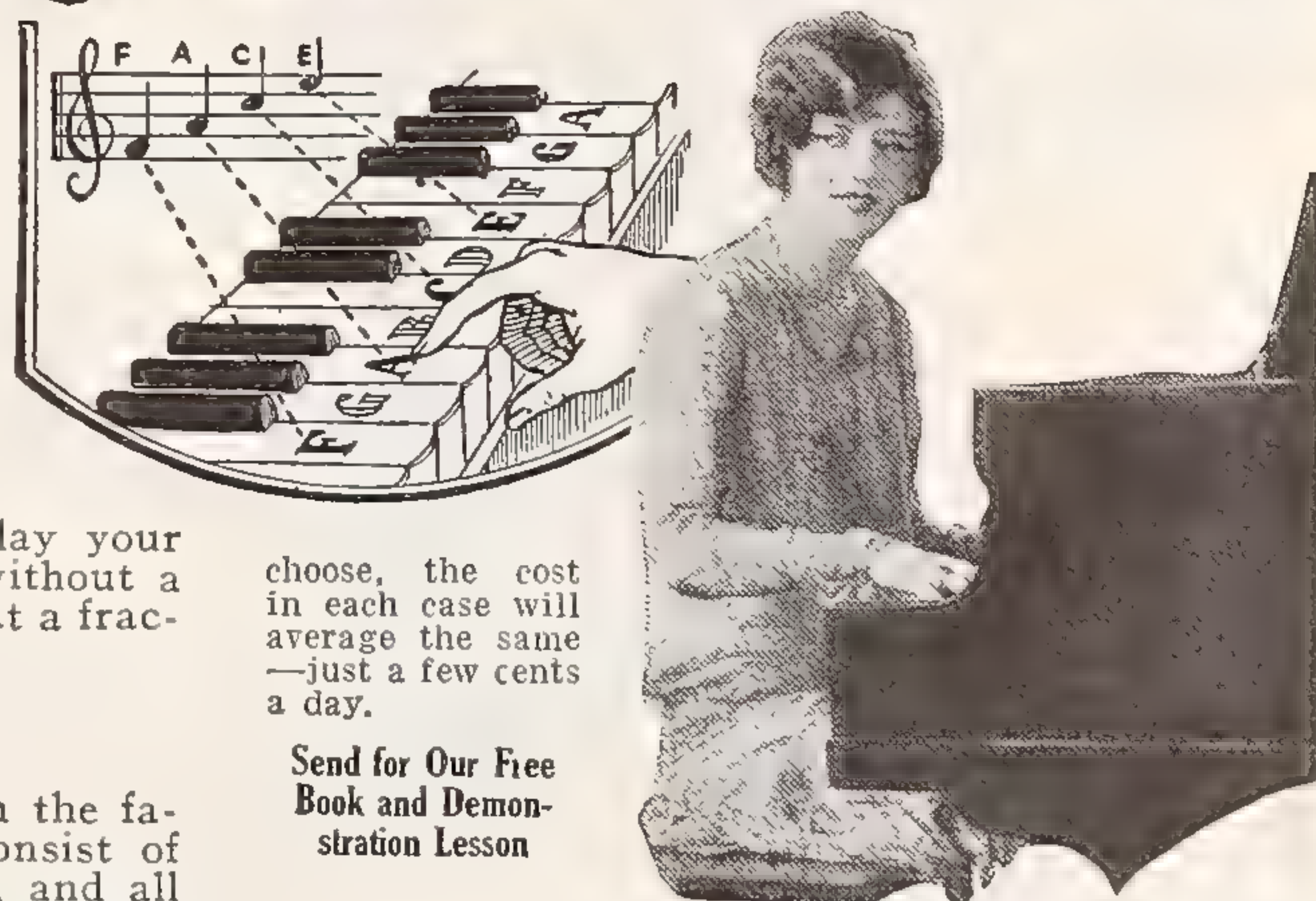
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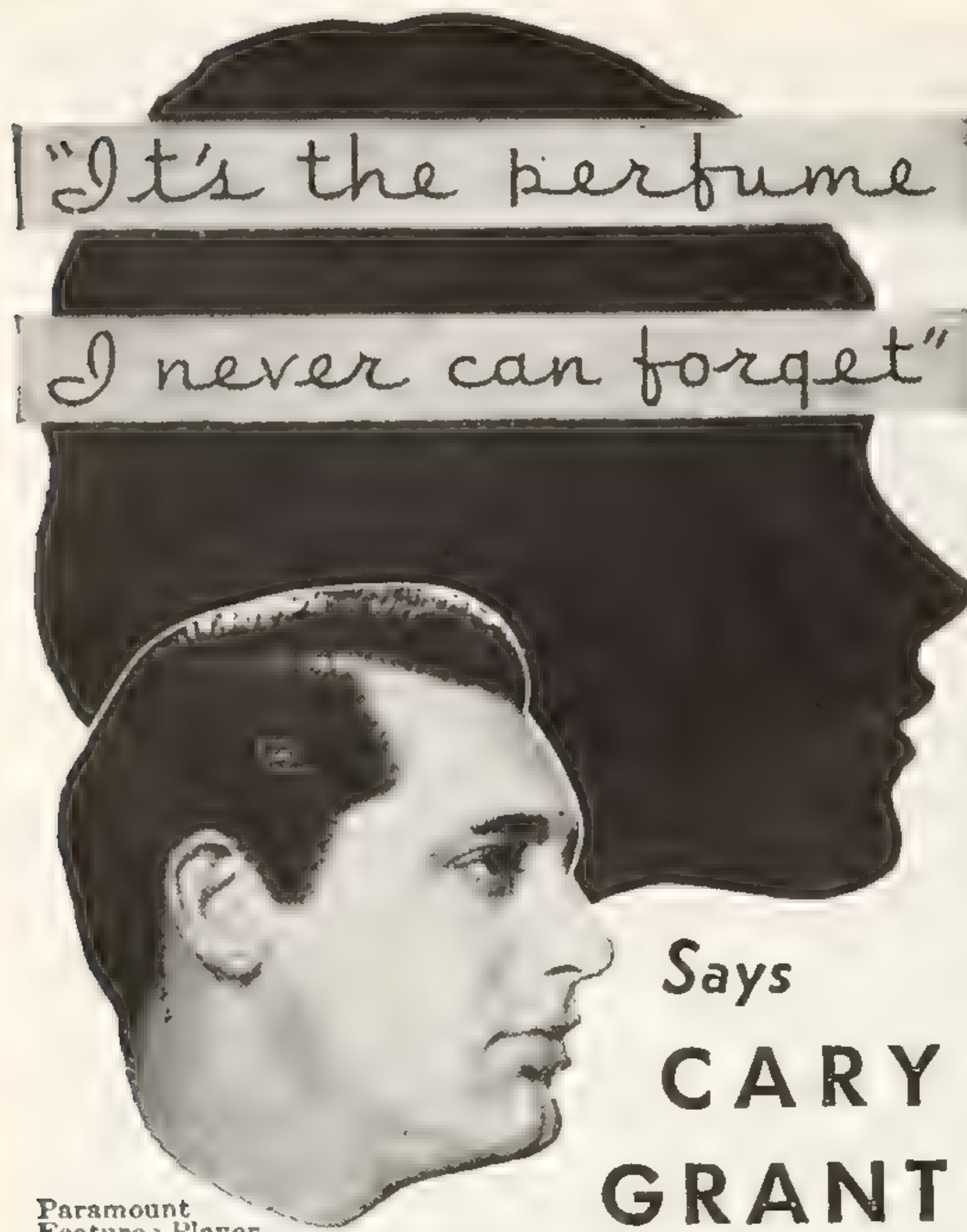
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and interest of her own circle of friends, and after all what more could any woman ask, who is not prominent and in the public eye? Curiously enough women are not content to capitalize on their looks to the exclusion of new styles and so automatically sacrifice whatever advantage they may gain over their 'competitor-friends.' Why, you ask? I do not know, except that they probably want to prove their adaptability to their own satisfaction. It is not alone foolish but costly.

"And so I ask the woman who looks particularly charming in a hat line or a dress silhouette or even a shoe last to order other hats, dresses, and shoes in the same style merely substituting material and adornment and see if she is not better satisfied. Many women to whom I have suggested this have been first surprised and then delighted. I hope still others will learn to be.

"Typical of striking simplicity is Miss Carole Lombard, who personifies the smartly-dressed, carefully groomed American to perfection. Miss Lombard is a surprise attack upon that old enemy of fashion, mediocrity. Whatever she wears immediately assumes importance and brilliance. With her one striking note rivets the attention and commands interest.

"Yet my real victory rests, not with my original creations, but with the great army of *chic* women who go to the theatre for ideas! The style battle is not won unless Paramount fashions become a measuring stick against which women everywhere gauge their own clothes. And it matters not whether they are copied from the film itself by the most exclusive modistes (and you would be surprised how often that is done), or fashioned in crisp, bright ginghams or crêpes by fans who choose to be guided by the stars themselves.

"And to those women I would now address myself and let them 'in' on what the

new style trend has in store for them.

"For your richer costumes make your selections from among such materials as taffeta lamés, metallic moirés, brocades, slipper satins; and, keeping restraint uppermost in mind, even tiers of soft feathers. But be certain to combine simplicity of line and saneness in fashioning them to your figure. Bangles and lace will follow the release of Marlene Dietrich's new film, 'Caprice Espagnole,' quite as coque feathers became so popular after Miss Dietrich's appearance some time back in 'Morocco.' Fichus, flattering to the woman with a boyish form, and lending added lure to the typically feminine, are certain to be popular. Fringe may be expected to enjoy a vogue.

"And just one caution, please. May I ask women to quit trying camouflage? Why *will* they worry about bad ankles and broad shoulders and wasp waists? It is so unimportant, really, all of it. Mobilize your very best points, forget your defects, and I do assure you that those who judge you soon will overlook and completely forget those shortcomings which very few are without. Try, anyway; it is such a help!

"Above all, perfect grooming, as best exemplified by Miss Lombard, is most important. All else is subordinate. Careful grooming is all the difference between a *chic* woman and a dud!

"Yes, the time has come at last for a truce between Hollywood and other fashion marts. Each has much to contribute and my lady of the masses is the one who will profit most.

"Women dress for women, but they dress for men, too, and just as many men have run from overdressed fashion plates as from little orphan Annes. So, when girding for the battle of life, the girl who dresses wisely but not *too* well makes certain that her Big Moment will not turn out to be her Waterloo!"

## First Wit of the Screen

Continued from page 63

of what must happen to anyone crossing his path unsolicited. Then you see a girl heading straight for him—straight for the jaws of doom, from your point of view. You hold your breath as you wait for the blast to strike. So what happens? So he smiles. The somber face breaks into a wide grin—a grin so cordial, so ingratiating that you stand and gape at the change it works in his face. When it disappears, you hang on to the memory of it. Remembering it, you doubt whether Lubitsch could ever frighten you again.

Now he goes into action. Quiet and mild-spoken though he is for the most part, you can't but be conscious of the dynamo working within him, that fires not only himself but everyone on the set. His darting eyes are all over at once. The errant strand of hair makes good its threat and flops across his forehead. His lips work away at the cigar, which may or may not be lighted. It doesn't seem to make much difference. Lighted, he puffs at it furiously. Unlighted, he chews at it just as furiously. Despite his inner excitement, his patience seems inexhaustible. Again and again he explains what it is he wants. Suddenly he explodes, and you tremble—yes, in spite of the remembered smile. But after you've watched him for a while, you begin to realize that these rare explosions are brought on only by some act of sheer stupidity on the part of a fellow-worker. Intent on bringing the scene before him into harmony with the vision behind his own eyes, he refuses—like all yearners after perfection—to let fools mar his labor.

Otherwise he seems the most reasonable of men.

He will jump into the part of any of his actors, male or female, on the slightest provocation. "No—not that way. Like this. Look!" And wide hips swaying, gruff voice fluting, big feet mincing, he will launch into an impersonation of a coy damsel which, ludicrous though it may be in form, remains exquisitely true in feeling.

"You know why I do it?" he inquired once, with that glint in his eye which looks like artless delight, but don't let it fool you. "Because when they watch me they say to themselves: 'Pooh! I can do it better.' And then"—he all but crowed at his own guile—"then they go out and do it better!"

Sooner or later he gets the effect he's after. He's bound to get it by the simple expedient of refusing to lay off until he does—which admirable habit of perseverance he carries with him into all his undertakings.

He has, for example, a cherished dog—Fritz, a Great Dane—heavier than his master and, when he rises to lay affectionate paws on the latter's shoulders, taller as well. Not long ago Lubitsch was having a house built on a site marked by an embankment twenty feet high.

"Right there," he said, gazing dreamily at the embankment, "is where I want my living-room."

"All right," agreed the architect. "We'll have to level it."

"You can't level it," Lubitsch pointed out firmly, "because Fritz needs it for his exercise. I want the living-room, and I





Claire Trevor and Spencer Tracy,  
who appear together in a new  
screen play.

want the embankment on the place, too."

He got them both—the living-room where he wanted it—the twenty-foot hill, dedicated to Fritz's gambolings, moved a little distance away.

Asked about the famous Lubitsch touches, without mention of which no review of a Lubitsch picture seems complete, he will laugh to scorn the notion that they're spontaneously conceived. They're the result, he will tell you, of long and painful hours "on ze desk."

"Sometimes I get an idea of my own," he explained. "Or I read a book or I see a play. If I have not enough, I go through the material in the studio to find more ideas. I select the story. I select the writer. Which means that I write with the writer together the script. It takes me about three months. Which means not so-called story conferences, but actual work from nine in the morning till five in the afternoon. I shoot exactly from the script. All those touches you talk about are there when we begin production. Naturally, if I get an idea on the set, I don't throw it away. But I do not rely on those ideas, because when I finish working on the desk, I count that my script is finished. Then comes production. Then comes the cutting. I cut my pictures with my cutter together. Then comes the preview, and we see what is wrong and fix it—if we can. Then comes the release. Then—" dawns the smile, which has in it at once something bashful and impish, like that of a half trusting, half derisive gnome—"then we read the reviews. Sometimes applause—sometimes not so much applause. Then you forget it and start all over again.

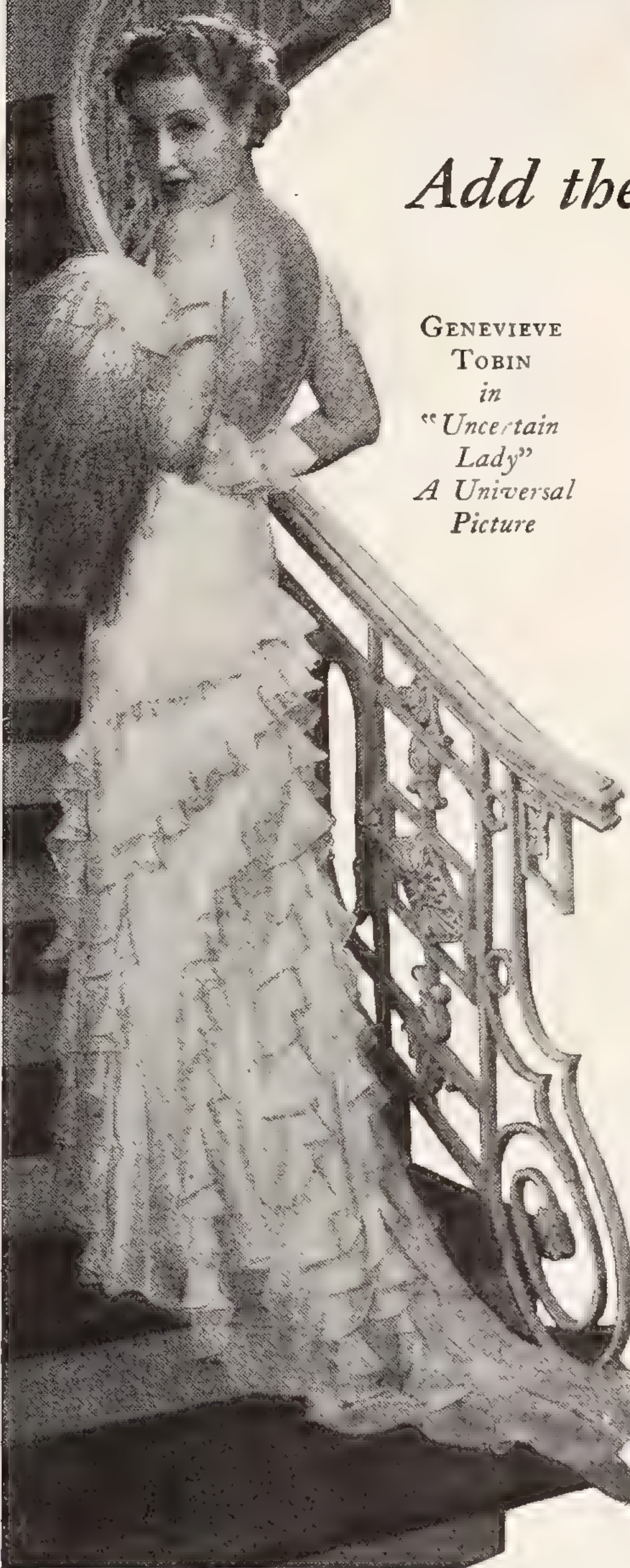
"Every picture is a gamble." He was all seriousness now. "I always start a picture because I believe in it. Maybe later I am wrong. It takes so much pain and so much hardship to make a picture that in the end you are not any more a fair judge. But this I know. There doesn't exist such a thing that you may say: Now I am making a successful picture. There isn't such a thing to say what people say foolishly sometimes—give the audience what the audience wants. You know what they wanted yesterday—not what they want tomorrow. If you give them what they wanted yesterday, then they don't want it any more.

"My favorite actors?" He threw me a reproachful glance. "You want to make trouble for me, what? But I don't let you. As soon as you are in the show business, you learn to be diplomatic. I am in the show business since 1911, and if I did not learn by this time to be diplomatic, I never will. I will tell you—" another of his characteristic chuckles, as he flung out his arm in a large gesture—"I love them all!"

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Picture



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Harriet Hubbard Ayer's  
Luxuria, for modern  
complexions

"SOMETHING old and something new. . ." No, we are not talking weddings this time, but the modern girl's predilection for tried and true beauty preparations, particularly when they are presented in new and fascinating forms.

At the moment we have Luxuria, that marvelous stand-by for all complexions, made by Harriet Hubbard Ayer, very much in mind. It is a grand cream, as you all know, cleansing pleasantly and smoothly with a softening effect on the skin. It has the pleasantest odor in the world, too, a rich, haunting fragrance everyone likes very much.

Now it can be had in about the nicest kit that has ever been presented. It is called the "Week-end Kit" and is perfect for week-ending. Make a note of this for the coming season and never tell us that we aren't ahead of time with our helpful hints! But it is also excellent just for your own dressing-table. It is that compact and convenient! It contains Luxuria in a generous jar; a smaller jar of Skin and Tissue Cream, that softening, line-removing unguent; and a jar of powder. Yes, we said jar! Then there is a long, slim bottle of Eau de Beauté, a refreshing, sweet-smelling tonic for closing pores and general freshening up.

Usually, as you know, Femi-nifties is circumspect as to mentioning price. But this kit is such an unbelievable value that we break down and confess to you that it may be had for a dollar.

"Tell me," she wrote, "what is wrong with my hair. I shampoo it frequently and use lots of brilliantine. I know that it is healthy. Yet it continually appears unkempt and stringy."

You aren't brushing it properly, or enough, my dear. That is the trouble with nine-tenths of the unattractive hair you see. Proper brushing means life and sparkle to your hair. It makes for perfect grooming.

To help you brush easily and resultfully Pro-phy-lac-tic have made a new brush called "Stranzit." Evenly spaced, wave-

# Femi-nifties

New Ways to Beauty



"Stranzit," the new name  
for easy, resultful brushing.

Say "Gerardine" for a soft  
wave!

like bristles penetrate right to the scalp and polish up even the shortest hair. And they leave your wave softer, smoother, deeper than before. That is an achievement for any brush. You may use "Stranzit" and not only not disturb your wave but actually improve it. We know of no other brush quite like it.

Speaking of waves, if you are looking for a top-notch lotion, try "Gerardine" to set the curl.

They say it is so good it will train a natural wave in straight hair. We cannot vouch for that personally but we certainly have seen some transforming effects worked with it.

The best part about it is that Gerardine is light in consistency. It leaves your hair soft, and continued use of it certainly does seem to put a natural wave where no trace of one ever grew before.

Now along comes Valentine's day! Bourjois is doing its bit toward making this a successful year for Valentine giving. A new "Evening in Paris" package, just out, wins all hearts. It combines the glorious "Evening in Paris" powder with rouge, also smelling divinely of "Evening in Paris," and a bottle of this bewitching perfume itself. The whole is a perfume ensemble giving you a complete make-up.

The rouge can be used on the lips as well as the cheeks, while a whiff of the perfume on your ear lobes and in your hair will make you the life of any party. The ensemble comes for the price of the powder alone. There's economy for you!

We have vitamins in our foods so why not health-giving rays in the creams we use on our faces?

Barbara Gould has done just this. She has perfected a marvelous cream, treated with a special "light" process, and called it the Barbara Gould Irradiated Skin Food. It seems to have all the beautifying properties of sunlight without drying effects.

What will they think of next for us! Imagine spreading a certain specially treated sunshine over your skin at night while you sleep; then waking up rested, beautified and radiant next morning!

Speaking practically, the cream contains rich oils to smooth out lines. The presence of the ray is believed to stimulate sluggish tissues to new freshness. It refines the texture and helps blemishes.



Happy Valentine's Day!  
The new "Evening in  
Paris" make-up ensemble.



## Tagging the Talkies

Continued from page 8

Bright  
Eyes  
Fox



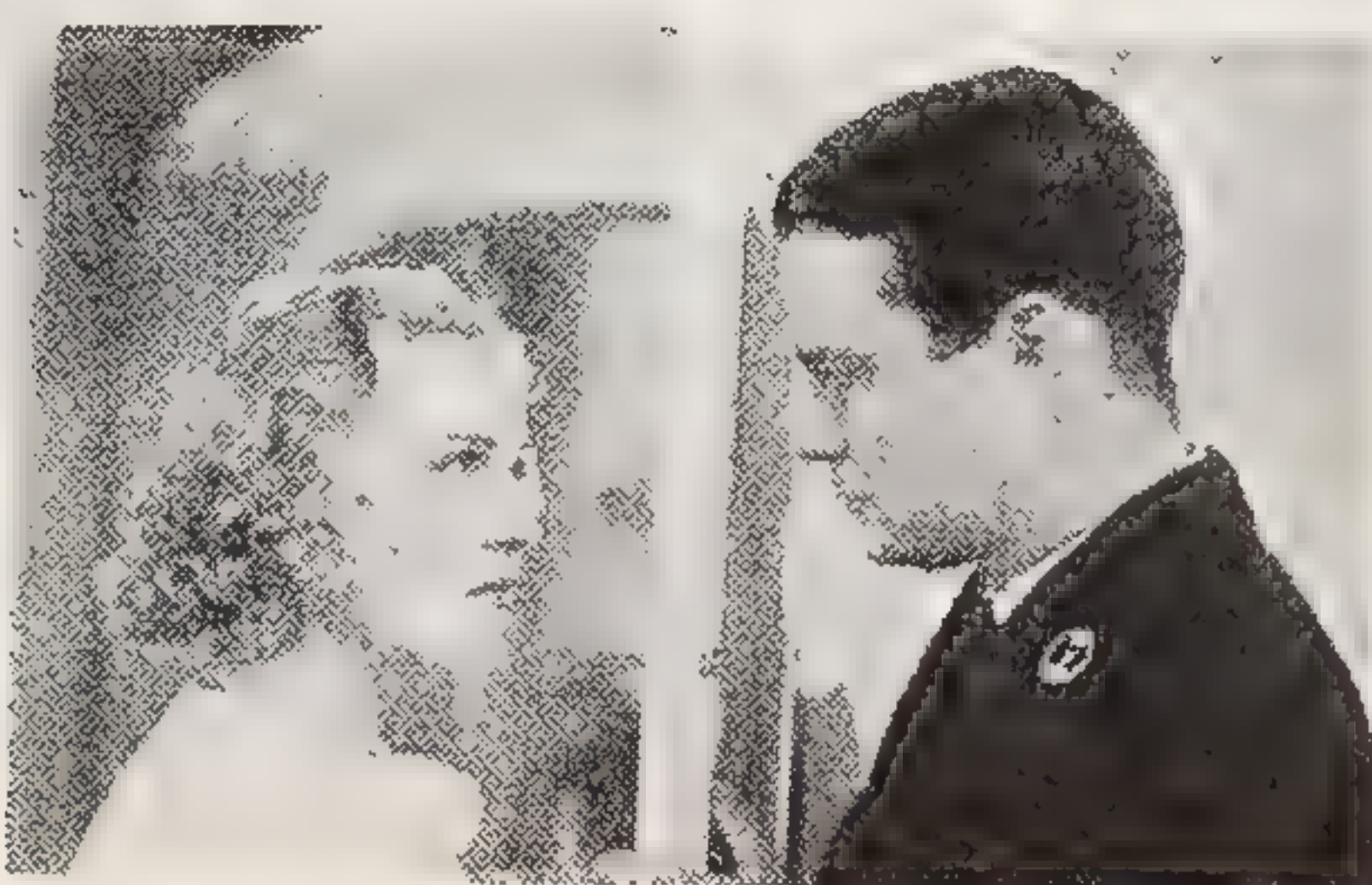
Here's Shirley Temple just as everybody wants to see their favorite movie star—a picture fitted like the proverbial glove to the Baby Duse, with her favorite leading man, James Dunn, as the aviator who adopts her after the death of her mother. Jane Withers, as a mischievous brat, so thorough-going about making trouble, makes a personal hit. There's excitement, fine sentiment, and Shirley—what more do you want? It's another Temple starring triumph.

Romance  
In  
Manhattan  
RKO  
Radio



Corking entertainment, a play that's off to a splendid start and ends with the old-fashioned, "everybody's happy" ending. It offers especial treats in the excellent performance of Francis Lederer, (maybe his screen best), as the immigrant who by hard work tries to make good to help the girl who helped him. The girl is lovely—Ginger Rogers sees to that with a swell portrayal. Romance, melodrama and humor. Very enjoyable fiction well staged and acted.

Lottery  
Lover  
Fox



An immature story enacted by a capable cast sums up this picture, which provides average but certainly not substantial entertainment. Its plot concerns a sailor who goes forth to conquer France's most elusive and vampish beauty. Peggy Fears makes her film debut, and she is destined to stay with us. Lew Ayres, Pat Patterson and others in the cast are "adequate," but play their parts without apparent interest. Alright if you don't expect too much.

The  
Secret  
Bride  
Warners



When will Barbara Stanwyck be given a vehicle equal to her talents? This story of political intrigue shapes up as fair entertainment, but gives "Babs" little to do. The plot is too complicated to detail briefly, it's even too complicated to comprehend on the screen, but there are investigations, murder and a scandal. There is considerable suspense of a mental rather than a physical sort. You can rate it as just average entertainment despite good acting.

## Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 15

will make a good combination with it." "Tell her about the steak and kidney pudding, darling," prompted Heather.

"When he was at school he used to come home for his holidays and ask for steak-and-kidney pudding as a treat instead of going out to dinner," remembered Ralph's mother.

"You're the world's best cook, you know, darling," beamed Heather.

The world's best cook has also had the honor of playing leading lady in a film in which Her Majesty Queen Mary of England filled a rôle in person. Mary Forbes looks like one who *should* play with queens. Not at all like anyone's mother-in-law!

"To make a steak-and-kidney pudding, you first concoct a suet crust," Mrs. Forbes explained. "This is very light and most digestible. I make mine of flour, suet chopped very fine, and bread crumbs, moistened with a little water. Roll this out and line a baking dish with the crust.

"Cut steak into one-inch cubes, chop up the kidneys and mushrooms, dip the steak and kidneys into flour and place them in the dish, first a layer of meat, then mushrooms, then kidneys, season with a tiny bit of garlic, pepper, salt, etc. Occasionally I use oysters in this dish, but it's not necessary. Then fill the dish three-quarters full with boiling water. Sometimes, if I have

it on hand, I use stock gravy or bouillon cubes in this water to make the gravy richer, but this isn't essential. Then cover the dish with more suet crust, tie up the whole in a cloth and put it in a big saucepan of water. Boil eight hours, replacing water in the pan as it boils away."

"Though our families didn't meet, we lived not far from each other in England," Heather remarked later, as we went down the winding corridor with its odd stair half-way, to look at the fascinating headboard designed by the husband of the radiant lassie. "Brenda, Ralph's sister, and I actually went to the same dramatic school in London, though not the same year. I suppose we passed each other on the street sometimes, and never knew."

"She's romantic," smiled Mrs. Forbes, when Heather had run to answer the telephone. "She was the sweetest bride! You know they eloped—had a hitch-hiking wedding, as they call it, because their car broke down part way—and when they came home it was midnight. Just a very few of us were out here waiting for them, with a great wedding cake and champagne. When they reached the gate, Ralph picked her up and carried her through it, across the garden, up the steps and into the house!"

A real English, old-fashioned romance, blossoming in Hollywood!

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## MAKE DRAB HAIR



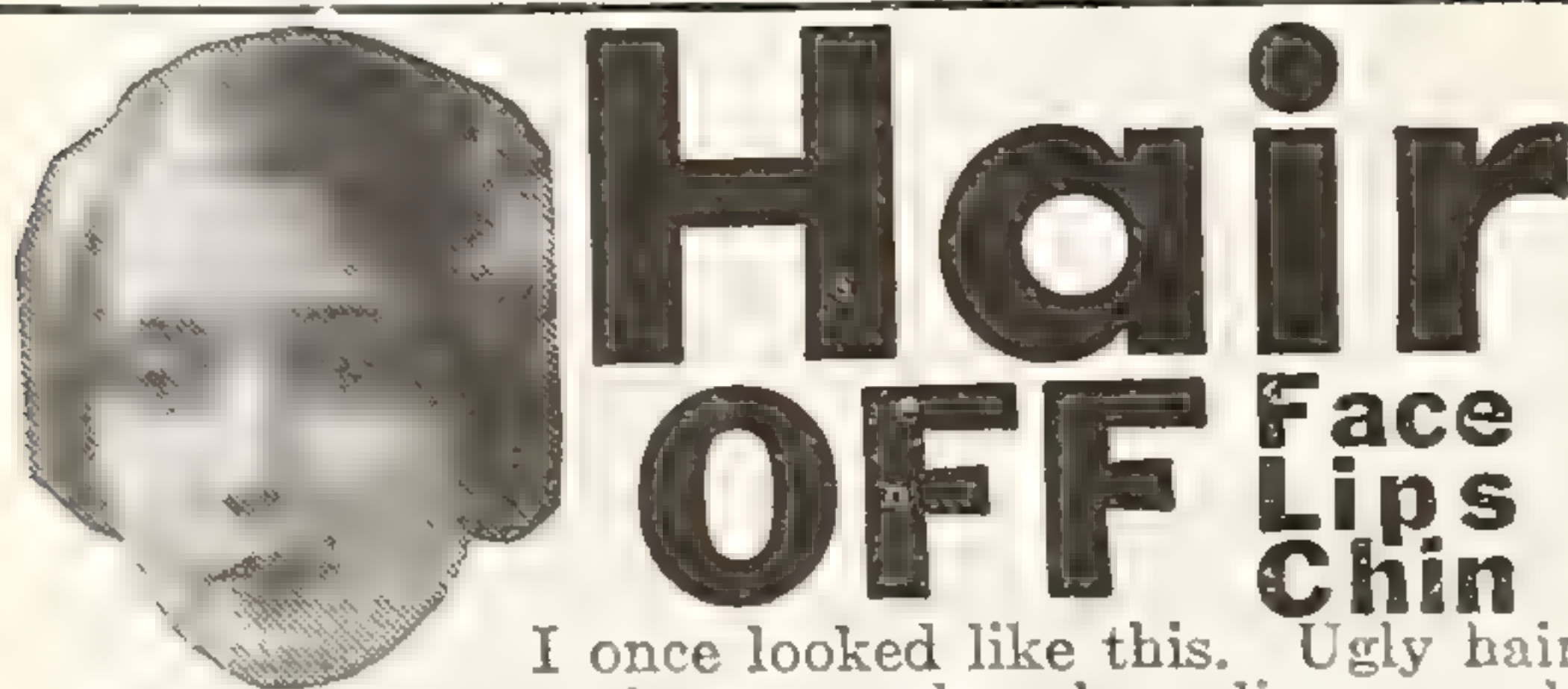
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## Dick, Word for Word

Continued from page 62



Ruby Keeler and her current co-star, who happens to be Al Jolson, her husband, stop for a friendly chat with Ruby's former co-star, Dick Powell, as all three meet at the studio where they are fellow acting and singing stars.

about the way you bounce around *showing* your house. You're like a kid with a new toy, Dick. Everybody who comes in must see the book shelf that is really a hidden door into a secret room. Your necking room, I'll bet! Still, I will admit that this is quite a *place de residence*."

"What does that mean?"

"It's French for 'place of living,' I hope. The feature I like best is your specially built bed. I think, in my story, I shall tell people about that bed. Let's see, its dimensions are—"

"Seven feet wide by eight feet long," Dick volunteered. "And don't forget to mention the built-in radio, and the book shelf that is constructed into the head of the bed, and the drawers underneath for storing blankets, and the cooling cabinet for keeping water or other liquid refreshment."

"It suddenly occurs to me," I interrupted, "that this house isn't really built for a married couple. The one big bedroom, dressing-room and bath suite is purely masculine. The other bedroom-and-bath combination is too small for the lady of the house. A wife would never be content with that second suite. I presume you are not planning marriage, Dick?"

"Not to a modern girl," Dick said. "Modern wives like their own bedrooms. I'm old-fashioned enough to want a wife who will share my sleeping quarters. I'm going to have that kind of wife, or none."

"I think Mary Brian is old-fashioned," I murmured.

"Have another drink on the house," said Powell.

I gulped deeply. "Do you know what I think?" I began.

"I didn't even know you *could* think," Dick murmured.

"I think I'm getting nowhere with my story," I said. "So I am going to sit here and imbibe, while you talk about yourself. Throw modesty aside, sir, and babble."

"Oh, by the way, have I told you that I've taken up bridge again? Don't laugh, you rat. I'll never forget, when I first came to California, that I told the publicity

department at the studio I could play bridge. The department took me too literally, and sent out a story that I was an expert. You got hold of that story, so you invited me to play bridge with Lew Ayres, another chap, and yourself. Remember? That night cost me an even forty-eight smackers, which I've not forgotten."

Silence again.

"I must buy a clock for the mantel," Dick ventured. "One like I gave Mary Brian."



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The only present I've ever given Mary was a clock for her drawing-room mantel.

"I'm still unused to earning a lot of money. A few years ago, I never dreamed that some day I might be earning a thousand dollars a week."

"A thousand?" I exploded. "I'm not a tax collector; you can tell me the truth. You're paid at least three times that, please stick to facts."

"Most of it comes from radio," Powell explained. "I draw a measly salary as a moving picture actor. In fact, if it weren't for radio, I'd be just about the lowest-paid star in Hollywood. I signed a contract when I was unknown. My contract specifies that I can't appear on the radio, but I'm on. Radio pays me much more, so if the studio doesn't like my being on the air, they can pay me enough to cover the radio salary, and I'll quit radio. Until the studio comes across, I'll stick with the air-lanes."

"People have the idea that I have a lot of money. I haven't. Every cent I own is tied up in this new house. And most of the money I put in this house was money I saved back in Pittsburgh—not from my movie salary."

"I'm far from having money. My divorce cost me puh-lenty."

(Let me pause to interject a thought that occurred to me when Dick mentioned the cost of his divorce. Some day Mary Brian and Dick Powell will marry; I think

this is as inevitable as night and day. But in my opinion, the reason their romance has progressed so slowly is simply that both Mary and Dick are *afraid* of marriage. Dick's one experience left him half bitter and afraid of the *cost* of marriage. Mary is *fearful of divorce*; she wants to be absolutely certain that her one marriage will endure. Since it is most difficult to be sure of the lasting success of a marriage, particularly in Hollywood, Mary has remained single. Still, I know both Mary and Dick intimately, and I see countless mutual traits in them. When they have discovered for themselves all these mutualities, Miss Brian will become Mrs. Powell; of that I feel satisfied.)

More silence, during which Dick and I stared thoughtfully into the flames of the open fireplace.

"I like to watch fires and dream," Dick finally said. "I've always been a dreamer. Funny enough, all my dreams are coming true. I mean, I've always dreamed that some day I would be an actor."

"You call yourself an actor?"

"Silence, upstart! I may not be an actor, but I'll do until one comes along. I dreamed of the day when I'd have a home with a swimming pool, and maybe a horse or two, and a tennis court. Well, I have everything but the horses, and I'll have them before long. Hey, what about another drink, Jim?"

## "Mr. Arliss"

Continued from page 26

before a movie camera to make what later proved to be both an artistic and a box-office failure—the screen version of Molnar's "The Devil."

I had to recall that uneventful, and certainly uninteresting, patch of the past, because Mr. Arliss, advancing with rapid and trippy strides to shake hands and say howdy-doo, looked younger, I give you my word, than he did in 1920. It was not that I had expected to see an old man, but it seems to me legitimate grounds for surprise to see a man look younger by at least ten years than he did fifteen years ago.

"My story is very simple," he insisted as, settling down on a sofa near a fireplace with a "prop" glow emanating from its grate, Mr. Arliss started to talk.

"I don't have any adventures to report. No romance outside what I do on the screen," he continued. Frankly, this last caused no panic in this quarter. One knows that George Arliss has been held up as at least half of the most frequently cited example of how a marriage can be successful even for a famous actor and his actress wife, over a period covering more than thirty years on Broadway, the road, and even Hollywood.

Things got a little unusual, if not adventurous, when I asked his opinion of what progress had been made at the English studios.

"I can't say about progress," he replied, just a trifle wide-eyed himself at the thought, "because I don't know what the English studios were like before I did my picture 'The Iron Duke' over there this summer."

The curious fact is that George Arliss, to whom England points with justifiable pride as a home-bred and home-trained actor, has made most of his reputation as one of the foremost character actors of all time, in America, and until a few months ago—thirty-four years after he left London as a somewhat obscure player in Mrs. Pat Campbell's company—had never appeared in a film made outside of the United States.

"But," Arliss added, after remarking that he himself thought it strange he had never before made a film in England, "I can only say that at my studio over there, everything was the same as it might have been had I been acting the same part in a Hollywood plant."

"Of course, there isn't the drive, the rush and pressure behind everything, as there is in Hollywood. We didn't work far into the night, and Saturdays Mrs. Arliss and I would drive to our cottage, which is located on the East Coast between Deal and Dover, and remain there until Monday morning."

Thus rather suddenly, and unexpectedly, Mr. Arliss found himself on the subject about which he and the Hollywood moguls used to come to grips. The one contribution to the lore of temperament in Hollywood which Mr. Arliss has made concerns his refusal to work more than a certain number of hours, studio schedules, orders of the high command to the contrary notwithstanding.

"There's no sense to working all night," he continued. "I have made no bones about saying that there is but one reason for working long hours in a picture studio, and that is bad management."

Incidentally George Arliss' method of overcoming "bad management" is to rehearse his picture rôles just as he would rehearse a play, with the entire troupe practiced in their parts before camera work is started. Always a stickler for detail, he is almost a crank when it comes to precision with respect to properties, costuming, make-up and acting detail faithful to the play. On the stage it was his practice to inspect the set and check up on all properties before going on for a performance—a practice, by the way, which offered the one opportunity for pranks on Mr. Arliss when he toured with an all-star cast, whose members got the only fun they could derive at his expense by slipping into the theatre and disarranging his "props." In pictures he does much individual research, and must be personally

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satisfied with the authenticity of a costume or a setting before it is put into one of his productions.

An individualist he most certainly is, but never has George Arliss consented to be "the freak" for purposes of publicity or ballyhoo. A shrewd showman, as well as an artist, he still is—a fact demonstrated when he said in reply to a question as to when he again would appear with Mrs. Arliss in a picture, that "the public likes to see her in the cast as my wife, and so there is no part for her in 'Richelieu,' who was a cardinal and didn't have a wife." Then for the amusement of it, and also we suspect as a sly jibe at Hollywood, he added, "I don't think we can write a wife into the script in this case!"

Showing an equally keen appreciation of the immensely practical phases of his calling, is the following remark about the future: "After I do 'Richelieu' I shall return to England and do a modern story—something dealing with modern conditions, business and that sort of thing. I don't want to do too many historical plays, because then the public will get to think of me as stodgy. I have always felt that way about a Shakespearian actor. After a time one gets to regard him as something like medicine—we had better take it now and then, whether we like it or not!"

**Radio Parade**

*Continued from page 12*

designed exclusively for radio. A serial story introducing both drama and comedy, with new musical compositions and lyrics—in short a self-contained show produced for each broadcast. To give credit where credit is due, it is necessary to make a bow in the direction of the merchants who were daring enough with their own hard dollars, to launch something that might prove a very costly failure in the effort to give listeners something actually built exclusively for radio entertainment.

The music by Arthur Schwartz and the lyrics by Howard Dietz have measured up to high standards of song writing in the popular musical comedy vein, and with improvements in story structure effected by bringing Owen Davis into the creative trio responsible for "The Gibson Family," the sponsors, or broadcasters, or whoever is responsible, have shown commendable purpose to make a contribution to radio. And, more important than anything high-flown, "The Gibson Family" is the only kind of success that really counts—an entertaining show.

The west coast continues to challenge New York as a broadcasting center. An event unforeseen before the triumph of Grace Moore in "One Night of Love," which has the screen producers scurrying about signing operatic singers, is contributing to Hollywood's progress in this direction.

Gladys Swarthout, as you know, has been signed to make Paramount pictures, and will be a resident in the movie colony after the close of the Metropolitan season this Spring—something which should, incidentally, mark a distinct gain for the screen patrons, who have other operatic treats in prospect, a prospect which includes the brilliant Lily Pons' coloratura voice and sparkling personality in a picture also to be filmed in Hollywood in the early Summer.

In consequence of this Westward-ho! stuff by radio stars, Hollywood's broadcast studios are becoming increasingly important as entertainment centers.

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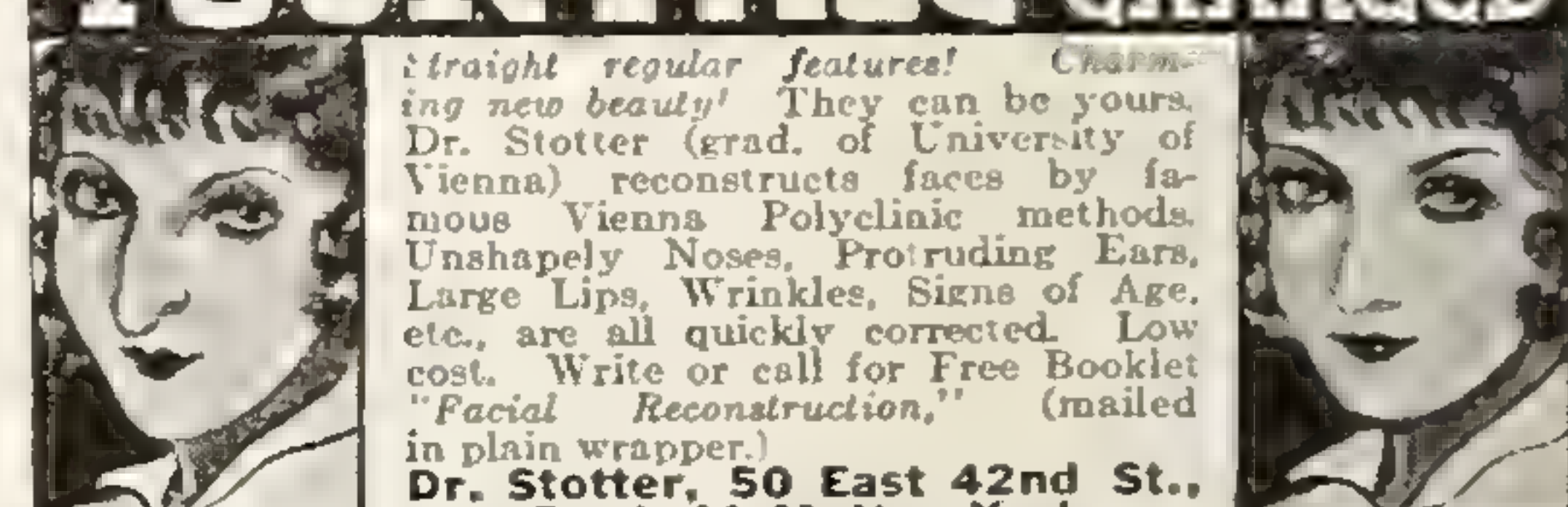
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## Hollywood Figure

Continued from page 61

finding out how you look when you are sitting down. Draw up a chair and watch yourself sit down and see just how graceful you are while doing so and how you look when you get there.

A sense of balance will help you rise and sit down. If you remember to put one foot a little ahead of the other as you rise, you will be able to move off in either direction without looking awkward, for you can balance on either foot.

If you are not satisfied with your posture, after a careful look at yourself in your deadly mirror, here is an exercise—a very difficult one, I may as well warn you—for developing the muscles of the back and strengthening the spine: Lie on the floor face downward, body relaxed, arms folded loosely over the small of the back. With as little effort as possible, slowly raise the head and shoulders as far as you can, bringing the head back so that you can look full at the ceiling; then slowly return to position.

Here is another, not at all well known, for limbering up the spine: Get down on all fours, legs outstretched, weight balanced on hands and toes. Bring left hand up to left hip, as you turn on right side and move the left foot forward so that it is almost two feet up from the right foot. Then shift weight to the left foot and bring left shoulder forward toward floor and then backward to starting position. Each time you return to starting position, bring your head up to look at the ceiling. Repeat on other side.

"But I don't have time to do complicated exercises!" girls tell me.

Well, then, you have time, no matter what you're doing, to remember to pull in your abdomen, hold up your head and stand tall. And here's a simple exercise you can do night and morning and whenever you think of it: Raise your arms to shoulder height with the elbows bent. Clasp the fingers together in a firm grip. Keep your head erect, though not strained, and your shoulders back. Then try to pull your hands apart, moving arms from left to right and not letting go of the fingers.

If the lower back and hips are too heavy, rolling exercises are the thing. Sit on the floor, with knees bent and feet together. Grasp toes. Roll over backward, holding toes firmly, then roll over on right side, left side and back to sitting position. Next, close the legs, clasp the hands under the

knees and roll backward and forward with the same motion as the rocking horse.

The girl who sits too much at a desk or machine, gets stenographer's spread before she realizes it. Before she knows it she has a thick waist and back. Besides watching her diet and taking general exercises, this girl will find it necessary to prevent or relieve constipation, the greatest enemy of health and beauty. Here's a marvelous exercise. If you perform this very slowly eight or ten times every night and morning, you'll find it beneficial: Lie flat on the back on the floor; slowly, very slowly, raise the left leg, bend the knee and lower it to the chest. Keeping the left leg in this position, slowly raise the right leg, bend knee and bring it down beside the left one. Both legs are now doubled up on the chest. Raise the left leg slowly and slowly return it to its original position on the floor. Repeat with right leg.

To correct so-called Lordosis curve or swayback, the exercise of lying on the back on the floor and raising both legs very slowly together and then lowering them slowly, is recommended.

Girls write me that they *don't* sit down all day, in fact they are on their feet behind counters, or walking from door to door, or running around the house doing housework, but still they feel the need of special exercise.

For these girls, stretching and relaxing exercises are exceptionally helpful. Lie down on the floor or the bed, stretch arms above head and point the toes. Hold the position for a second, then relax, raise arms into air and bring down at sides, slowly but relaxed. Turn on right side and repeat, using right arm only; then on left side, using left arm; then face downward, using both arms. Alternately stretch and relax, lying on back, right, left, forward and back.

This will reduce the waist and make the line from armpit to hip firm: Lie on the right side with right elbow close under the side. Stretch the left leg upward, pointing the toe and bringing the hip forward; at the same time, stretch the left arm backward, twisting the upper part of the body to that side. Repeat stretchings slowly three times, then turn and do the same on other side.

Remember, as I believe I've repeated in every article since this series began, that it's regularity that brings results.

### James Davies' Answers to Letters

SO MANY of you ask about measurements and want to know whether yours are correct or not. I am, therefore, giving you a scale of what are considered the ideal measurements for a girl of 21, whose height is 5 feet 5 inches:

Neck —13 inches Bust —33 inches  
Waist —25½ inches Hips —35¾ inches  
Forearm—9¾ inches Wrist—6¼ inches  
Thigh —21¼ inches Ankle—7 inches  
Weight—about 127 lbs.

You can figure out your own measurements from this. If you are not so tall and your bones are not large, deduct accordingly; if taller or large-boned, add to the measurement.

Age makes a difference. Younger girls cannot judge of their measurements if they are still growing, for one month they will be too large and the next, too small for the scale.

However, if at the age of 15, you weigh

146 lbs., (as *Betty Ann* does) that is far too much. Take general reduction exercises.

*Adalyn C.* is 10 lbs. overweight and needs especially hip reduction. *Mrs. G. M.* could do hip reduction exercises to advantage.

*Thelma of Mass.*: 129 is your correct weight; perhaps your active sports' life has given you too much muscle. Swimming would probably help, but do not do any strenuous gym exercises. Dancing and walking are best for you.

*Flo*: You are about 5 lbs. overweight and need hip reduction. Stretching exercises will help you grow, as you are still growing.

*Rose H.*: You should reduce with hip roll exercises. Your measurements are good.

*Charlene D.*: Ten minutes night and morning is correct when you have brought your weight down to where you want it. Put in five minutes extra on hip reducing and general exercises.

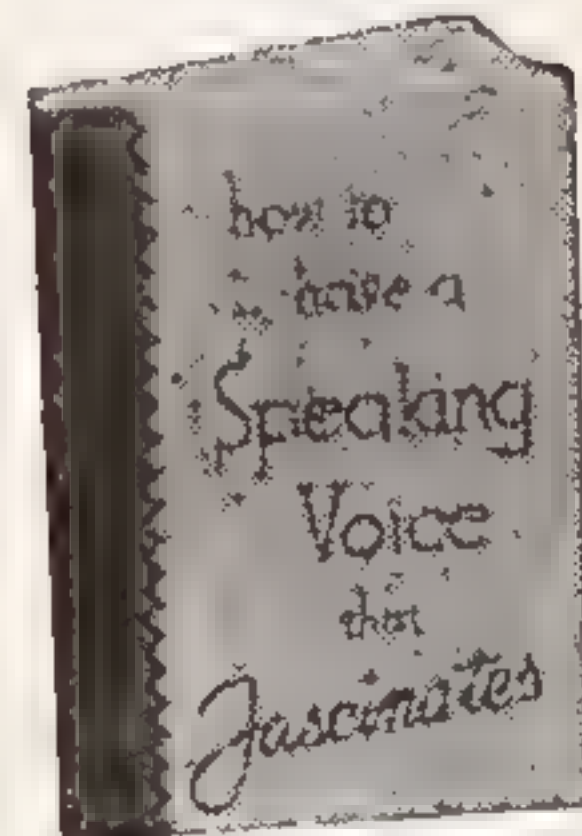


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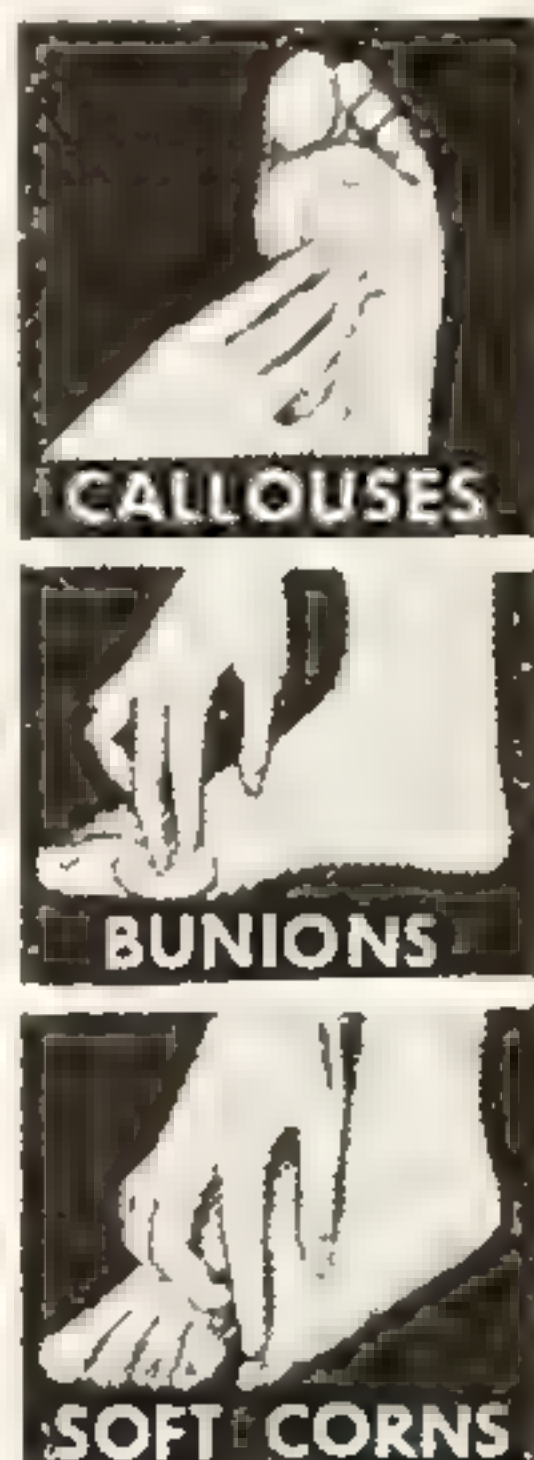
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## Will Rogers

Continued from page 51

probably know the real Rogers as well as anybody outside his immediate family and old friends of the family. Keep this in mind and you have your own explanation as to why Will Rogers is the foremost box-office star in pictures today. It's as simple as that.

Interested in everything and everybody, he gives everything he has to everything he undertakes, whether that be a screen characterization, a radio broadcast, or a game of polo—which latter is his favorite sport, though it's doubtful if polo has supplanted World Series ball games as his favorite sport from the spectators' standpoint.

In other words, behind his public appearances Will Rogers is exactly as the public he reaches gets to know him—humorous, kind, trenchant, uncompromising in his hate of sham, but good-natured about it, a wit without a trace of malice in his make-up, but above all a human being.

Naturally, with that equipment, he is a great character actor, in rôles that portray a man who is fundamentally human, real, down-to-earth. Naturally that type of screen character appeals to the largest number of screen patrons. So why should Hollywood express some amazement that Will Rogers, according to a recent vote of theatremen tops the list of money-making stars for the box-offices?

Also, and this is pretty nice for Mr. Rogers and the studio which has him under contract, here is one star that doesn't have to worry about diets, lines in his face, fads in stories, changing notions of what makes the handsome man. Rogers, also, and uniquely, is a man's star as well as a woman's star—he attracts both sexes.

Here and there we have read that Will Rogers couldn't get anywhere in pictures till talkies came along, and implications that he just suddenly bloomed into a success. That is wide of the truth, for Rogers has had his picture career well under his own control for many years.

The first thing he had to overcome were some set notions of the film salesmen that they, the salesmen, knew better than Rogers the kind of stories he should do to please the public. He had a go at feature pictures as far back as 1919. One of these, "Jubilo," was a success, but the net result of his efforts were not such as to make the film people anxious to star him. The argument was that Rogers was well known in the cities but the small towns did not know him. That same argument goes for every potential star—how are the mass of the picture people ever to know them if the players never get before the picture fans?

At any rate Rogers quit Ziegfeld's "Follies" in 1923 to have another shot at films—only this time he did a series of short comedies. Right then and there is where Will Rogers laid the foundation on which he has built his present success in pictures. For he proved that he not only knew how to act before the camera, but that his own ideas as to stories and situations that would entertain the public were better than those of the film salesmen. He held out against the salesmen for one of those comedies, and it proved the best short comedy of its day—that memorable burlesque of "The Covered Wagon" which he called "Two Wagons, Both Covered," and which he wrote himself. And what a job he had persuading the studio to let him do that one!

Many of the comedies he made in the silent form carried the Rogers wit via subtitles. And much of this was spontaneous humor spoken on the set. Orice,

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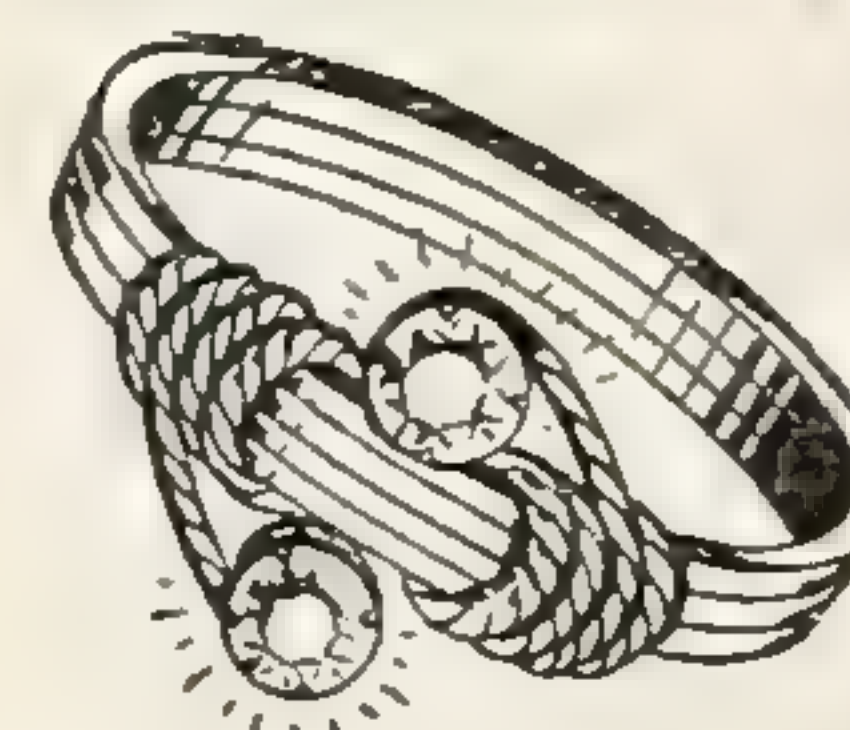
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while making a burlesque of a Tom Mix western, Rogers as the hero eluded a whole army of bandits, and made his way to a cabin where lived his light o' love. In order to put some lip-movement in the scene, Marie Mosquini, the heroine, said, "Oh, Tom, why do they chase you like that?" Rogers cracked back: "Because that's what Bill Fox wants 'em to do." Fox, of course, was the producer of the Mix horse-operas so successful in those days. Pretty soon the Rogers unit included a stenographer to catch these quips.

While all this was going on Flo Ziegfeld was telegraphing Rogers almost every hour of the day to come back to the "Follies." After a flock of about six telegrams in one day, came another from the Glorifier of the American Girl, saying "Did you get my last wire?" Rogers answered that one. He said, "I hope so." But later on Rogers did go back to the "Follies," for the Ziegfeld association, and the shows, were a source of real pride to Will—he thought, as did all America, that they were swell.

Very likely, too, it was about this time that Rogers was first bitten in earnest by the flying bug which made him into the most confirmed air-traveler there is in the land. We remember a trip on a trim and jaunty yacht, owned by Hal Roach, from San Pedro to Catalina Island. The sea was kicking up some di-does and Rogers was just about coming out of a peach of a case of *mal de mer* when a passenger plane, recently put into service between Los Angeles and Catalina, flew by. Will cocked an eye, looked longingly up at the craft, sweeping by so smoothly and speedily, and volunteered to pay your correspondent's fare if I would join him in deserting the ship and making the return trip by air.

He always gets seasick. He told how when he decided to go to South America and engage in the cattle business, he left Oklahoma, taking a friend, ("a tall galoot who used to make me laugh, and I took him along for amusement," he added), and

the two, thinking the right way to go to South America was to start south, landed in New Orleans, only to find that they would have to go to New York to get a ship for the Argentine. The steamship company sold them the idea of going to New York by boat. Rogers got aboard, went to his bunk, started feeling a little dizzy and lay down in his bunk. He was in the midst of the swellest case of seasickness when two other fellows came in. One said, "Well, we'll be shoving off soon." Rogers said "What?" They explained that the ship would be leaving the pier soon. You can imagine what that trip to New York was like for a chap who was sea-sick even while the ship was tied up to the pier.

Personally, Rogers is very shy, and very sensitive. He can be himself only—even in his pictures. For that reason you find that there is personal conviction behind nearly everything he does in films. Remember, in "Handy Andy," those uproarious scenes on the golf course, and his jibes at the game? He really doesn't like golf, but, characteristically, there was nothing ill-tempered about his jibes, so people had to laugh whether they loved golf or hated it. It is with difficulty that he disguises, if he does disguise it, his dislike for somebody who annoys him. He is intolerant of anything petty or mean.

Occasionally we hear somebody express wonderment that Rogers can say such pointed things about prominent people. There's nothing remarkable in how Rogers "gets away with it." He isn't getting away with anything. Simply he never says anything really unkind about anybody. Even radio recognizes this, for he is the one performer on the air who speaks his stuff instead of reading it from a script presented, and edited, in advance. There's never anything malicious in any character, or line, he speaks. There's the explanation of Will Rogers' success—just check over his film characterizations and see if you can find any instance in which there was anything unkind, either said or implied.

## Ruby Keeler Contest

Continued from page 58

to the making of a successful picture. Read the rules again. You must use a coupon—the one printed last month, or the one which is printed below on this page; you must write the name and duties of each person indicated in the drawing by a number, alongside the corresponding number printed on the coupon; you must, to complete this second step, write a brief descrip-

tion of the duties performed by each such person, (not to exceed 250 words); you must mail the coupon, properly filled out, with your written description before the closing date in the rules (see page 58). So go ahead; your reading acquaintance with how movies are made is all you need to work out the contest. You'll enjoy the thrill of competing for those grand prizes.

## RUBY KEELER CONTEST COUPON

Coupon, properly filled out in accordance with rules of contest, must accompany all entries in the Ruby Keeler contest. Use either this coupon, or coupon printed last month, only one properly filled out is necessary. Read rules on page 58 carefully.

1. ....
2. ....
3. ....
4. ....
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11. ....
12. ....

I have fulfilled the above requirements in SCREENLAND's Ruby Keeler Contest.

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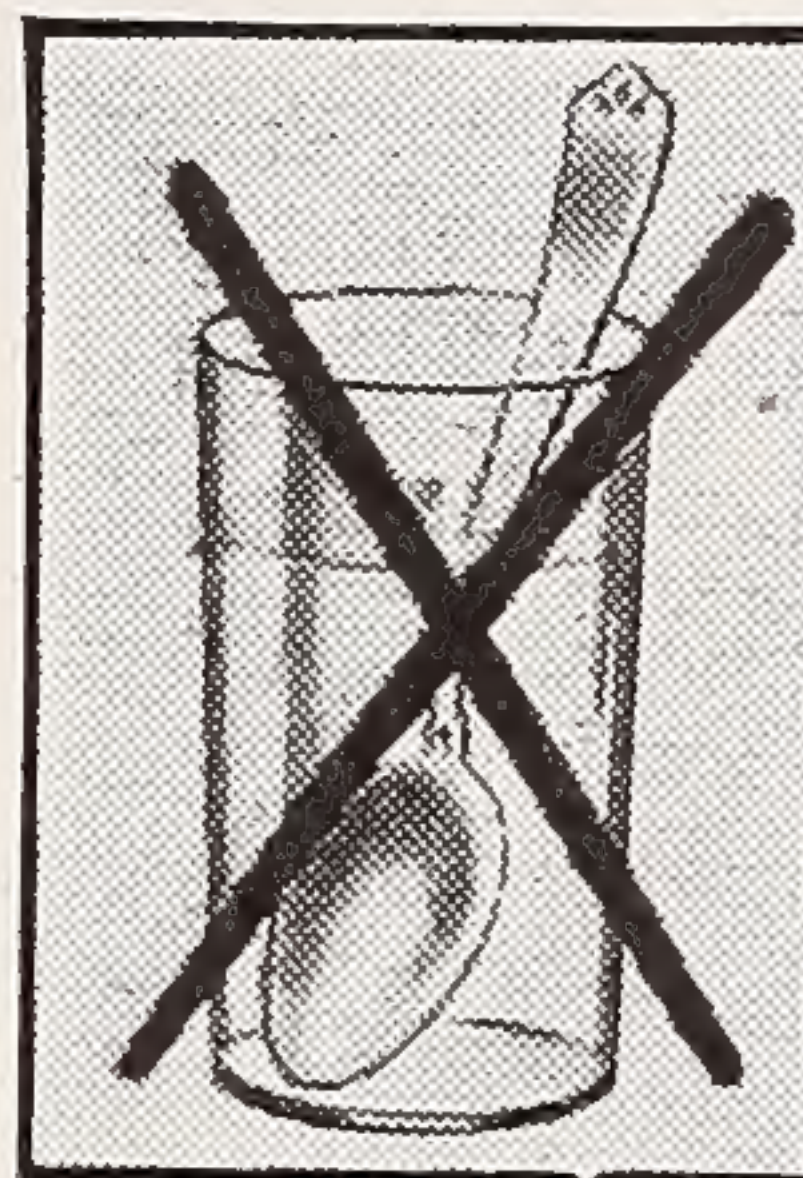
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may change the stomach juices completely—slowing up digestion instead of helping it.

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1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples TUMS and NR. Send stamp for postage and pack. 0 to A. H. LEWIS CO., Dept. 24-CKK, St. Louis, Mo.

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The Slimcream treatment is so entirely effective, so easy to use, and so beneficial that I unhesitatingly offer to return your money if you have not reduced your figure both in pounds and inches in 14 days. What could be fairer than that!

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Photo of myself after losing 28 lbs. and reducing 4½ inches.

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The man who makes millions laugh enjoys some happiness of his own! Andy Devine and Mrs. Devine pose with their two-weeks old son, Timothy Andrew.

(Continued from page 68)

**P**ITY the poor postman in Hollywood! Not only must he be up in Uncle Sam's rules and regulations, but he must also be a decipherer de luxe. Every mail brings him queerly addressed envelopes, and he, poor soul, must endeavor to deliver them.

How many of these letters could you deliver properly: "To the Belle of the Nineties." "Sixth month, opposite of day." An envelope bearing drawings of "a wall, an ace of clubs, and a raspberry." "Cleopatra." An envelope with pictures of "a bus, an auto tire, and a crustacean." An envelope with drawings of "a cat, an auto, and an island."

Those letters were respectively delivered to: Mae West, June Knight, Wallace Beery, Claudette Colbert, Buster Crabbe, and Kitty Carlisle.

**T**HIS story is funnier when told by Andy Devine, who accompanies it with proper facial expressions. And Andy loves to tell it. The story's about a cross-eyed man who went to a theatre. He took his seat and looked at the screen. "Goody, goody!" he cried. "Double feature!"

**N**OW Crosby baby rumors are quelled. Dixie Lee, wife of Bing, stifled them by returning to pictures, opposite another Crooner, Joe Morrison. . . . Veteran, gray-haired Charlie Chaplin always dyes (brown) when he works before the camera. . . . Do "Panther Women" make good wives? Kathleen Burke and Verna Hillie, winners of that "Panther Woman Contest," have recently drawn divorces. . . . After years of wanting to be, but not being permitted by his parents, Jackie Cooper has become a Boy Scout.

**F**OR several years, the world's smallest school has been a part of the RKO studio. Most of the time during the past several years this school has had only one pupil, although once seven scholars answered the roll call.

Two years ago, Rochelle Hudson graduated there, receiving a regular high school diploma. This year the lone student is Anne Shirley.

California law demands that minors keep up with their school work, even though under picture contract. Miss Shirley is just sixteen, so every day she spends at least a few hours with her studies.



Where Daddy goes Carol Ann goes, sky-riding included. Above, Wallace Beery and his adopted daughter.

**J**EAN HARLOW is still laughing over the plaintive remark of a small-town newspaper reporter, in Hollywood to interview stars. During their interview, the reporter made notes on the cuff of his shirt. Said Jean: "I've often heard of reporters making notes on their cuffs, but this is the first time I've seen it. I suppose you make notes each day, and use them when you write your stories at night?"

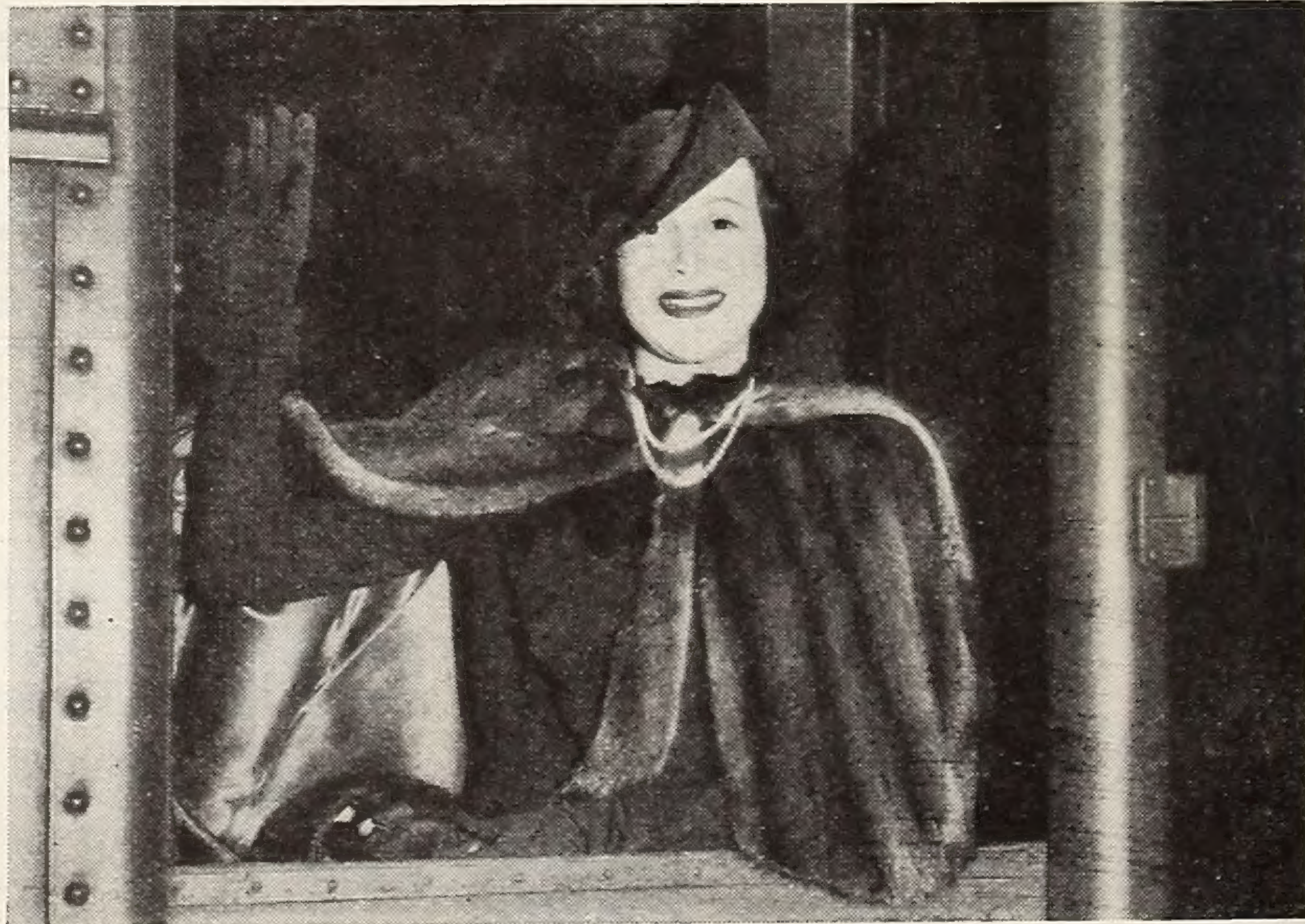
"Lord no, ma'am," the young reporter said. "Some of the notes on this shirt cuff were written *three days ago!*"

**W**HISTLES had blown, lights were blazing, cameras were turning and action was on the verge of being, when the director of Joan Crawford's picture cried, "Hold it! Who left that old rag on the table?"

A property man investigated—and brought to the director: *Miss Crawford's gloves!* Whether Joan or the director was the more embarrassed is conjectural, but both were the victims of the guffaw of laughter that followed.



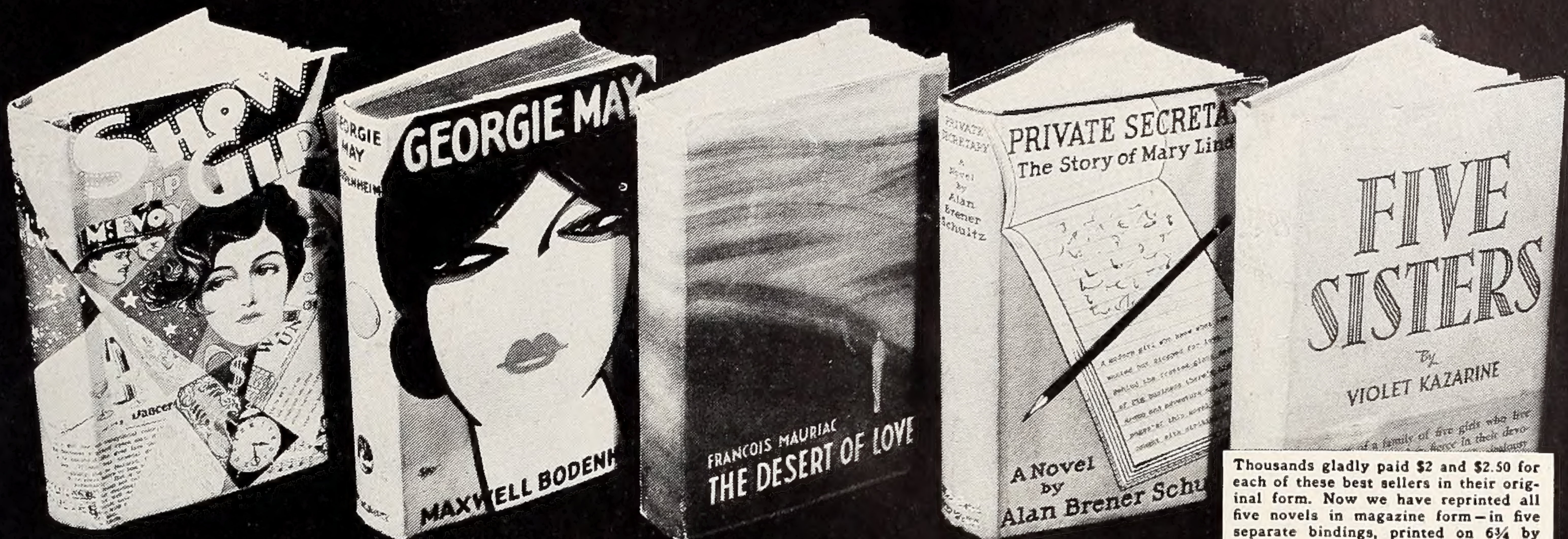
Edward G. Robinson, Jr., son of the screen star, getting big and husky quickly, is the center of attraction as he arrives in New York with his mother, and her daughter, for a vacation.



More, and strikingly convincing evidence of the chic and dash that is Hollywood's arrived in New York in the person of Kitty Carlisle, above, a visitor in the East for the holidays.



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